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Souvenirs, Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during a Voyage in the East; or, Notes of a Traveller. By M. de Lamartine.

The French public have been long anticipating the publication of this beautiful work; but would probably have had to wait still longer, if a pirated edition had not got abroad, and been published in Bruxelles. It appears that M. de Lamartine, with the proverbial carelessness of poets, had kept so negligent an eye on his amanuensis, that several copies were made clandestinely, and sold to a Belgian bookseller. As soon as this was discovered, of course the pirated edition was suppressed. Some straggling copies, however, it was feared, might yet remain in the hands of individuals; and it was therefore found necessary, for the safety of the Paris publisher, who had given M. de Lamartine a large sum for the copyright, to publish it without delay. We must nevertheless say, that the work itself bears no marks of the haste with which it has been ushered into the world, except that the fourth and last volume has not yet appeared. We hope, however, to receive it before we finish this article. And now let us make a short introductory observation or two, and then let M. de Lamartine speak largely for himself. By so doing, we are quite sure we shall best please our readers. To prevent them, however, from experiencing disappointment, it is necessary to forewarn them, that M. de Lamartine has travelled neither as a historian, geographer, antiquarian, naturalist, or biblical critic, but as a poet. Like its title, his work is wide, diffusive and aimless. His object in exploring the East seems merely to have been a poet's freak to indulge in a luxurious orientalism of feeling, partly poetic, and partly religious; and his delight to have been, not to bring his intelligence to act upon what he saw—to examine, to compare, and to discover—but to resign himself passively up to every impression, and to be acted upon without effort, as an *Æolian* harp is by the winds. His volumes, therefore, are merely descriptive—descriptive of scenes depicted before, but certainly never with more, if so much, eloquence and feeling. Taken together, they would, if executed with the pencil instead of the pen, form a most choice portfolio of exquisite pictorial views for a drawingroom table. We will commence our specimens of them by presenting our readers with a view of Mount Lebanon, as seen from the road from Bairout to Balbec.

"It is from this point, in my opinion, that the appearance of Mount Lebanon is most splendid. The spectator is at its base, but so far from it, nevertheless, that its shadow is not over him, and his eye can reach to its heights, plunge into the obscurity of its gorges, discern the foam of its torrents, and range freely over its conical elevations, each of which bears a monastery of the Maronites, crowning a grove of pine, cedar, and black cypress trees. The Sannin is the loftiest and most pyramidal mount of the Lebanon; it overtops all the inferior hills, and with its eternal snows forms the majestic background, golden, violet, and rose-coloured, of the horizon of mountains which mix with the firmament, not as a solid body, but like a vapour, a transparent veil, beyond which the sky, on the other side, seems to be distinguish-

able. This is an illusion peculiar to the mountains in Asia, and which I have remarked in no other part of the world. Towards the south, the Lebanon descends gradually to the advanced cape of the former Sidon. Snow is only now seen on some of its loftiest heights, more elevated than the others, and more distant. These heights run on in a chain, like the wall of a ruined city, sometimes rising, and sometimes sinking from the plain to the sea, and are at last lost in the vapours of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the borders of the sea of Genesareth, or the lake of Tyberias. Towards the north one perceives a little corner of the sea, which advances like a sleeping lake into the plain, half hidden by the massive verdure of the hill of San-Dimitri, the most beautiful of all Syria. In this seeming lake, whose junction with the sea is not perceived, several vessels are always at anchor, swaying gracefully about on the waves, whose silvery foam moistens the roots of the laurel, the rose, and the mastick tree. From this harbour a bridge, constructed first by the Romans, and repaired by Fakar-el-Din, throws its lofty arches over the river of Bairout, which traverses the plain, spreading fertility and verdure, and loses itself at a short distance again in the bay. Towards the west, the eye is at first stopped by light hillocks of sand, red, like hot ashes, from whence a pale rose-coloured vapour arises; thence following the line of the horizon, it passes over the desert, and arrives at the deep blue line of the sea, which terminates all, and mixes in the distance with the sky, in the midst of a bright mist, which confounds the idea of any limit. All these hills, all this plain, the slopes of all these mountains, are dotted over with an infinite number of little houses, standing apart from each other, and each having its orchard, gigantic pines, its fig trees; and here and there are more compact groups, and more striking to the eye, of beautiful villages, or clusters of monasteries, rising on their pedestals of rocks, and reflecting the golden rays of the sun of the east, from their shining roofs, far out upon the sea." * * * * * "The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red funereal horizon of the desert of sand, the serpentine bending of the river, the isolated cypresses, the clumps of palm trees, scattered over the landscape, the picturesque look of the cottages, covered with orange plants, and vines growing over their roofs, the severe aspect of the lofty Maronite monasteries, casting large patches of shade, or large spots of light, on the sides of the Lebanon; the caravans of camels laden with merchandise from Damascus, which pass in silence under the trees; the troops of poor Jews, mounted on asses, leading their children by the hand, the women on horseback, enveloped in white veils, surrounded by a group of children dressed in red stuffs, with golden embroidery, dancing before their horses; a few Arabs hurling the *dejid* around us on horses whose manes literally swept the sands; groups of Turks seated in front of a café, smoking their pipes, or muttering their prayers; at a little distance, barren hills of sand stretching far away without end, gilded by the rays of the evening sun, and sending up clouds of inflamed dust, raised by the wind; then the hollow murmur of the sea mixing with the musical sound of the breeze, gently agitating the pine trees, and the song of a thousand strange birds;—all this offers to the eye and to the mind a picture the most sublime, the most soothing, and the most melancholy, that has ever intoxicated my soul!"

After this splendid description of Mount Lebanon, our readers will doubtless be pleased with some account of the most interesting people who inhabit its magnificent sites. These are the Maronites. They take their name from a solitary hermit named Maron, who lived about the year 400, and who is mentioned, M. de Lamartine tells us, by Theodorick and St. Chrysostom. The dis-

ciples of this anchorite built several monasteries in Syria, and, up to the present day, have continued to form a people. Though the subjects of the Emir Beschir, their internal government is a pure theocracy; and, what is remarkable, though professing the Catholic worship, their priests, excepting the monks, are permitted to marry; and to this M. de Lamartine attributes the happiest effects.

"The Maronites," continues our traveller, "occupy the most central valleys and the loftiest chains of the principal group of Mount Lebanon. The heights which they inhabit are nearly inaccessible. The naked rock pierces in every direction the sides of the mountain; but the indefatigable activity of this people has rendered even the rock fertile. They have raised from stage to stage, even to the highest site, to the eternal snows, terraces formed of blocks of rock. To these terraces they have transported the little earth which the torrents sweep down the ravine; and breaking the very stones into dust, to mix with this little earth, have made of all Lebanon a garden, covered with corn-fields, and planted with the fig, the olive, and the mulberry tree. The traveller can hardly recover from his astonishment, when, after having for entire days climbed from peak to peak over sterile rocks, he finds himself suddenly in a beautiful village, built of white stone, inhabited by a rich and numerous population, with a Moorish chateau in the midst, a monastery in the distance, a stream running at the base of the village, and all around him a horizon of vegetation and of verdure—the pine, the chestnut, and the mulberry tree casting their friendly shades over vineyards, or fields of wheat and Indian corn. These villages are suspended, sometimes one above another, nearly perpendicularly. One may throw a stone from one village into another, or speak so as to be heard and understood. Nevertheless, the path of communication is so winding from its declivities, that it requires an hour, or perhaps two, to pass from one hamlet to another." * * * * "There are about two hundred Maronite monasteries of different orders on the surface of Lebanon. These monasteries are peopled by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks. But these monks are neither rich, nor beggars, nor oppressors, nor extortioners. They are assemblages of simple and laborious men. Their life is the life of a laborious peasant. They tend cattle or silk worms; they split the rock; they build with their own hands the terraces of their fields; they dig, they sow, and they reap their own harvests. As their monasteries possess but a small portion of land, they receive no more monks than they can feed."

This is a very pretty picture, and as a picture we admire it; but we beg leave to say, that so many colleges of Bramins, with their inmates, would, in the same situation, look quite as harmless and picturesque as do the monasteries with their monks. If we are called upon to sympathise with monachism, merely because, in a primitive state of society, monks also lead a primitive life, we must refuse to do so. To continue:—

"The Maronite people," says M. de Lamartine, "form a people apart in the East. They look like an European colony thrown by chance among the tribes of the desert. They are brave, and naturally warlike, like all mountaineers. They can muster to the number of about thirty or forty thousand men, at the command of the Emir Beschir, either to defend the passes of their mountains, or to descend like a torrent into the plain, and threaten Damascus and the cities of Syria. The Turks have never dared to penetrate into the Lebanon, when its people have been at peace among themselves. I know not

whether I deceive myself; but it appears to me that great destinies are reserved for this Maronite nation. Its similitude of religion with Europe, and its commercial relations, acquire for it every year more and more of western civilization. Whilst all is perishing about it, either through impotence or age, it seems to gather new youth and strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated, this people may descend from their mountains; found cities of commerce on the coasts of the sea; cultivate the fertile plains, which are at present a waste, and establish a new domination in those countries where the old ones are expiring. If, at the present day, any superior man should arise among them, knowing how to appreciate the capabilities of his country, and should form an alliance with one of the powers of Europe, he might easily renew the wonders of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and leave after him the germ of an Arabian empire."

We must now give our readers a *coup d'œil* description of Balbec.

"I had traversed," says M. de Lamartine, "the summits of the Lebanon, covered with eternal snows—I had descended its sides, crowned with a diadem of cedars—and reached the naked and sterile desert of Heliopolis—when suddenly, in the distant horizon before us, and on the last slopes of the black mountains of the Ante-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, detached itself from the shadow of the hills, sparkling with all the rays of the evening! Our guides pointed at it with the finger, and cried out, *Balbec! Balbec!* It was, in truth, the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbec, coming in radiance out of its unknown sepulchre, to tell of ages lost to the memory of history. We pushed our fatigued horses forward at a quickened pace. Our eyes continued fixed on the gigantic walls, and on the shining and colossal columns, which seemed to expand and dilate as we approached them. A profound silence was preserved by the whole caravan; each individual seemed to fear that the sound of a voice would destroy the impression of the spectacle before him. The Arabs themselves kept silent. At last we reached the first trunks of columns, the first blocks of marble, which earthquakes have shaken as far as a league from the monuments themselves, like dried leaves tossed and whirled by a hurricane far from the tree that bore them. The large deep quarries, which split into profound valleys the black sides of the Ante-Lebanon, already opened their abysses under the feet of our horses. These vast basins of stone, which exhibit the marks of other hills of stone having been drawn from them, retain still some gigantic blocks, half detached from their base, which seem to be waiting for the arms of a race of giants to remove them from their place. One of these blocks is sixty-two feet long, twenty-four broad, and sixteen deep. We pursued our route between the desert on the left, the undulations of the Ante-Lebanon on the right, and across some little fields, cultivated by Arab pastors, and the bed of an immense torrent, which winds among the ruins, and is bordered by some beautiful walnut trees. The Acropolis, or artificial hill, which bears all the great monuments of Heliopolis, appeared here and there between the branches or above the heads of the great trees. Finally, we got a complete view of it, and the whole caravan stopped as by an electric instinct. No pen, no pencil can describe the impression which this single glance gives to the eye and to the mind. Under our feet—in the bed of the torrent—in the middle of the fields—around the trunks of the trees, were strewn blocks of red and grey granite, of blood-coloured porphyry, of white stone as brilliant as the marble of Paros, with fragments of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals; the scattered, and it seemed palpitating members of statues fallen upon their faces to

the earth; and all this confused, hurled together, sun-dered, and disseminated on all sides, as if the wrecks of a great empire had been vomited forth by a volcano. Hardly could we discover a path amid these sweepings of the arts with which the earth was covered. The hoofs of our horses slipped against and broke at every step the polished cornices of the columns, or trod upon the bosom of snow of some female statue. The water of the river of Balbec alone was distinct among these beds of fragments, and washed with its murmuring spray the broken marbles which impeded its course."

M. de Lamartine has hitherto taken but a general view of the ruins. On the day following his arrival, he examines them more closely. Of the walls which surround them he remarks, that some of the stones are from twenty to thirty feet long, and seven or eight thick. Of all his details, which are so mixed with general description that it is difficult to detach them, we can only give the following:

"We had now before us, about forty paces distant, the most complete and magnificent monument of Balbec, I may venture to say of the whole world. If one or two columns of the peristyle, fallen on the platform, were replaced, so as to support again the undamaged walls of the temple—if one or two pieces of sculptured marble were again inserted in the interior door, from whence they have fallen—and the altar was reconstructed from its wrecks which strew the floor—the temple would be as entire, and as magnificent, as the day in which it was finished by the hands of the architect. This temple is inferior in its proportions to that of which the six colossal pillars already mentioned formed a part. It is surrounded by a portico, upheld by columns of the Corinthian order. Each of these columns has five feet in diameter, and forty-five feet in its shaft. They are composed each of three blocks, placed one upon another. They stand nine feet apart, and at the same distance from the interior wall of the temple. On the capitals of the columns is a rich architrave and a cornice admirably sculptured. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of concave stone, cut with the chisel, each of which represents the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. We recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground; we measured them; they are sixteen feet long, and about five thick. Such were the tiles of these monuments. The interior gate of the temple, formed of blocks equally enormous, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks have fallen in at this place, and half choke it up. The appearance of the sculptured stones of which this gate is composed, and its disproportion with the rest of the edifice, make one presume that originally it was the gate of the great temple, removed to this one when the other had become a ruin; the mysterious sculptures which decorate it belong not, in my opinion, to the Antonine epoch, for their workmanship is not pure enough for that age. The interior of the monument is adorned with pillars and niches of the richest sculpture. There are some of these niches perfectly untouched, and seem fresh from the workshop of the sculptor. Not far from the entrance of the temple we found immense openings, and subterranean stairs which conducted us to inferior constructions, to which we could not assign any use. All is equally dark and magnificent; here were, perhaps, the residences of pontiffs, the colleges of priests, the halls of initiation; probably, too, royal abodes. Issuing from the peristyle, we found ourselves on the brink of a precipice; we could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is about thirty feet above the soil of the plain of Balbec. It is

constructed of stones, whose dimensions are so prodigious, that, if it was not attested by travellers worthy of credit, the imagination of men of the present day would be confounded by such improbability. The Arabs themselves, daily spectators of this wonder, attribute it not to man, but to genii, or supernatural powers. When one considers that these blocks of cut granite are some of them fifty-six feet long, and fifteen or sixteen broad, with a thickness unknown, and that these enormous masses have been raised, one upon another, twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the soil; that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to such an height to form the pavement of temples, one shrinks back from so extraordinary a proof of human force, for science in our day has nothing which explains it. But these wonders are evidently not of the date of the temple; they were a mystery to the ancients as to us; they belong to an unknown, perhaps an ante-diluvian, epoch, and have probably been the base of many temples, consecrated to different forms of worship. I think it probable that these gigantic stones have been moved by the first races of men, whom all primitive histories call giants. It is said that not far from this spot, in a valley of Ante-Lebanon, there have been discovered human bones of an immense size; and the consul-general of England, Mr. Farren, a man of great learning and information, intends shortly to visit these mysterious sepulchres."

There are several very beautiful pieces of poetry scattered through M. de Lamartine's volumes. We can only afford, however, to give the following opening verses of his invocation to the ruins of Balbec. We are aware that our translation does very poor justice to the original, but it has the merit of being faithful, and almost literally so, to its sense.

"Mysterious deserts, whose vast mounds aye hold
The bones of cities that have ceased to be,
Huge blocks by deluges of ruin rolled;
Immense bed of a mighty dried up sea;
Temples, which, for your marble floors, explored
And rooted hills, like trees, up from their base;
Gulfs, where their floods full volumed rivers poured;
Columns, 'mong which mine eye no path can trace;
Pillar, and arches, and avenues profound,
Where, as among the clouds, the moon strays lost;
Capitals, which the wildered sight confound;
Oh mighty records, from the far west coast
A pilgrim comes to spell thy tablets hoar,
And sound thy destinies—and pause—and o'er thy wrecks
to pore."

The whole of M. de Lamartine's work is, as we have said above, nothing but a succession of landscape pictures. The facts he has collected, and the observations he makes, form a very ordinary and unimportant part of his volume, and his descriptions are so diffuse and straggling, that we can only take bits of them here and there, as indeed he gives them himself. The following little unfinished sketch must suffice for Jerusalem.

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be painted in a few words; mountains without shadow, earth without verdure, valleys without water, rocks without grandeur, a few blocks of grey stone piercing the cracked sand ground; here and there a fig tree, and now and then a gazelle or a jackal gliding furtively among the broken rocks; a few vine plants crawling over the reddish grey cinder-looking soil; at wide distances apart, little clumps of pale olive trees, casting a small spot of shade on the steep sides of a hill; the grey walls and towers of the city appearing afar off on the summit of

Sion—this is the description of the earth. The sky is high, pure, clear, deep, and never does the smallest cloud float over it, or catch the purple colours of the evening or the morning. Towards Arabia, a large gulf, dividing the black hills, leads the eye to the glittering waves of the Red sea, or to the violet horizon of the peaks of the mountains of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs among the dry branches of the olive trees; no bird sings or cricket chirps in the herbless expanse; a silence, eternal and complete, reigns in the city, on the roads, and over the country. Such appeared Jerusalem during the whole time we passed under its walls. No sound was to be heard but the neighing of my horses, impatient under the ardour of the sun, or the melancholy chaunt of the muezzin, crying the hour from the top of the minarets, or the monotonous lamentations of Turk mourners, accompanying, in long files, the dead of the pest, to the different cemeteries which environ its walls. Jerusalem, where the traveller goes to visit a sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a people; but a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments; whose monumental stone is broken, and whose ashes seem to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence, and sterility. We were seated one day opposite one of the principal gates of the city. No sound arose from its places or its streets; among the paths which wind, as it were, at hazard among the rocks, were to be seen only a few Arabs, half naked, mounted on their asses; a few camel-drivers from Damascus; or some straggling women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads baskets of the grapes of Engeddi, or cages of doves, to be sold without the gates of the city, for the plague raged within. We went round the walls, and passed before all the gates. No one entered, no one came out—even the beggar was not at his accustomed post. No sentinel was to be seen at the barriers. We saw nothing—we heard nothing; the same void, the same silence reigned at the entrance of a city containing 30,000 souls, during twelve hours of the day, as there would if we had passed before the gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum. We saw only four funeral convoys issue in silence from the gate of Damascus, and a poor christian carried out of the gate of Sion, by four grave-diggers, to the Greek burying-ground."

We must now take a little peep into the interior of the city, passing over the description of the sepulchre, which has been given so often, and is besides too long for our purpose. We must pass over also many other interesting localities, as M. de Lamartine expatiates, not on them, but on the sentiments they give rise to, at a length which it would altogether exceed our limits to follow.

"We were now in two little streets, as obscure, as narrow, and as dirty as those we had already passed through. Here and there a few vendors of bread and fruits, covered with rags, and seated at the entrance of their little booths, their baskets on their knees, cried their goods to arrest the few passers by. Now and then a veiled woman would appear at the barred windows of the wooden houses, or a child would open a low dark door, and come and buy for his family the provisions for the day. The streets are every where obstructed by rubbish, by heaps of ordure, and especially by rags of cloth, stuff, and cotton, which the wind whirls about like dead leaves. It is by this uncleanness, and these rags which strew the pavements of the cities of the East, that the plague is so easily caught and communicated. Nothing in Jerusalem announces it to be the abode of a nation; no sign of riches, no movement of life; its exterior aspect had deceived us. The most miserable bourg of the Alps or of the Pyrenees—the most obscure corner of our faubourgs, abandoned to the lowest class of our

working population, are cleanliness, luxury, and elegance, compared with the deserted streets of the Queen of Cities. The only signs of life we saw were some Bedouin horsemen, mounted on Arab mares, whose feet slipped or sunk every moment in the holes of which the pavement is full."

We must now give a description of Constantinople, passing over many other beautiful, perhaps more beautiful, passages, which are too diffuse for our purpose. M. de Lamartine is now fast approaching the city.

"At five o'clock I was on the deck. The captain put a boat out to sea. I got into it, and we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, along the walls of Constantinople washed by the sea. After half an hour's sailing amid a multitude of vessels at anchor, we reached the walls of the seraglio, which are a continuation of those of the city, and form the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul stands; and it is here that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created in concert the point of view, the most marvellous in beauty which the human eye can contemplate on the earth. I uttered an involuntary exclamation; forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments. To compare any thing to this magnificent spectacle, is to insult its supremacy."

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio, were, a few paces to our left, separated from the sea by a narrow pavement which the waves wash unceasingly, and where the perpetual stream of the Bosphorus forms little murmuring billows, as blue as the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. These terraces rise gradually, one above another, to the palace of the Sultan. They are planted with gigantic cypress and plantain trees, through which the gilded domes of the palace may be seen. The trunks of these trees overtop the walls of the terraces; their branches spread over the gardens, and hang over the sea a canopy of thick foliage, under which wearied boatmen stop their caïques to get refreshment from the shade. Among these groups of trees, at little intervals, are perceived palaces, pavilions, kiosques, batteries of brass and bronze cannon of strange and antique shapes, and sculptured and gilded gates opening on the sea; the grated windows of these maritime palaces, which form part of the seraglio, look upon the waters; and across their green blinds may be seen the sparking and gilded ceilings of the apartments within. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains, inserted in the walls of the seraglio, precipitate their waters from the height of the gardens into marble basins beneath. Near these basins may be usually seen a Turkish soldier or two stretched on the ground—dogs without masters wander along the quays, or sometimes they may be seen cooped in the mouth of an enormous gun. As our boat advanced, the horizon before us grew wider; the coasts of Asia became distinct; the mouths of the Bosphorus between hills of dark verdure on one side, and opposite hills, which seemed to be tinted with all the hues of the rainbow on the other, became traceable by the eye. A little farther on, these hills rose still higher, and then re-descended again, forming a jutting cape, on which we described in the distance the likeness of a great city. This was Scutari; we could see it clearly, with its great white barracks, like a royal chateau, its mosques and shining minarets—its quays and creeks—its houses and bazars—with its caïques under the shade of its plantains, and its sombre forest of cypresses—beyond which the monuments of the Turkish cemetery glittered mournfully in the sun. Beyond the point of Scutari, the Bosphorus, impatient of being straitened, seems to fly between the black mountains, reflecting in its rushing mirror the rocks, angles, ravines, and forests, which

form its banks on either side, and along which the eye can see, as far as it can reach, an interminable succession of villages, of vessels at anchor or with spread sails, of little ports embowered in trees, of scattered houses, and of vast palaces, with their gardens of roses stretching into the sea.

"A few strokes of the oar carried us to the Golden Horn, where one has at the same time a view of the Bosphorus, of the sea of Marmora, and of the entire port, or rather sen, of Constantinople. There, however, we forget the sea of Marmora, the coast of Asia, and the Bosphorus, to contemplate the basin of the Golden Horn itself, and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which bears the unique, the incomparable city—at the same time, city, country, sea, port, the bed of rivers, gardens, wooded mountains, profound valleys of an ocean of houses, a hive of ships and streets, of tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes.

"We made sail towards the hills of Galata and Pera. The port enlarged more and more before us. This port is hardly described by that name. It is rather a broad river like the Thames, enclosed between two city-crowned hills, and covered with an endless fleet of ships riding at anchor before the houses. We traversed this innumerable multitude of vessels, some at anchor, some with sails spread, and bound for the Bosphorus, the Black sea, or the sea of Marmora. Here we saw vessels of all builds, of all sizes, and all ensigns, from the Arab bark, with its prow shaped like the prow of the ancient galleys, to the three-decked man-of-war with its cannon walls. Numbers of Turkish caiques, little boats which serve as street carriages in this amphibious city, circulated among these great masses, crossing, running foul of, and elbowing each other, like a crowd in public places, and clouds of albatrosses, like white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, and flew to a more distant point, to alight again upon the undulating wave. I will not attempt to count the vessels, ships, brigs, and barques, which slept or moved upon the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouths of the Bosphorus and the point of the Seraglio, to the faubourg of Egoub, and the delicious valleys of sweet waters. The Thames at London offers nothing comparable. Suffice it to say, that independent of the Turkish fleet and European ships of war, at anchor in the middle of the canal, the two coasts of the Golden Horn are covered with vessels, three deep, for the distance of a league on each side."

We must add, though we go back for it, a description of one of the most delightful walks, we believe, that ever was taken. Mons. de Lamartine was accompanied, in this excursion, by his little daughter Julia, whom he had the misery to lose during his stay in the East. We should not do justice, if we did not mention here, that Madame de Lamartine, an Englishwoman, has contributed to the work before us, some of its most interesting pages—not so picturesque, perhaps, as those of her husband, but strongly marked by that good sense and self-possessing delight which characterise natives of England, even in their highest raptures. The following is the passage we now allude to; we have abridged it, but hope still that its beauty will ex-*use* its length:—

"We now entered on a higher valley, opening from the east to the west, and imbedded in the folds of the last chain of hills which advances towards the vale where the river North-Baireut sweeps along. No words can describe the abounding vegetation which carpets the bed and banks of this valley. Although its two sides are

composed of rock, they are so covered with plants of all sorts, so glittering with dew, so clothed with heath, fern, odorous herbs, ivy, wild-flowers, and shrubs, taking root in imperceptible clefts, that it is impossible to believe that it is from the live rock that arises such a prodigious display of vegetation; the whole is a broad carpet, two feet thick—a velvet ground of *serried* vegetation, tinted with all hues and colours, sown with bouquets of unknown flowers of a thousand forms, of a thousand odours; sometimes motionless, like flowers embroidered on stuff which we spread over our drawing-rooms, and sometimes moved by the sea breeze, a stream of verdure, perfumed waves, rustling and undulating like a murmuring brook. A multitude of insects with coloured wings, and innumerable birds, are perched upon the neighbouring trees; the air is filled with their voices responding to each other, with the humming of wasps and bees, and with the hollow murmur of the earth in the spring season, which some take to be the sound of vegetation, in its multitudinous forms, processing on her surface. We breakfasted here on a large stone at the entrance of a cavern. Two gazelles fled from it as we approached. We were careful not to trouble the asylum of these charming animals, which are to these deserts what the lamb is to our meadows. * * * * * Advancing still farther, we came suddenly upon the sea, which the valley had hitherto hidden. A Roman bridge nearly in ruins, which traverses the North-Baireut, also became apparent. A long caravan from Damascus, going to Aleppo, crossed it at this moment. The traveling merchants were seen, one by one, some on camels, some on horses, to issue from the thickets which hide the end of the bridge, slowly ascend to the top of the arches, stand out for a moment with the animals on which they were mounted, and their strange and bright coloured costume against the blue ground of the sea, then re-descend from the ruins and disappear with their long file of asses and camels, amidst the plantations of laurels and plantains which overshadow the other bank of the river. * * * * * Seventeen ships were at anchor in the gulf; some with naked masts, and others drying their sails in the sun, looked like great white birds seated on the waters. A few fishing-boats passed at full sail. The valley under our feet, its slopes towards the plain, the river flowing under its pyramidal arches; the sea, with its bays and creeks among the rocks; the immense peak of the Lebanon, with all its accidents of structure, its snow-topped pinnacles stretching like silvery cones into the depths of the firmament, where the eye sought them like stars; the buzz of insects about us, the song of a thousand birds among the trees, the bellow of the buffaloes, the nearly human plaint of the camel of the caravans, the illimitable horizon of the Mediterranean, the deep, serene, and intense brightness of the sky, the perfumed mildness of the air, in which all seemed to be reflected as an image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake,—all these sights, all these sounds, all these shades, all this light, all these impressions, formed a spectacle the most sublime, and a landscape the most exquisite, that my eyes have ever beheld."

Mons. de Lamartine and his daughter meet, in this walk, with a numerous troop of Arabs, who carry them off and feast them in the woods. We are sorry we cannot make room for the recital of this picturesque adventure, but really we have already transgressed our limits.

A poor actor, at Norwich, personating Granger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to Gradus's Greek quotation, where old Doily sits as umpire, began thus:—"O raino nighto! spoilo benefitio quito."

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECTOR.

"Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?"

Coleridge.

The exceeding beauty of many of our old country parsonage-houses, with their tall chimnies, cool porches, various-sized windows, pointed gables, slanting roofs, and irregular structure, joined to their solemn repose and their extreme neatness, give them an air almost devotional, and they are in admirable keeping with the life and character of a christian pastor. It is these houses, together with the neighbouring primitive and antiquated churches, that give one great charm to the rural districts of our favoured country. Many soothing and delightful trains of feeling are always excited by them, and their pure repose comes closely home to those religious sensibilities which are implanted in all our hearts.

In one of these mansions, James Edwards had taken up his abode, when about fifty years of age. Upwards of twenty years he had lived as a Fellow in one of our most noted colleges; and when he had been presented with the living, he had at once exchanged his locality and his state of celibacy,—and a love-engagement, of a standing as old as his Fellowship, had been at last fulfilled.

Mr. Edwards entered on his new vocations as a parish priest, and as a married man, with a full and sincere determination to fulfil their various duties; but he was in some respects unfitted for their due performance. Naturally good-humoured and convivial, and having obtained his Fellowship almost as soon as his degree, he had never had an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge of the ordinary affairs of the every-day world. Of the value of money he knew nothing, and was consequently ignorant of that economy, without which income is valueless, as a provision beyond the supply of our immediate wants.

The good, easy man, had therefore husbanded no part of his resources, so that, when he commenced his career of housekeeping, he was nearly penniless. Credit and high prices were of course the order of the day, joined to great peculation from want of punctuality. Thus he had a constant difficulty in meeting his expenditure, which was attended by its customary shifts and sacrifices; and these altogether swallowed up the entire proceeds of his benefice beforehand. So long as no pressing demands were made upon him, he believed every thing to be going on right—sat comfortably in his carved oaken chair, and superintended his parochial affairs with dignity, tempered by humour and liveliness.

His life thus glided on happily and placidly, and three children were born to him in his old age. His wife as well as himself possessed an equanimity of temper that guarded them from embittering present enjoyment by useless calculations upon futurity. Satisfied with the plenty of the day, they sailed smoothly along the stream of existence, never dreaming, in the simplicity and singleness of their hearts, that storms or shipwrecks could come athwart their passage. Now

and then, indeed, Mrs. Edwards, who was several years younger than her husband, would remind him of the uncertainty of life, and of the circumstance, that should any thing happen to him, herself and his infant family would be plunged at once into poverty.

His long-continued habits rendered him unable to profit, or even feel these admonitions. Not that he was selfish, or unwilling to deprive himself of certain comforts and indulgences which he now enjoyed, but that an habitual indifference, joined to a deep though erring sense of the goodness of his Divine Master, made him incapable of understanding his proper position. Hence, in reply to his wife, he would urge that the Great Being, to whose service his life was devoted, would never desert the upright man, nor leave the children of his servant to perish for want. "Besides," he went on to say, "we are, my dear, stewards, placed by a bountiful God to administer our wealth to the poor. We are sent as beacons by which all classes of society may shape their course. Sociability, a free participation of our enjoyments, and unbounded charity, I consider as essential parts of our duties. It will be vain to preach doctrines of love to our neighbour, and of peace and good-will to all mankind, if our example does not coincide with our precepts."

These were the opinions of this worthy man as to the duties of a gospel minister; and they were not suffered to slumber idly in his own breast. To the poor amongst his flock, he was a liberal patron; to the fatherless and to the orphan, he was a father; to the sick he was a physician; to the afflicted a comforter; whilst to the rich he was a confidential friend and adviser; and to the dying, of all classes, he was a guide and monitor to the narrow path which leads over that bourn "from whence no traveller returns."

Well educated, of gentlemanly manners, and of cheerful and amiable disposition, Mr. Edwards was a welcome and honoured guest in a wide circle of wealthy and aristocratic families; and this led to a style of living certainly incompatible with his condition, considered only in a pecuniary and prudential point of view.

His youngest and most darling child, a fair girl, was seized with sickness in her tenth year; and, after several weeks of great suffering, was removed. Death found them even in their beautiful and sanctified home. The minister mourned, but not as one without hope. The Dispenser of life had taken to himself the fairest of his gifts; but the deprivation was doubtless for some wise and beneficent purpose: and the bereaved father followed his innocent child to the grave, murmuring "Thy will be done!"

His son, who was named after himself, was now sixteen. His education, which had proceeded under his own inspection, had made him master of most of the common departments of youthful learning. James inherited his father's disposition—he was cheerful, good-tempered, and had a heart stored with home affections. He was most fondly attached to his mother and to his surviving sister, and was moreover a general favourite. The time was approaching when it was intended he should leave his paternal roof for the university,

in the hope and expectation that he would become a worthy successor to his father in the rectory.

Few incidents diversify the life of individuals thus moving in a limited and well-defined circle. The day came, and it found them happy and contented; and the night was passed in the unbroken and dreamless sleep of innocence. Mr. Edwards began to show evident signs that age was stealing over him. It had blanched his hair, and furrowed his cheeks, and made his eye and his ear somewhat dimmer than had been their wont. But, on the whole, the hand of time had pressed lightly upon him. His faculties were unimpaired, and his cheerfulness and usual gaiety were his constant companions. He was no richer than when he first entered on the duties of his ministerial office; and, so far, he had been a faithful steward. He had, however, neglected to take precautions for the future welfare of his family; and in doing this, he had neglected an important moral duty.

CHAPTER II.—THE COLLEGIAN.

"She that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay the debt of love—
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath struck all the affections that in her dwell!"

There are epochs in the lives of individuals, as well as in the history of nations. Some event, often fortuitous, gives a tone to succeeding occurrences, till it is in time displaced by another, which in like manner impresses itself, to be again removed at some future period.

When James Edwards was eighteen, and from youth had attained the threshold of manhood, the first great moral epoch of his existence developed itself. This was a first and passionate love, which now, when all was prepared for his removal to the university, came to add pangs to the pain of separation.

Mrs. Jennings had inhabited a sweet little cottage, abutting upon the burial-ground of the church of R—, for many years. When she first settled herself amongst the parishioners of Mr. Edwards, nothing whatever was known of her; but she came in widow's weeds, accompanied by a little girl, her daughter, and the good rector had made her an especial object of his kindness.

He soon learnt her brief history. Her husband had held some minor office under government, and, in consequence of an accident sustained in the course of his duties, had been so severely injured that he did not long survive it. He had left her a young widow, with the little Mary, and a very small annuity, which barely sufficed to support them.

The propriety of Mrs. Jennings' conduct, the excellent education she had received and profited by, and the air of respectability which she still retained, secured an introduction into the family of the parsonage. By and by a very close intimacy grew up, which was not a little cemented and fostered by the fondness the rector's children showed for her own darling and beautiful child. Indeed she passed more time in the spacious

nursery of the rectory, than in her own humble and contracted apartment.

The children became therefore members of the same household in a great measure. The same studies were pursued by little Mary, as she was called, as by the young Edwards; and they shared equally the same amusements and the same childish griefs. It was however soon observed that James attached himself more closely to the stranger than to his own sister. He was her ready and resolute champion in all their infantine quarrels, and her intercessor when graver faults required it. He also preferred her company in his boyish rambles, sometimes greatly to the annoyance and jealousy of his sister; and at all times the brightest flower and fairest fruit were hoarded for little Mary. The child in return loved him with her whole heart: she bore with his petulance, and, when old enough, heard him repeat his lessons, seated in the low and ivy-covered porch of the church.

This love of their infancy "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" but when James had reached his eighteenth year, and Mary her sixteenth, a marked change came over their intercourse. Hitherto they had romped together as children, had rambled far away into the recesses of the neighbouring forest, laughing, or kissing, or quarreling. Now, though they were quite as much together, there was no longer the same familiarity; on the contrary, they exhibited obvious marks, that a very painful embarrassment interposed between them; and yet, anomalous as it may appear, they sought each other with more than accustomed eagerness. Never did Mary proceed far on her customary walks before James was at her side, and never did she sit long in her quiet and beautiful cottage in the long summer evenings, when her mother was absent, before his soft knock and his eager step were heard.

Little was said at these interviews; but their souls drank deeply at the fountain of love; and when twilight had rendered all dim and indistinct,—when the breeze had died away—when the twittering of the "household bird" was hushed, the whispered good-night, the trembling pressure faintly given and returned, betrayed an intensity of emotion, that can be felt only in the sunny period of youth and in the impulses of a first love.

An attachment of the most ardent character thus bound together the hearts of James Edwards and Mary Jennings; and on the eve of his departure for the university, vows of the purest affection were exchanged between them.

Brought up as James had been under the eye of his excellent father, and with the constant example of pure and holy living before him, his mind was deeply imbued with a sense of religion; for he had seen its truths and its precepts daily illustrated.

This was however far from damping his natural cheerfulness. The faith of Christ taught him neither stoicism nor fanaticism; but it enabled him to live in society, and to escape its vices; to mingle freely in college-life, yet to retain the purity of his principles, and to share the amuse-

ments and sports of his companions without diverging from the path of duty to himself or to his Creator. He was a pattern of sobriety, of diligent and careful study, and in consequence made rapid progress and proficiency.

In little more than four years, his friends had the pride and satisfaction of seeing him obtain distinguished honours. His love for Mary Jennings still reigned in his heart with all its original enthusiasm. The purity and holiness of a first affection had materially aided him in escaping the snares of his passions. An early attachment, indeed, when properly placed, is of the utmost value to a young man on commencing his career of independent existence; and poor is the philosophy and the prudence that would strive to deaden or destroy the first impulses of young and pure minds. To James, the love for Mary Jennings served as a shield of asbestos against all temptations; and its purifying influence shed around him a halo of quiet happiness, that soothed and cheered him on in his course of study.

During these years he had frequently visited home, and, as may be supposed, a warm welcome ever awaited him at the Parsonage. His father viewed him with pride, and prayed only that his life might be prolonged till he saw James settled in a living, when "he should depart in peace." His attachment to Mary was avowed, and sanctioned. The high reputation which he enjoyed for talents, joined to his excellent moral character, made Mrs. Jennings' heart glad within her, and most cordially did she approve of Mary's choice. She looked forward to their union in the fond hope that her old age would be passed with them; and she blessed the "Giver of all good things" for this, which she esteemed a special mark of his favour.

The intercourse of Mary and James was thus encouraged on all hands, and no restriction was placed upon their association. Poor Mary heard the highest praises lavished upon the chosen object of her wishes; but these could not enlarge the extent of her love, for already this had swallowed up her earthly hopes and desires. Placid and sweet in her manners, she had a heart which was the abode of the most enthusiastic feelings; and kept alive as these constantly were, they began to prey upon a constitution far too delicate for the struggle. She would have vowed her vows at the altar at this time, and have been a happy wife; nay, she would have been a "crown of glory" to her husband. But this was thought impossible. Marriage would have been incompatible with James's present mode of subsistence, and might prove fatal to his farther prospect of preferment, dependent as this was on his college.

The havoc of over-excitement in a temperament like Mary's soon became visible. During his transitory visits, indeed, her eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, as in the first burst of their happiness; but throughout his long absences, she pined and drooped, with hope deferred, that "maketh the heart sick;" and like the lily, which in all its bravery has exposed itself to the scorching mid-day sun—the first symptoms of decay only rendered her still more touchingly beautiful.

CHAPTER III.—THE CURATE.

"A heart that, having once laid hold,
Closely adheres, and but in death drops off."

"How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!" Beautiful, indeed, is the death of that man, who has, through life, fulfilled with an upright mind the various duties of his station, and who sinks into forgetfulness, in the calm hope of a Christian, and full of trust in God! Such was the death of the Reverend James Edwards, who was gathered to his fathers when his son was about to enter upon the sacred duties of his profession. He died full of affection for his family and for his people, and in the confident hope that He who had watched over him would watch over his family.

This was the second epoch in the life of James Edwards, and it came fraught with melancholy consequences. The death of his father at once laid open the effects of his profuse and unlimited generosity, and of his ignorance and disregard of regularity and economy in his ordinary transactions. He had come to the rectory well nigh penniless, and so he had died.

The blow came heavily upon his family; and their condition was rendered still more cruelly severe, by the new incumbent rigorously exacting the utmost that could be claimed for dilapidations. Bowed down by sorrow, and by unexpected misfortunes, they found a welcome shelter beneath the roof of Mrs. Jennings; and their entire support now devolved upon the exertions and the success of James.

This untimely event wrung his heart bitterly, as he felt that it placed another obstacle in the way of an union on which his happiness was so mainly dependent. The best and wisest amongst us murmur occasionally at the dispensations and trials which beset our paths, although we have a firm conviction that they are but chastenings from the hand of Almighty God. The essence of Divinity within us is so mingled with our earthly tabernacle, that we cannot wholly free ourselves from this weakness; and it can excite no surprise that James fought hard and desperately to overcome his scruples, and to determine at once to espouse Mary Jennings. But his sense of his duties as a son prevailed; and he yielded to the paramount necessity of maintaining his otherwise destitute and helpless mother and sister.

It was said by our Saviour, that "a good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things;" and James Edwards, feeling that his resolution coincided with his duties as a sincere and devout Christian, calmed his impatience. The first great command, "Honour thy father and thy mother," had been deeply impressed upon his mind, and never in thought or deed had he hitherto violated it; and he knew, that if now he should marry, he would plunge them into extreme poverty. He longed, indeed, as the wearied infant longs for the lap of his mother, to repose on the bosom of his beloved Mary; but he struggled nobly with his wishes, and blessing God for having placed within his reach the means of providing a home for his mother, he tore him-

self away, and proceeded to take possession of a curacy in a remote part of Yorkshire, to which he had been preferred by his college.

The income arising from this did not exceed £60 per annum, and would have been utterly insufficient to provide for their wants, even in their most limited form, had he not derived some farther assistance from certain collegiate honours which he enjoyed. These extraneous resources would fail at once, were he to marry; and thus he felt bound by his duty as a son and as a Christian, to defer the fulfilment of his engagement with Mary; and in this resolution he was sustained and fortified by the pure-minded girl, though she felt that her own existence was at stake.

It is rarely that the mind and the affections of women are correctly understood. To her, indeed, life is but a history of the affections; her heart is her whole world; and as her life is often a secluded, and therefore a meditative one, she becomes the constant companion of her own thoughts and feelings. In her, love acquires a power and a pre-eminence, such as man but seldom or never can experience. His avocations lead him abroad into the bustle and excitement of the world; and the attrition to which his feelings and his affections are subjected, soon blunts their finer and more sensible portions.

It was thus with Mary Jennings. She had so long and so completely given way before her love for James Edwards, that the idea of it continually occupied her mind, and slowly but certainly undermined her health. Had James been fully aware that the canker-worm was destroying all that he held dear, nothing could have restrained him from making her his own; but judging of her by himself, and believing that no love, not even that of woman, could surpass his own, he knew nothing of the ravages which were going on in Mary. Her letters to him were at once frank and affectionate, but never contained a single allusion to her own decaying health.

She was, however, fully sensible of it; and sometimes the very knowledge gave her a feeling of exquisite happiness, as to her excited imagination it seemed that she was sacrificing her life, for the sake of him who was so unutterably dear to her. Of his truth, of his unspotted honour, she never for a moment had a doubt; and knowing as she did the circumstances that formed the barrier to the fulfilment of their plighted vows, not a single murmur or repining thought disturbed the conviction that James was performing his duty. Mrs. Jennings, with a mind as finely endowed as that of her daughter, aided her resolution; and, though she grieved for her daughter's failing health, she did not permit a syllable to escape her lips.

Meantime, James was striving to make such additions to his means, as would enable him to marry with some prospect of supporting a wife. He opened a school, and sought far and near for pupils; but the district in which he was placed was a remote one, and peopled scantily, and he made little progress. Early and late he was at work, and nobly did he strive to earn his happiness. The simple and unostentatious duties of his cure, he performed with exemplary fidelity,

and with a sincerity and earnestness that soon secured him the love and respect of his flock: sustained by the approbation of his own mind, by the contemplation of his aged mother and sister, by the soothing knowledge that he was labouring not in vain in the vineyard of his sacred calling, and by letters filled with devotion and untiring affection from Mary, a holy calm came over his mind, and he tasted the fruits of righteous and Christian living. "Hope," indeed, "springs eternal in the human breast;" and it is rare in the early part of life, that misfortune or disappointment so far depresses the spirit, as to shut out this comforter; and when this is encouraged and supported by a firm reliance upon Providence, it calls into action "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are lovely."

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND.

"Yet for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had giv'n
Beauty of more than mortal birth—a spell that breath'd
of Heav'n;
And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd to glow."

For nearly two years James Edwards devoted himself to his duties, without venturing to abstract himself from the sphere of his utility. His curacy, though affording so scanty a remuneration, was extensive, and inhabited principally by store-farmers and shepherds. The dwellings of his people were thinly scattered over a wide hilly country; and though the simple and primitive manners of the inhabitants removed them from many sources of vice, still this very circumstance rendered his duties the more onerous. No family event of importance could take place, even in the humblest cot of his parishioners, but the minister was either a witness or an adviser. With them, deaths, burials, marriages, and christenings were looked upon as seasons particularly requiring the assiduous attention of him who had the care of their spiritual welfare; and the bed of sickness, and the house of misfortune, derived their principal consolation from his visits and exhortations.

Thus occupied, his thoughts were prevented from dwelling so exclusively, as they otherwise would have done, upon Mary. Still, there were times and seasons when the philosophy of his religion, and the philosophy of reason, were insufficient to hinder him from feeling acutely on the subject. Her goodness, her purity, her forgetfulness of self, filled him with admiration, and kept alive his most strenuous efforts to enlarge his means. Placed however as he was, there appeared but little prospect of this; and at the beginning of the third year of his absence, he resolved to visit his betrothed, though his determination had long been made not to venture into her presence, until he could hold out some immediate prospect of sharing with her his joys and his sorrows.

It was at the close of a magnificent day about

midsummer, that James again trod the precincts of the rectory of R—, which had been the home of his youth, and the scene of his day-dream of happiness. Every thing appeared precisely in the same state as when he had left it—the rectory, the church, the ancient turnstile, the winding field-road, and a crowd of happy yet sorrowful reminiscences filled his mind. Not a spot but which was endeared to him by the remembrance of his venerable father or of Mary Jennings; and so powerful were the associations which came over him, that he expected at every step to hear the light foot-fall that had once been the constant attendant of his own in the walk he was now pursuing.

The evening was splendidly lovely, and the rich twilight had enshrouded the landscape, as he reached the narrow lane leading to Mrs. Jennings's cottage. His heart beat fast, as every well-remembered copse, hedge-row, and tree was seen in the dim and quiet light. Not a sound was abroad, save the rustle of the dying breeze in the elm-grove; and an undefinable feeling of uneasiness came over him, as he stood before the low paling in the front of the house. Every thing around him, however, had its well-remembered appearance of order and neatness; and encouraged by this, he opened the low wicket, and, before proceeding to the door, approached a latticed window half-hidden by jasmine and honeysuckle. It was at this window that he had been accustomed to sit with Mary during the first burst and glow of his young love, and a host of happy memories filled his breast as he leaned against it. The gloom of early evening made objects in the interior of the cottage somewhat indistinct; but as with cautious hand he pushed back the intervening foliage, he could see his betrothed bride and her aged and venerable mother, at an opposite window, both silently engaged in reading—Mary a letter, probably one of his own, and Mrs. Jennings, her Bible. A light tap, which he gave on the glass, made Mary scream—well did she remember it, and, as James opened the door, he found himself in the arms of the weeping maiden.

His greeting was most affectionately cordial, and several hours were passed in mingled smiles and tears. Edwards was sensible of the decay in the person of Mary; but as his presence flushed and agitated her, it remained for the following morning to betray the ravages, which "hope deferred," and a woman's passionate love, had worked in the once blooming Mary Jennings. At an early hour they were pursuing one of their favourite walks; and as James gazed upon her face, and felt her tottering weight, he enquired anxiously and eagerly after her health. Formerly, the style over which he was now compelled almost to lift her, had been lightly sprung over; and the pace, now feeble and trembling, had then resembled that of the young roe: and as one by one these evidences of destroyed health became visible to James, the truth flashed on his mind, that the loving and beloved object of his most treasured affections had been pining and withering, whilst he, utterly unconscious of it, had been the cause of the blight which had come over her young beauty. With a burst of

passionate sensibility, he alternately deplored and blamed her, till both, equally overcome by past and present recollections, sat down, and a gush of tears came to relieve Mary's over-weighted heart. Her simple tale of suffering was soon told—how that day after day she had become weaker and weaker, and how that she had wished only to see him once again before she should die.

"Yes," she continued, "I know I must die, and I shall die happy, because I die for you. Oh that it might have been different! that I might have been yours, my own love! to have called you mine, and have lived to lavish upon you all—all I had to bestow,—my heart, my soul, my very existence!" and she buried her face in his breast, as her maidenly blushes overcame for a moment the hectic tinge of her worn and pallid cheek. With what emotions James heard these details, may be better conceived than described. She who had been the idol of his earthly adoration,—she whose love had been intertwined with all his hopes and plans of happiness, thus—thus to be bowed down and broken, and all for him, without one murmur, without one complaint—it was more than even his Christian philosophy could support; and he wept like a child, as he vowed that his she should be, that he would carry her back as his wife, and that He whose faithful though humble servant he had been, would spare her to his heart.

"It must be so, Mary! it shall be so! fear not, love! my mother shall be your nurse, and I will be your physician! Oh! why—why not tell me! Cruel, and yet noble girl! but mine you shall be, and we will yet be happy. Smile, my love, as was your wont, and we will hasten back, and all will be well!"

And Mary did smile as she leaned fondly upon him; but it was the smile of satisfied faith, not the rapturous look that would have hailed the announcement at an earlier period. Indeed, so long had she been in the habit of considering herself doomed to an early and vestal grave, that now when James in a burst of tenderness clasped her to his heart, and called her his, her emotions were of a holier and loftier character than those excited by merely earthly love. It seemed as if she had won the temple of her wishes, but that her sole hope was to lay down her life as a sacrifice before its shrine.

On their way homewards Mary's debilitated condition was still more apparent: once and again had she to pause and rest,—but James's arm was a grateful support; and these symptoms of weakness increased ten-fold his anxious desire to put an end to the exhausting conflict of love and prudence, which had already nearly overwhelmed her. Mrs. Jennings, on being consulted, gave her assent to their immediate union; and James hastened to the rectory to make preparations for his nuptials, which he was determined should be celebrated on the following day.

Every consideration had given way before Mary's drooping figure and pale and angel-like countenance. Though not labouring under any specific disease, the withering touch of over-excitement had greatly weakened the springs of life; and the effect of this upon her outward

form had been to give her a delicacy of expression—a look so fragile, and yet so lovely, that his heart must have been hard indeed, who could have gazed on her unmoved. James, indeed, was sensible only of the decay; for to him she had been from boyhood pre-eminently beautiful. On retiring for the night, with his uneasiness in some degree quelled by the decisive steps which he had taken, he began to think over the consequences. Much he could see would have to be endured—self mingled not in his reflections; but as these embraced his mother, sister, his wife, and her mother, there was abundance of scope for quiet thought. He had, however, the consoling thought that he should save the perishing girl, and gratify his long and patiently endured love.

Morning came, and Mary Jennings became the wife of James Edwards; and in a few days, by easy journeys, they reached his home, where they were welcomed by his mother and sisters. Mrs. Jennings had accompanied them, so that they were again one family. Love and cheerfulness were diffused through their household; and all believed, even Mary herself, that her long-anticipated doom had been averted. For some weeks, indeed, she was obviously better: she was happy: idolised by her husband, loved by all around her, and her life one of unmixed delight. This roused her energies, and nature struggled to free herself from the pressure which had been so long weighing her down. But the very excitement to which she was subjected, although it counteracted for a time the mischief already done, soon began to prey upon her small remains of strength; and again she grew feeble and drooping, and again the conviction rose within her mind, that her removal from all she held dear was not very remote.

Meanwhile, the diminution of the curate's income had made itself felt; but the privations necessarily arising from this had been borne cheerfully, nay pleasantly. Mrs. Jennings's mite had been added to the common stock; and thus contented, religious, and fulfilling all their duties, the curate's family was, what such families ought to be, a model of Christian living.

The first chill breezes of autumn produced a very unfavourable change in Mary's health, and rapid consumption was now fully developed. James saw the approaching bereavement with a heart torn with anguish, grief, and remorse. He blamed himself for having been the unconscious destroyer of his sainted wife; and this feeling aggravated ten-fold his sorrow. For her, she bore her painless illness with a meek and cheerful spirit, that served only to increase the love of those who were about to lose her. Day after day her cheek became thinner and thinner, and her frame more attenuated: but still her eye beamed brightly, and her low and soft voice seemed to be more and more musical. For hours together would Edwards bend over her, and, in impassioned accents of most pure and holy affection, lavish upon her the treasured hoard of the love which had so long been his anchor and his hope: and Mary loved him, perhaps, even more intensely than in the height of her young imaginings;

the "waking bliss," which she had briefly enjoyed, had served to show her how worthy was the object of her regard; and though she knew she must leave him, she gazed upon and caressed him, without a murmur that this delight was fast fleeting.

The "poisoned arrow" had, indeed, too truly done its work; and Mary Edwards now presented one of the most painful, and yet one of the most beautiful aspects under which humanity can be contemplated,—a young and lovely bride, slowly dying of consumption. The picture is not an unusual one; for to finely and delicately organised systems, the expectations previous to and the excitement following marriage, especially where the affections are deeply engrossed, often prove the grave of blooming womanhood. Mary had long been pining; and, had her union with James taken place at an earlier date, the "canker-worm" might have been resisted. But it was too late; and her husband, when that

"Food of the mind—the sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles,"

had still more closely woven his heart to her, had the agony of watching her death-bed. He was a Christian, but he was also a man; and when he threw himself beside her lifeless body, he deemed that he had made too great a sacrifice to his duties.
P. G.

From the London Athenæum.

Travels in Ethiopia, above the Second Cataract of the Nile, &c. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. 4to. London: Longman & Co.

Tradition, history, the results of the operations of nature, and the ruins of works of art, concur in proving, that there existed on the upper Nile, a highly civilised people, who dwelt in cities, erected pyramids and temples, recorded events by means of hieroglyphics, and possessed fixed laws and government, the fame of whose progress in science and the social arts had spread in the earliest ages over a great part of the earth. The Ethiopians were equally celebrated and mysterious: the annals of the Egyptian priests bear testimony to their glory; fragments of their national legends, of the wars and conquests of their heroes, were found interwoven with the traditions of the inhabitants of central Asia on the Tigris and Euphrates; and when the Greeks scarcely knew Italy or Sicily by name, their poets spoke of the Ethiopians as a people known to popular fame. The state of Meroë, generally described as the dominant division of Ethiopia, has been celebrated for upwards of two thousand years; but its distant situation, the deserts by which it is fenced, and the ignorant jealousy of the Egyptian mame-lukes, prevented access to the spot. The subject seemed involved in hopeless obscurity, and many writers held its ancient glory to be fabulous, and regarded the first cataract of the Nile as the utmost verge of ancient science and art. Within our own memory the dark veil that so long hid this country from European eyes, has been rent asunder by a few enterprising travellers, especially the lament-

ed Burckhardt; and not Meroë alone, but a new world of antiquities, has been opened to the researches of the learned. An astonishing succession of monuments, rivaling those of Egypt in grandeur and beauty, and surpassing them in age, has appeared. The upper Nile was found thickly studded with temples, colossal statues, and ruined cities, up to Meroë, where a fresh range of pyramids appeared; the range, by its great antiquity, seeming to prove that, as the river in the course of ages washed down a fertile soil into the lower valley, civilisation followed to take possession of the alluvial formations, and gradually abandoned the countries that had been denuded by the continuous process. The road to Meroë was now open, but there were few travellers willing to encounter its dangers and difficulties; Mr. Hoskins, indeed, has proved that these were greatly overrated, but even his statement is sufficient to daunt an adventurer to whom "danger's self" is not "lure alone."

The primary object of our author was the illustration of the monuments: he has, aided by a clever Italian artist, delineated the most remarkable edifices, and with learning and clearness described the sculptures and hieroglyphics; but he has not neglected the living inhabitants of the province; his observations on these once proud and independent tribes, now bowed down under the iron sceptre of Mohammed Ali, are interesting in themselves, and valuable for the information they afford respecting the Turkish system of provincial government. It will be convenient to separate the personal and political portion of the narrative from the historical and descriptive; we shall first pay our respects to the enterprising traveller, and afterwards introduce the zealous antiquarian.

Mr. Hoskins commences his narrative with his arrival at Assouan, the ancient Syene, once celebrated for its commerce and its wealth. He passes lightly over this Egyptian city, which he promises to describe more fully, if the success of his work on Ethiopia should be such as to induce him to publish his "Notes on Egypt." The Nubian peasantry seem to be as miserable as the Egyptian Fellahs; but, unlike that laborious race, their poverty is owing to their own indolence, rather than the oppression of their rulers.

"The inhabitants are evidently wretchedly poor; however, they enjoy the luxury of idleness. Very few seemed engaged in any occupation. One woman I observed spinning cotton, and two or three busy about their domestic concerns; but the many were enjoying *il dolce far niente* of the Italians. They were almost all miserably clad; the clothes of both sexes were in rags, the children naked, and girls from fourteen to sixteen, with beautiful forms, and extremely graceful and elegant in their movements, had merely a covering which extended from the waist to a little above the knee. This ceinture, or *rat*, as it is called in Arabic, is made of thin thongs of hippopotamus hide, and fancifully ornamented with beads and small shells. The number of thongs is so great, that it fully serves its purpose as a covering. They wear it till they are married; an event, however, which often takes place before they are twelve years of age."

At Korosko, Mr. Hoskins found the Turkish governor as avaricious as these functionaries

usually are in the remote provinces; but Mohammed Ali has placed bounds to the rapacity of his officers: the refusal of demanded presents would a few years ago have cost a traveller his property, if not his life, and an insult to a secretary would have provoked the bastinado or the bow-string; now, however, these worthy officials bear disappointment more calmly.

"The governor, an effendi, paid me a visit in my tent, and frankly asked me for several things which he saw, and fancied; which I as frankly refused. The visits of inferior Turks are always annoyances: it is very seldom that any information can be obtained from them, and their impertinence is without bounds. I was amused by his secretary, a Copt, who complained that he was affected by a pain in his chest when the weather was cold. I gave him some flannel, which I could ill spare, also some medicine; and, with other advice, I told him most peremptorily, that he must drink no arracki (spirit). This last injunction disconcerted him exceedingly; and his master laughed heartily at an advice which he knew to be so unwelcome to his jovial secretary. I told him it would kill him. 'Well,' said he, 'if it kills me, *mak-toob min Allah!* it is written, but drink I must.' In the evening he came to me again, half intoxicated. As I offered him no beverage, except coffee, he soon, with a cunning smile and an expressive nod, pulled out of his pocket a small bottle of excellent arracki and a little cup. I did not wish to offend the fellow, having occasion to leave some boxes in his charge until my return, and therefore endured his company for some time. At last, his intoxication increasing, he was quite insupportable, and I was obliged to desire my servant to turn him out. His good humour did not forsake him, nor did he seem at all offended; coolly observing, that he was sorry I was tired of his company."

The tedium of the march through the desert was relieved by the songs of the camel-drivers, whose simple melodies are as celebrated in the East as those of the Venetian gondoliers in Europe.

"We should not have passed this plain so rapidly but for the common custom of the Arabs, before mentioned, of urging on their camels by singing: the effect is very extraordinary; this musical excitement increases their pace at least one fourth. I often asked the camel drivers to sing, not only to hasten our progress, but also for the pleasure of hearing their simple melodies. Some of their best songs possess a plaintive sweetness that is almost as touching as the most exquisite European airs. The words are often beautiful, generally simple and natural, being improvisatory effusions. The following is a very imperfect specimen. One takes up the song:—'Ah, when shall I see my family again; the rain has fallen, and made a canal between me and my home. Oh, shall I never see it more?' The reply to this and similar verses was always made by the chorus, in words such as these:—'Oh, what pleasure, what delight, to see my family again; when I see my father, mother, brothers, sisters, I will hoist a flag on the head of my camel for joy!' I asked a fine, handsome lad, who was singing this *ranz des ranches* of the desert with the feeling of a Swiss, if he would go with me to England, to my village. He asked me how long I had been absent; I told him three years. 'No,' said he, 'I cannot go with you; if I were to be absent from my family three years, I should be very unhappy—I should be ill.'"

As Mr. Hoskins advanced southwards, he found the manners of the people become less restrained, and a degree of freedom allowed to females very unusual in a Mahomedan country. At

Gagi, our traveller took a liberty with the chief, which elsewhere would have exposed him to danger.

"I walked into his harem without ceremony, and chatted with his wives and female slaves. Some of them were very beautifully formed; and being almost naked, they displayed finely shaped busts, and, I may say, almost perfect symmetry of shape; their features very regular, and their full dark eyes exceedingly expressive. The little drapery worn by them is adjusted with great taste, and they possess a natural ease of manner, neither bashful nor yet too forward, which is very engaging. The slaves are employed in making basket-work, and the wives reposing on their angareebes. I could not, in Egypt, have taken the liberty of entering a harem in this manner; but here, apparently, more freedom is permitted, for they did not seem at all offended; on the contrary, they gave me as much encouragement as I could desire. They examined my arms, and dress, and were profuse in their admiration of my beard, and in exclamations—*aa, 'Odjaib, whallah! wonderful, God is great! but he is a tall man,'* The sheakh was smoking under the shade of some doum trees. He saw me enter, but had the politeness not to interfere."

At El Makarrif, the capital of the ancient kingdom, now the Turkish province, of Berber, Mr. Hoskins was hospitably entertained by the bey, who did not, like other provincial governors, trade on his generosity, and make presents in hope of an extravagant return. There is an earnestness and simplicity in the bey's character that contrasts strangely with the barbarous pomp by which he is surrounded. He invited Mr. Hoskins to a Turkish entertainment, and spoke with him freely on a great variety of subjects.

"Afterwards, the conversation turning upon animals, he showed me the skin of a pet lion, that he had killed because it had destroyed a sheep. I happened to appear pleased with it, when he instantly made me accept it. He then sent for a beautiful little monkey, of the grey capuchin kind, with which he also presented me. I took it into my special protection, and christened it with the name uppermost in my thoughts, namely, *Meroc*; and many a weary mile, till my return to Thebes, did it beguile me with its mischievous gambols on my camel. When I rose to take leave, the bey said he would accompany me to my tent, and then ordered me a fine large panther's skin, on which he had been sitting. He did not give me these, as the Turks in general make presents, with the expectation of receiving others more valuable; for I told him, on receiving the first, that I had not contemplated making this journey when I left Europe, and had therefore nothing with me to offer him. He replied, 'All Turks are not the same; there are good and bad of every nation: these are trifles; tell me how I can be of real service to you; and the only return I wish is, that you think well of me when you go to your own country.' He privately enquired of my dragoman if we were in want of candles, sugar, coffee, of another tent, or anything else. Although we wanted nothing, we duly appreciated his kind intention. The style in which he came to my tent, and went to and from his harem every day, will give some idea of the state kept up in these provincial governments. He was preceded by his guards, armed with guns; then by four cowhasses, beating their massive silver-headed sticks on the ground,—a substitute for music: the bey himself then followed, on foot or on his charger, having behind him six other guards, with guns, and a crowd of perhaps twenty servants. I was at a loss what return to make for his liberality: he had really shown himself such a fine fellow,

that it was painful to be behind him in generosity. Having no suitable articles to spare, such as a gun, pistols, or a watch, the most proper gifts to a Turk of his rank, I could only beg his acceptance of a few trifles,—a new patent powder-flask and belt, a bag of English shot, a good English penknife, and a silver watch-guard."

The bey is superior to many of the prejudices of his nation and creed; his mode of patronising the fine arts, however, is altogether Turkish.

"I complained to the bey yesterday, that, on account of the prejudices of the people, we were unable to draw any of the costumes of the country. The bey very coolly declared, that whoever dared to refuse, he would cut off his head! Though this summary order was coolly received in the divan, we did not hesitate to avail ourselves of it, and immediately set to work, and drew the portraits of all the dignitaries of consequence at his court."

We have to thank this energetic patron of painting for four very admirable portraits, taken by Bandoni, the artist who accompanied Mr. Hoskins; they are full of life and vigour, and would afford almost as good a treat to physiognomists as the sight of the originals; rarely, indeed, have we seen portraits in which character is so strongly marked. We must extract two more anecdotes of this worthy bey, who is an especial favourite of ours:—

"In our tent, yesterday, we took the figure and costume of a Bishareen boy, about eighteen, whose father, a powerful sheakh, had attempted to excite a revolt against the pacha. Not being successful, he fled, and his son was detained in prison until the father paid a fine of 250 camels. By way of a jest, though a barbarous one, which I should not have allowed had I known of it, the bey and his officers told the poor boy that we were to cut off his head, being Turks deputed from Cairo for that special purpose. He sat down on the ground in the attitude represented, with his head turned on one side, and remained motionless, in the same position, nearly three quarters of an hour. We remarked that we had never had a subject who sat so patiently. When we had finished, we told him he might get up, making him, at the same time, a small present; when, with a look of bewildered delight, he told us how differently he expected to have been treated, and that he had been awaiting every moment the stroke of the sabre.

"In the evening, when we were with the bey, he sent for the poor youth, and frightened him again by telling him that, by virtue of the drawing we had made, we had a magical power over him, and should transport him with us into our own country. He opened his mouth aghast, asked every body if it were true, and seemed struck with horror at the idea of never again seeing his native deserts. He addressed his enquiries particularly to Sheakh Seyd, who, as chief of the Ababdes, he did not think capable of deceiving him; but I verily believe many of the meliks and chiefs present, who affected to join in the laugh, really had doubts and misgivings that such, in truth, was the necromantic power of our pencils, and particularly of the camera lucida, with which I drew several of them. My artist took the bey's likeness, at his own particular desire; I conceive, for one of his favourites. He was very well satisfied with the representation of his figure, rich costume, his sword and accoutrements, and of the fierceness of his mustachios; but he did not understand the shading, and begged my artist 'to take away those black things.' Before leaving Makkarif, the bey showed me round the indigo and hide manufactories belonging to the government. I parted from him with some regret, for he is decidedly the best

Turk I have ever known; and it was a great pleasure for a few days to meet with such courtesy in these wild regions of interior Africa."

But, even this governor is as tyrannical and cruel to the provincials as the rest of his brethren; he even boasted of an act equally atrocious and perfidious, which, however, custom has rendered sufficiently familiar to the deputies of Mohammed Ali.

"The government finds always great difficulty in collecting their tribute. 'We generally send,' said the bey, 'two soldiers at a time. If they are murdered, it is of no great consequence! for two men it would be absurd to lay waste a whole province; but if we sent twenty or thirty, and they were destroyed, it would create great alarm, and be a serious loss out of my small force of 400 cavalry. Once,' said he, with an air of triumph, 'I was there with a large retinue, when a greatly superior number of Bishareen attacked us, during the night, as is always their custom. Nine of my men fled at the first onset, and falling into the hands of the enemy, were immediately massacred. We resisted and escaped, but it caused great terror among my troops. Soon after we avenged the death of my nine brave fellows in our usual manner. We enticed to this place many of the Bishareen engaged in this affair by a promise of pardon; then we enclosed them in one of our fortified houses, and put them to death.'"

Meroë, according to the description given of it by our author, must have been the royal cemetery of the kings of ancient Ethiopia. He thus describes the impression produced by the first appearance of this "city of the dead":—

"Never were my feelings more ardently excited than in approaching, after so tedious a journey, to this magnificent Necropolis. The appearance of the pyramids in the distance announced their importance; but I was gratified beyond my most sanguine expectations, when I found myself in the midst of them. The pyramids of Geezah are magnificent, wonderful from their stupendous magnitude; but for picturesque effect and elegance of architectural design, I infinitely prefer those of Meroë. I expected to find few such remains here, and certainly nothing so imposing, so interesting, as these sepulchres, doubtless of the kings and queens of Ethiopia. I stood for some time lost in admiration. From every point of view I saw magnificent groups, pyramid rising behind pyramid, while the dilapidated state of many did not render them less interesting, though less beautiful as works of art. I easily restored them in my imagination; and these effects of the ravages of time carried back my thoughts to more distant ages."

The description of these monuments belongs to the antiquarian part of our subject: passing them over for the present, we shall accompany our traveller to Shendy, the capital of a once important province, and the inheritor of the remains of the commerce of Meroë. Burekhardt's account of it led us to overrate its importance; from Mr. Hoskins' description, it appears never to have been worthy of much notice:—

"Any of the little towns in lower and upper Egypt have ten times more the appearance of a metropolis. The houses are little better than mere hovels; there are no shops, no *cafés*: the country in the immediate vicinity is wretchedly barren. The town may now contain 600 or 700 houses, and not more than 3000 or 3500 inhabitants. The dwellings are not crowded together, as in the villages of Egypt; they are spacious, and have

often interior courts: the streets are wide, and there are in the town several open spaces, or squares, some of which are used as market places."

Slaves and cattle appear to be the principal articles of commerce at Shendy: our traveller fortunately was there on a market-day, and had thus an opportunity of observing the state of trade:—

"The most valuable articles offered for sale were camels, dromedaries, and slaves. The price of a male negro is from 10 to 20 dollars: they are preferred young, being then more docile and less lethargic than at a maturer age. Female slaves, when old, are valued according to their acquirements; when young, being destined for the harem, they rank according to their personal attractions, and vary from 30 to 100 dollars. Abyssinians, when young and beautiful, as they often are, bring from 60 to 100 dollars. Camels were selling for 9 and 10 dollars each,—the best 12 and 14; dromedaries, 12 and 20; and even 50 dollars for a high bred Bishareen. There was a great show of oxen with humps on their shoulders, like those of ancient Egypt, as they are always represented on the walls. There were also sheep and goats in the bazaar: the sheep, 6 to 9 piastres (1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d.), skin included. The price of the goats, if they yield much milk, 10 piastres (2s. 6d.). I remarked several peasants selling a coarse common kind of goat's-milk cheese, for which there is apparently a great demand. The Cairo merchants bring a variety of articles; white cotton dresses; cutlery of a very inferior quality, such as two-penny knives, or razors, which sell here for five-pence; soap; Abyssinian coffee (very good); beads; shells; small glass mirrors; kohl (antimony), to tint their eye-lids, and hennah to colour the hands of the swarthy beauties; and a variety of spices and essences."

"Their manner of dealing is peculiar. When I asked the price of a camel, (for I thought of buying some for my journey homewards,) they would not name one, but asked me how much I would give. I made an offer for a dromedary to a man, who refused it, but still declined saying how much he would demand. I soon gave up such a tedious process of making a bargain. I observed some good specimens of the Shendyan beauties. They have their hair twisted in tresses and hanging down on each side of their faces; their dress is of coarse materials, but flowing, graceful, and generally adjusted with much taste and elegance."

Going southwards from Shendy, Mr. Hoskins and his little caravan were exposed more than once to danger from the lions that abound in that district. We shall quote one of these incidents, which occurred near the ruins of Wady el Owa-taib:—

"I had not been long asleep, during the watch of my servants and artist, when I was suddenly roused. The Turk had seen two lions among the ruins, within 100 yards of my tent, and had fired his gun to frighten them away. I immediately ordered additional fires to be lighted; shortly afterwards the peasant, who had advised us against encamping here, came to us for protection. By the light of the moon he had perceived the approach of two lions, which, he said, were behind him in the plain. I went a short distance from my tent, with the Turk, to reconnoitre, and I heard them roaring at no considerable distance. The roar soon became very distinct, even in my tent, but it did not prevent my falling asleep, as I was dreadfully fatigued by the previous day's work, the long watch I had made, and the excessive heat. This was yesterday extraordinary for the season, being 110° in the shade (of the temple), though the extreme has been hitherto 98° and 100°. I slept the re-

mainder of the night. This morning we found that the four lions had rambled all over the ruins, and their traces were quite fresh in every part. They had evidently been deterred only by our fires from attacking us. I ascertained them, by their footsteps, to be two males and two females; one of the males must have been very large, the females much smaller."

This incident of course led to the narration of several anecdotes by the Arab guides, some of which are curious as marking the dash of chivalry that always mingles with Arab superstitions:—

"The Arabs tell some singularly superstitious tales of the generosity of the lion. The following has been related to me as a fact by different peasants; but I must confess that, like the generality of Arab tales, it partakes of the marvellous; yet, perhaps, with a *mélange* of fable, there may be some kind of foundation of truth. They say, that when the lion seizes the cow of a peasant, he will permit the owner to carry away a portion; particularly if he asks for it in the name of his mother, wife, or family, and takes it without showing any fear."

Professor Heeren contends, that the ruins of El Owataib are the ancient Ammonium; Mr. Hoskins assigns some strong reasons for coming to a different conclusion, which we shall examine hereafter. It is to be regretted that our traveller did not penetrate to the ruins of El Macaurat, which have been, as yet, very imperfectly described, but from want of water, he was forced to return to Shendy. Here the Katshef entertained him with an exhibition of the old mameluke exercise, which seems to be even more animated than the famous El Jerrid of the Turks.

After passing the Bahiouda desert, Mr. Hoskins visited the great ruins at Gibel el Berkel, a little below the fourth cataract of the Nile. These magnificent remains lead to the discussion of some important questions in the history of civilisation and the arts, to which we shall return; at present, we must confine ourselves to the state of the country and its inhabitants:—

"To give the reader an idea of the present state of fertility of this country, notwithstanding that the desert has enormously encroached on the cultivated land, the following particulars may not be uninteresting:—The Katshef of Meroueh commands as far as Wanly, down the river, one day by land, about thirty miles; and up the river as far as Berber, two days by land. Within this small extent, over which only the banks of the Nile are cultivated, there are 1368 water-wheels, which pay to the government twenty dollars each, that is, 27,360 dollars; besides which, the government gain considerably by obliging the peasants to plant indigo, which they purchase from them at twelve piastres the cantar. They have calculated that they make 190 drachms of indigo from each cantar. Under the government of Dongolah, there are five manufactories of indigo,—Meroueh, Handek, Haffeer, Dongolah Agous, and El Ourde. The manufactory here produces 1846 okres* every year, and is now increasing. The peasants are unwilling to cultivate this plant, as the labour is very great; and they do not consider the price they receive a sufficient remuneration.

"The Shageca who cultivate this district, are less oppressed than their neighbours: they are, as Burckhardt and Waddington have remarked, considered the bravest

of the Arab tribes. This warlike race alone never bent their knees to the great sultan of Sennaar. It is impossible to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the power these daring warriors once possessed. The name of a Shageca was a host in itself. I have been repeatedly assured, that a single horseman has often been known to alight at a peasant's hut, order the owner to hold his horse, whilst he entered into his very harem, ate with his wives, and often, it is said, still more shamefully abused his power. Death or slavery was the fate of the meleks of the neighbouring tribes who dared to offend them. Mounted on their dromedaries or horses, armed with lances, swords, and shields, they scoured the province, sweeping away the herds, massacring all who had the courage to resist, and carrying away men, women, and children into captivity. War was their sole delight; the cry to arms their most welcome sound. Mothers appeased the cries of their infants by the sight of a spear; and the lovely maiden only yielded her hand to the distinguished warrior. Their exploits are the theme of many a song; and other tribes seem to have forgotten their wrongs in admiration of the bravery of their oppressors. The blessings of peace, agriculture, and domestic repose, were considered irksome by these proud warriors. They obstinately and gallantly resisted the invasion of the pacha, till they found it vain, with their lances and sabres, to contend against fields of artillery and disciplined troops armed with the musket. Understanding that the pacha was going to make war against Melek Nimr and the Shendyans, who were also their enemies, they joined his troops, and gradually came completely under subjection to him. The government, however, treats them with some respect. As I have stated before, a Shageca regiment is still in the pacha's service, and engaged in the war against the Negroes, at the southern extremity of his kingdom."

Pursuing his course northwards, Mr. Hoskins reached Dongolah; and, notwithstanding his previous accounts of the wretchedness he had witnessed, we did not expect to learn that the metropolis of a district so frequently mentioned in history could have presented such a miserable aspect as he describes:—

"Part of the town is in ruins. The desert has entered into its streets: many of the houses are entirely covered with sand, and scarcely an inhabitant is to be seen. One might have thought that some dreadful convulsion of nature, or some pestilential disease, had swept away the population. Part of the city is, indeed, remaining, but until I entered the houses, not a human being did I meet with. I observed some houses in the town, of a superior appearance, having divisions of rooms, galleries, and courts, and evidently belonging to individuals once rich; but they are now almost all deserted. In some of them that we entered I saw some good-looking women: the men were idling away the day smoking and sleeping. Such is the scene of desolation and inactivity which now presents itself to the traveller at Dongolah."

The slave-trade flourishes in Egypt, and the cruelty of the dealers in this horrid traffic is as great by land as it was by sea.

"I saw this evening a number of slaves going to Cairo. The manner in which they were clogged, to prevent their escaping or rebelling against their owners, was disgraceful and revolting in the extreme. Each slave wore a clog made of a wooden pole, four feet long, with a collar, of a triangular form, large enough to admit his head: this triangular collar rests upon their shoulders, and is so contrived with straps, that it is impossible for them to throw it off. When they walk, they are obliged to carry it before them; and at night their hands are tied

* The okre consists of 2 3-4 rotles, or pounds of 12 ounces; and 150 rotles, or pounds, make a cantar.

to the centre of the pole, and their feet to the bottom of it. The owners of the slaves showed me, with the malicious grin of fiends, the effects of the cords, and the weight of the machine on the hands, necks, and legs of their victims. They confessed that they were often obliged to free their slaves entirely from this torture, in order to preserve their lives: I saw several in this situation, who seemed to have suffered severely from being previously loaded with this machine."

New Dongolah is described as superior to most of the cities on the upper Nile; the Ababde Arabs, in whose district it stands, seem more civilised than the other tribes; they retain their national love of imaginative fiction, and Mr. Hoskins has given a translation of a Dongolah tale, recited by an Ababde girl of thirteen, which Schahriar would gladly have heard from the mouth of Scheherazade.

After having visited the colossal antiquities in the island of Argo, Mr. Hoskins was preparing to continue his route homewards, when he was alarmed by the news of a dangerous revolt in the province of Mahas. The history of this brief rebellion is a sad illustration of the system of provincial government; it was provoked by oppression, and suppressed by perfidy. The regular troops were equal in number to the insurgents; and, though well supplied with arms and ammunition, narrowly escaped defeat from peasants, whose weapons are thus described:—

"About 150 of the Mahas had guns, but very bad ones, mostly matchlocks, and they were very ill supplied with ammunition. They were variously armed: some with lances, shields, German swords; while others had only swords made of the acacia wood, about four feet long, rounded at one end for the hand, the rest cut thin, flat, and sharpened at both sides,—a heavy but formidable weapon in the hands of an athletic Arab. Others had staves only. Sentences in Arabic were written by the fakiers, on the wooden swords and staves; on some of them lines from the Koran: the most common were, 'May God give me force to destroy my enemies!' 'May my foes tremble before me!' 'May the acacia sword be as the sharp steel in my hand!' I have seen a staff similarly shaped in the museum at Berlin, with hieroglyphics on it; the latter I could not examine, as it was on a shelf, at too great a distance to be read."

It may appear strange that peasants, thus miserably provided, would dare to resist a strong military government; but Mr. Hoskins informs us, that they are so cruelly oppressed, as to be reckless of danger or death. The only wonder is, that men, so ground down by exactions, are ever quiet.

"If the peasants did not actually steal from their own fields, in some places, they could not exist. Although they bury their grain under ground, and by various other methods deceive their oppressors, numbers perish from the want of sufficient nourishment and clothing. I have seen them, in winter, assembled in a corner, round a miserable fire, shivering with cold and hunger. In the most favoured clime under heaven, and the most productive country on the face of the earth, a vast proportion of the peasants may be said barely to exist upon food more calculated for cattle than for human beings, and, bad as it is, they have rarely enough.

"The pacha has power sufficient to hold them in subjection, and by his extortions fills his coffers; but necessity alone induces them to submit. He not only im-

poses most enormous taxes upon every article of produce, but obliges them to cultivate what he chooses, and take the price he offers for the produce. He is the only purchaser of the grain, cotton, and indigo, and of the gum of Kordofan, ostrich feathers, and other articles. Slaves are almost the only commodity the merchants now are allowed to take in exchange for the manufactures they carry to Sennaar and Kordofan: even wild animals of the desert, as the giraffe, are a monopoly of the government."

But Mohammed Ali is not the only scourge of this unfortunate race—

"Each soldier is a little tyrant, and commits a series of gross and petty vexations inconceivable to a European. Of the many I have witnessed, I will give only a few specimens:—If the soldier wants a sheep, fowls, eggs, or any other article, he obliges the peasant to sell them at half the market price, and not unfrequently refuses to pay any thing at all. When becalmed on the river, he goes on shore, and forces ten, and sometimes twenty, natives to drag his boat, without any remuneration. If he meets a peasant girl carrying milk or butter, he often helps himself to half without paying for it, unless with a salute; and woe betide the imprudent sheahk or peasant who refuses to give gratuitously the best his house affords, or neglects the horse or camel of the Turk or soldier who has taken up his quarters for the night at his house. If camels or donkeys are wanted, they must furnish them, and consider themselves fortunate if they get any trifle in return. The haughty manner of the conquerors is still more galling to the Arabs: their usual manner of addressing them is, '*Kelp, Marhas!*'—'*Dog! villain!* Do this! do that! quick! quick; cursed be your race!' with threats of a beating, even actual blows, and sometimes with the sole of the shoe, which is the greatest indignity that a Mahomedan can receive.

"Men whose ancestors have been chiefs in the country for ages, must now submit to the insolence and contumely of this vile and lawless soldiery. From negligence, the latter often do not demand the tax on the water-wheels for some time; then, all at once, they appear, calling out, '*Pay me to-morrow, or the bastinado!*' The peasant, not being allowed sufficient time to raise the money, is obliged to suffer this degrading punishment, and often even have his ears nailed to a board. Being at a distance, perhaps, from the seat of government, or large market towns, he has no opportunity of selling his produce; nevertheless, with double the value of the sum required in effects, he has to undergo a disgraceful punishment, because he has no dollars.

"The Mahas who revolted had not paid the government for some time. The mahmoor sent a villanous Turk into their province, with the instruments of torture, who immediately began bastinadoing them, nailing their ears, and threatening to cut off their heads, if they did not pay him. He visited Melek Backet, who owed a considerable sum to the government, and told him that, if he did not pay his taxes in a few days, every species of torture would be inflicted upon him. The Mahas manufacture strong linen cloth, which is very much esteemed throughout all the valley of the Nile. Being at a distance from the capital, and thus unable to command an immediate sale, at least for the large quantity on hand, they tendered it in part of their taxes. The government refused, though the transaction would have been very advantageous to them, the linen being offered at a price much lower than it sells for in the bazaar of Dongolah. Melek Backet, therefore, excited the revolt, preferring death to the ignominious punishment with which he was threatened."

Having arrived on the Egyptian frontiers, Mr. Hoskins concludes his narrative with some gene-

ral directions to future travellers, which deserve attention.

"Well supplied with rice, good biscuit, and meat, the traveller may live tolerably well, even in the deserts. Since I left Thebes, four months and a half ago, I have passed two deserts of eight days each, and many small ones, and generally been in a miserable country, yet I have only been one day without fresh meat, and that by accident. To court privations is as great folly as to fear them when they arrive, and not submit to them cheerfully when requisite. I am certain that wine and spirituous liquors are injurious in this climate. During the whole of this journey, water has been my only beverage; and, on the whole, I have enjoyed very tolerable health, considering the excessive heat, and the many annoyances and delays, still more injurious in this climate than the fatiguing pace of the camel. The desert life has also another charm; it is gratifying to see how, when treated as men, the Arabs become attached to you. If they have any quarrel between each other, a word from the traveller makes them silent."

Here we take our leave of the traveller.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

TRADITIONARY BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW. A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been at the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"
"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."
"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."
"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."
"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:—
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine."
"And merry was the glees of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"
"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!"
"And some, they played with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;"
"For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!"

"Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"
"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—"
"And there," said they, "the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank,
From the blind old widow's corn!"
"Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"
"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sun-rise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!"
"Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!"
"And then upspeak a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin."
"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!"
"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me."
"And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay."
"But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!"
"And I peep'd into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green."
"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!"
"Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

PERU.—The best part of Peru is as yet, it may be said, unknown. The riches it contains are immense; but to secure and turn them to account will require energy and exertion, and some encouragement from the rulers. The Bolivian government is now extending this encouragement, offering grants of land to adventurers and considerable premiums for the establishment of steam-boats on the rivers.—*Journ. Geo. Soc.* vol. v. p. 1.

From the London Court Magazine.

LUCID INTERVAL OF A MAD PRISONER.

A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF "THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT."

Mad! exclaims the reader. Oh no, surely not! Will you tell me, that when the worst and dreariest calamity that in grief can visit virtue, or, in retribution, sin—has fallen upon a fellow-being; when the bosom is fevered, and the heart burns, and a storm is howling in the caverns of the brain, deserted as they are by reason, and shut out from light;—when love's blessed spirit is lost in frenzy, and memory makes way for despair;—when all man's intellects lay prostrate, and all his affections are banished, all his hopes undone; can the law, holding a tyrant power over one who acknowledges no dictates, and is irresponsible as a child, follow up an awful divine visitation, with the hollow mockery of human vengeance, and take the madman from his fit asylum, to close upon him the portals of a jail!

What the law *can* do it is no part of our vocation to establish; but what it *has done* we are free to tell, and we answer the question which we have imagined for our reader, with the assertion, that it has many times committed the insane to prison for the crime of debt.

A few days since it was my lot to read the funeral service over the body of Frederic Storr. He was buried in some ground attached to a small chapel in the rules of the King's Bench, within which he had resided twelve years. A few hired mourners saw him committed to the tomb, and one woman, who wept very bitterly, but who I afterwards ascertained was not connected with him by any positive tie of kindred. He had traveled friendless from the living grave of his prison to the darker, but scarce drearier dwelling below the earth! I had known him for some years previous to his death—he was mad, save at occasional lucid intervals, when memory seemed to return with sense, and he could converse with presence and rationality of mind. Strangely too, at those moments he could recall and talk of the tormenting visions of his insanity, and none was then more aware that he had been mad. He could go back, too, to the early events of his life, and often narrate the incidents that had brought him into jail.

I happened one morning in my ramble round the rules of the prison, to meet Storr coming through the little gate before his dwelling, and by his salutation I perceived that he had an interval of sense—one of those beautiful episodes of light and reason that for a time restore order in the brain. I spent the whole of that day with him, endeavouring to amuse his mind, while it retained its empire, with rapid and changeable conversation, for of itself it seemed to revert, through the power of memory, to the stormy "Past" of Storr's unhappy life. Towards evening, Storr's uneasiness upon this point increased, and at last I was obliged to allow him to unburthen himself of the history, which he was fond of narrating, of what had fallen out in the dark page of his destiny. The story is here presented to

the reader as from the lips of its melancholy hero!

"My mother died when I was sixteen. I shall never—no, not even in madness, forget my mother's death. I was with her to the last. I alone—for my father was away then—and she kissed me with her last kiss, and smiled upon me with her last sweet smile, and blessed me with her farewell words. I remember I had been a wild boy; I had given her many moments of pain and heart-ache, and she often feared that my irrepressible levity and impetuous folly would in the end be my ruin. A fear of this sort seemed to pervade her spirit before, on holy wings, it took its far flight to God; for just before she died she said, with her mild quiet voice and look, 'Dearest Fred—do—do be steady when I am gone;' and I promised it fervently. 'I will, mother, I will indeed!'—See, see how memory makes me weep!

"My father came home. He grieved a little, but his sorrow was shallow and unenduring; and it soon fled after my mother was carried to her grave. I know not even if it lasted out the mourning suit. But if my father soon forgot the dead, he did not neglect the living: he saw me keeping the promise I had made to my dying mother—to be steady after she was gone.' I had exchanged the theatres and saloons for study, and given up dissipation for my books. He began at once to interest himself in my pursuits, and set himself, well competent to the task, to complete my education. The channel into which he turned it blasted the better feelings, and blighted the flowers of my heart, and made me what you see me now. I had become steady with a good motive: alas! he taught me how to remain so with a bad purpose.

"My father was a sordid man; but his selfishness denied to him the power of enduring those privations by which he could have sown in early life the seeds of a fortune that might have swelled into the Leviathan wealth of a Baring or a Rothschild, and he now sought to revive the lost opportunity in his son. He went cunningly to work, and filled my mind with a cursed learning; he awoke in me a bad ambition, by teaching me the knowledge of the power of gold. Poverty he made me fear, and wealth worship. He alchemised my affections, and turned the current of my heart. The love of man changed into the love of Mammon; all bright dreams vanished, save those which money seemed to gild. The charms, the glorious beauties of external nature, lost all loveliness in my sight, and became as nothing before the glittering attractions of a bank, or a vision of the interior of an iron chest. To accumulate became a passion with me, and the spirit of usury an idol in my heart. So my father was gratified, and he rejoiced to see me a miser and a Mammon-lover, at the age of twenty-one.

"Before he died, I had made a profession of that which he had taught me to adore. He saw me engaged in partnership with a bill-broker, equally famous for his extortionate discounts, and his impenetrability of heart; and when I stood by my father's bed-side in the hour of death, he left me and the world, saying—'Fred, my boy, God

bless you, I am going now, but I'm glad to leave you in the way of making your fortune.'

"The first sacrifice I made at the altar of money was by a marriage, for its love alone, to a thoughtless and senseless girl, who had no other positive attractions than a pretty face and a heavy purse, the first of which was generally confronted with a mirror, while of the latter I took especial care myself. The fortune procured me some pleasure; but the only moment of real happiness I ever enjoyed with my wife was, when, at the end of the first year of our union, I made the discovery that she was not likely to encumber me with the expense of children.

"I devoted myself to my business, which I told you was that of stock-broker, with intense diligence; but, oh! I look back upon it with more intense disgust. All the elements of the earthquake, that has since shattered my heart and overturned my brain, were moulded in its cursed crucible in which I sought my gold. Upon the sea of life it foundered me, and I am now tossed there a wretched wreck. By the God of Heaven it was a fearful trade. Tell me not of the soldier on the plains, nor of the doctor at the bed of suffering, of torture, and of death: the scenes of the battle and the plague are a feather in the balance of misery, when weighed against those which I have seen and *caused*—yes, I, the relentless agent of other's sorrows, bartered for usury and begot in guilt.

"We had connected ourselves in a short time with a host of attorneys, Jews, bailiffs, money-lenders, and all the offscums of our trade. Does a man fall from his horse, he goes to the surgeon to have blood let,—and so did we—leeches in another sense—bleed the hundreds, who having fallen in circumstances came to us for temporary relief. The tide seemed at first to flow from their *purses*, but often did it eventually prove to be the blood of the *hearts*! All our connections had to *live*. This was the great secret of the misery which we caused. It was our business to discount bills with enormous usury, under a certainty that they would not be paid when due, although we were sure of the money soon after,—but we *never waited*. The bits of paper were passed over to the lawyers with whom we were linked, and each took his turn, with a dishonoured bill, to arrest the unfortunates who had their names attached, either as drawers, acceptors, or in the way of indorsement; for, to increase cost, we invariably issued writs against them all. Then the Jew bailiffs were brought into play, and they made money either by arresting the parties, or by taking fees not to arrest. Thus it was an organised system of plunder, of which we were the polluted source. The tide of accommodation rolled onward from our house, but its streams were pregnant with poison, and brought heart-burnings to all who drank. As our connection increased, we held in every prison in London, victims whom we had arrested, and not a few in the jails of county towns; and yet not one instance can I recollect that the persons whom we kept in durance deserved imprisonment, for they would have paid us if we had not sent them thither, and we were the swindlers, upon system,

by whom they had been decoyed, in a moment of need, into the debts which we now sought to punish them for owing. Injustice, custom, and the desire of wealth, had effectually closed the avenues of sympathy in our hearts, and our feelings were petrified, or we could not have lived under the ordeals of touching narrative, tear-waking eloquence, and affecting appeal, which we had daily to undergo. God!—in that brief period what a life was mine. Day after day did I enter my counting-house to find on my desk letters that should have warmed an icicle to pity, and melted an avalanche into a torrent of benevolence and human mercy for my kind! Here was a tale from a lone woman, that her house was desolated by *my* execution, that her husband was in prison at *my* suit. There lay a letter from a young victim just taken to a spunging-house, the first step on his extravagant path to jail, where, by *our* means, his heart was to be hardened, and his morals made corrupt. Now I read the statement of a father, that his wife must die, his business be neglected, his children starve, if I kept him within stone walls. Personal intercessions, too, poured in upon me. A mother from the Bench, a wife from the Fleet, a daughter from Whitecross-street, a sister from the Marshalsea or Horsemonger-lane, would come before me in quick succession, sometimes mocking their own hearts, by assuming the smile by which they hoped to charm; but oftener with tears, entreaties, and deluding hopes, soliciting the liberty of those they loved. Strange that I could be so coldly callous as to have left them unrelieved, bowed down by their oppression, for a purpose—in which humanity was forgotten for gold—so worldly as an enquiry into the validity of a new bill! Since then I have wept burning tears for every shilling that I gained by usury, and raved out curses upon my own head, in madness for every prayer of affection that my brutality refused to grant.

"Soon, soon, soon followed the retribution; it rushed upon me fiercely like a Niagarean torrent; it gave no warning, it brought no compassion, it left no hope;—it burned my heart, stone as it was, to a cinder; ravenously as a vulture it fed upon my spirit, and set a seal of darkness upon my brain. The curses of the ruined, embodied in the form of fiends, danced around me in my visions; they put my soul in fury, they encircled me with torments in fever, and from my dreams their howling woke me raving mad! Mad I have been!—mad I must be!—mad I am!"

"No, no, no!" said I, fearful of a relapse, from the rising energy of the maniac, and at once I sought to change the theme of talk; but he was not to be diverted.

"No," said he, as he resumed, with a manner calmed by my effort to distract him from his story; "no, I have told you so far, and while I can I will tell you all. We went on with our damnable game of usury, and as we made money we increased our speculations to a large extent. At last we had out an immense number of bills indorsed with our own names, of which however we were pretty confident as to the respectability of most of the acceptors. About the time they

became due, I had occasion to leave town for a week. During my absence the day of payment came, and nearly all the acceptors disappointed us with excuses. In this dilemma my partner gave immediate orders for the working of all the engines of the law, and in the interval drew in all our capital, pulled upon all our resources, and borrowed every where that we had credit, to enable him to gather in these heavy outstanding responsibilities. When he had succeeded, and was prepared to meet the bills—startled at the enormous amount of money which he had collected in his hands—a new idea seized him: judge of its brilliancy, and whether it was profitable or not, when I tell you that with my return was developed the discovery that my money (I give it precedence as having loved it best) and my wife were gone off together with my partner, who had left me all the heavy bills to take up as I could. I was totally ruined, and never did a man more deserve to be so.

"On the day of my arrival I was arrested by one of the very lawyers who had lived by our firm (how many of us have cherished the serpent by which we have been stung), taken by a bailiff, whom I had a hundred times employed to take others, to a sponging-house, and thence by *habeas* to jail.

"From that time I became a haunted man—haunted by the living not the dead. Shadows would not have scared me, but realities were appalling. I was tossed from prison to prison, just as my difficulties withdrew from me or gathered around me, and, like the wandering Hebrew, I had no resting-place away from the misery which I had made. Now it was that my own scarlet crimes first flashed upon me with their conscience-goading and accumulated horrors. Was I in the Fleet prison? There I encountered men whom I had thrust before me into the den; their tale of ruin was told to me in mockery of my own; I saw the gentleman who had once called on me in 'fine attire,' pinched with penury and robed in rags. I learned that the wife who had once reached my house, but not my heart, with her appeal for mercy, was dead; the children whom she had brought with her to rouse pity with their tears, were now crying within my hearing, not for their father's liberty, that had been long hopeless, but for bread. Do I leave the Fleet, and (again arrested) find myself a prisoner in Whitecross-street?—the young profligate who is blaspheming by my side was accounted virtuous, until plunged into a sphere of dissolute companionship by me; and yonder drunkard, reeling on with his pot of ale, was both a sober and an honest man till I impaled him in a prison, where sobriety was scoffed at and honesty despised. I was the perpetual inmate of jails, and there I was perpetually tormented with the presence of my victims. To whatever cell I might retire the cries of the orphan rang in my ears; the tears of the widow fell upon my heart. Conscience carried me over houses that I had desolated, and fancy led me to graves that I had filled. This—this the triumph of remorse was cruel; but when I turned from the dread convictions of my own thoughts, and went again among

my fellow prisoners, it was agony, soul-wringing agony, to endure the presence of those whom I had wronged.

"At last, after a term of suffering in the other prisons, I got removed to the King's Bench, and there I hoped I had no victims—I was wrong; yet all the first day I saw no one whom I knew, and then

'The strong delusion gained me more and more;'

but the events of night dispelled it.

"About eleven o'clock, the hour fixed by law for the retirement of the prisoners, an alarm of serious illness was raised, and an expression of general indignation pervaded the debtors as to the cause. A woman, they said, was dying of want in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the poor side of the prison, and a number of persons had gathered round the door of the apartment in which the sufferer lay. I followed mechanically with the rest, and saw what they saw. Little could they feel what I felt.

"The crowd, as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, dispersed in groups to talk over the poor woman's fate. But I—I could not leave—an impulse which I could not resist, a chain which I could not sever, bound me to the cold stone on which I stood; I could not pass from the door of that room, although I yet only knew that a poor woman had laid down to die, and I had seen nothing but a curtainless bed and a barren chamber, as they had been dimly revealed by the light of a small lamp to all who had gathered without. But after all had gone my heart remained a beating listener to the voice that made itself heard in its most secret cells—a whisper of destiny that mysteriously connected my fate with *hers*, here the miserable tenant of the desolate room; a spell of mingled terror and excitement was upon me and around me, and I felt that I must go within to see her die.

"In another moment the doctor of the prison entered, and I stole after him into the room. There was a deep shadow of the vaulted roof in one corner, and in its darkness I stood to listen and to gaze. The physician had intended to order the patient's removal to the prison infirmary, but he saw that it was too late. On her low bedstead she lay dreaming away her spirit, in her last earthly sleep; the next would be the sleep of death. A woman, who from pity had sat up with her, would have awakened her to the doctor's presence, but he would not have it. 'Let her be,' said he, 'it will be soon over.'

"By her lay her young children, one on either side, awake, watchful, silent, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon the poor parent who was soon to leave them alone in the world. As she turned her face to the wall we could not see her, but in her dreams she murmured of her want and wo. My heart beat so loudly as almost to make an echo; it started all within. The doctor turned towards me, and would have spoken, but again the dreamer murmured, and I heard my own name upon her lips. Gently she spoke it, and in sleep, but to me it was as God's announcement of eternity in rolling thunder. I felt it as the unravelment of fate; the right hand of retri-

bution was stretched out to seize me—my hour of punishment was come. I tottered towards the bed to satisfy my sight (as that moment I would have given my life that my ears had played me false); the woman, as if destiny had determined she should confront me in death, turned towards me, her features flashed upon my eyes and blinded them, a mist was before me, I stood as a man in a dark fog—one gasp, one cold shiver, and the rest was chaos.

"I saw no more of the patient. Soon after I had been carried insensible from her chamber she died, died of grief and starvation—ANOTHER of MY VICTIMS.

"She had been left a widow with her two fatherless boys, and out of kindness for her husband's memory she had put her name to a bill after his death to accommodate one of his former friends. Upon that bill two years before, I had arrested and thrown her into prison; there she lived friendless and penniless. Often had she sent her eldest boy to appeal to me, with the touching eloquence of childhood, for his mother's liberty; but no, I had no deity but gold, and mercy had no resting-place in my heart. I let her starve.—I let her die! Oh, God! *Hers* was the final triumph.

"Never till I saw her face in her dying hour, did I know that she was the same fair and kind creature whom as a boy I had wooed and loved before my mother's death; whom as a monster I had deserted after my father had changed my worship and altered my faith, and despoiled my heart of purity of early passion, to place there Mammon's altar and Moloch's priest.

"I awoke with the brain fever which overtook me a wild raving madman, but not so mad as to forget that I was a murderer too. The vision of that woman and her children was ever before my heart and eyes, and not less was I haunted by my other victims. Aloud I counted over the curses of those whom I had wronged and ruined. I shrieked forth imprecations upon my own head for hearts that I had blighted and homes that I had despoiled. The wife, the widow and the orphan, the husband, the father and the friend were revenged upon me with the terrible vengeance of my own voice. They bound my limbs and chained my body, but they could not prevent me from cursing myself, from crying aloud in the hell-pains of my spirit, from raving with the agony of my remorse. And now who dares say that I am not a murderer, when the fiends of darkness are pointing at me, and my victims are besetting me with their cries? Look, look, look!—yonder where the sun has cleared away the cloudy mist; there they come to torment me; see how the children weep; hark how the mothers wail in the storm. There is a hand pointing at me through the tempest, and look, my name is written in tears and blood upon the sky!"

* * * *

I could not now stay the wild ravings of the maniac, for with the conclusion of his story, and the memories which it had called up, his lucid interval had ceased.

From the London Spectator.

AULDJO'S VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mr. Auldjo departed from Naples in April, 1833, on board the ship that conveyed the tardy Lord Ponsonby to Constantinople, when Ibrahim was threatening to overturn the Ottoman Empire as an avowed enemy, and the Russians were supposed to be meditating the same end under the guise of friendship. During the voyage, our author was sea-sick in the afternoon of the day he was invited to dine with the captain, and was much disturbed at night by nautical noises; he saw as much of Greece and the Islands as could be distinguished from the vessel's deck, and landed whenever he had the opportunity to make a closer inspection. Arrived at Constantinople, he saw a good deal if not all that was to be seen, visiting the principal mosques, the bazaars, and the taverns; buying pipes, perfumes, and curiosities; eating, drinking, and making merry. He made some casual inspections of the Russian camp, and attended a review; he frequented the suburban pleasure places to which the Byzantines resort for amusement; and appears to have made some impression upon the fair sex, whether Armenians, Greeks, or Turks. He saw the slave-market, and a procession wherein the Sultan bore a part; of both of which he gives us a pretty full account. He also had the honour of a ramble with Lord Ponsonby, during which they reciprocally unfolded their views as to the political condition of the Ottoman Empire and the Eastern World: but these profound speculations are, for obvious reasons, kept from the reader; who only learns that there was a marvellous coincidence between the ambassador and his humble friend. Nor did the confidential communications end here. Having gone to Constantinople, as it would seem, "for a change," when our author had seen all he could find worthy of observation, he sighed to change again: and Lord Ponsonby, confidentially informing him that in the then state of affairs he should detain the *Actæon* for an indefinite period, Mr. Auldjo took advantage of the departure of the *Francesco* (tourist steam-boat) to return to Naples; visiting Smyrna, the grotto of Antiparos, and Malta, on their route. As Mr. Auldjo kept a daily journal of all he saw or did, and, when these were wanting, of what he thought, his excursion afforded him the requisite quantity of matter for the octavo volume before us.

It will be concluded from our description of some of its subjects, that the Journal has little novelty of matter, nor has it much depth or keenness of observation; neither does the writer seem to possess any of that scientific knowledge which sharpens the natural faculties, or in a measure supplies their place. When sentimental he writes nonsense; his classical enthusiasm is not much better; but his descriptions are clear, plain, and unaffected, with a kind of amusing vivacity that renders them agreeable, and when the circumstances have an interest in themselves, they lose nothing by his mode of telling. As he sojourned at Constantinople during a stirring time, and seems to have lived altogether in diplomatic and

military society, he has transferred to his pages some of the spirit and feelings of the circles in which he mingled, and which give to parts of his work a conventional interest. The Journal, in short, is an agreeable hodge-podge; fresh, lively, and frequently amusing, and never straining the attention if it fails to excite it.

In the course of our author's travels, he encountered some great personages. He saw Otho, king of Greece, soon after his arrival in his dominions; had his brother, the Prince of Bavaria, for a fellow passenger, on board the steamer, (and a very disagreeable one we are told he made;) and was likewise honoured by the Duchess de Berri treading the same deck with himself. We take a description of the lady and an anecdote of the prince.

THE HEROINE OF LA VENDEE.

"The duchess came on board with her husband and suite, Count Menars, and the Prince and Princess —. Her face is by no means a handsome one; and she is very short, thin, and vulgar-looking. Nothing in her personal appearance marks her out for a heroine, or is calculated to inspire her followers with the awe and respect with which they seem to worship her. She soon sat down to whist with her husband, Butera, and the old Princess St. Theodore; but the game received many unpleasant interruptions from the pitching and rolling of the boat. Each time the fit came on, she sprang upon the bench on which she had been sitting, and after bending her head *sans ceremonie* over the vessel's side, quietly sat down again to resume her cards. This rather unroyal and unlady-like exhibition occurred repeatedly; and we were impressed with the idea that her manners altogether were very unfitting her rank and station. As it was publicly known that we had the Duchess de Berri on board, she attracted considerable attention; otherwise her carriage would never have distinguished her from the most ordinary passenger. Our Carlist friend appeared on the quarter-deck, wearing the colours of his party: at first she took no notice of him; but at length it occurred to her that he might be a spy in disguise, and she haughtily demanded who he was. His loyalty and devotion were not proof against this affront: in an instant he retreated below, and having disencumbered himself of the once-cherished badge, reappeared on deck with a countenance glowing with indignation; and, if I am not much deceived, Louis Philip gained a convert from that moment.

"We had a great increase of passengers, besides the duchess and her suite; most of whom, being unaccustomed to sailing, were quickly on their *beam-ends*. The weather, which at starting had threatened to be stormy, now cleared up; and, though the evening was calm and beautiful, a heavy swell still continued to render the motion of the vessel disagreeable. The Heroine of La Vendée is sleeping in her arm-chair; the faithful Menars reposes at her feet; and her husband, whom she hardly seems to notice, is sitting on a bench beside her.

MAN-OF-WAR DISCIPLINE—STRICT IF TRUE.

"I went on board the Madagascar in the evening, and enjoyed a pleasant *confab* with the officers. There is a striking difference in the tempers and dispositions of the two royal brothers; the one being greatly beloved, while the other is disliked by every person in the ship. The King (Otho) is very kind and affable, giving no unnecessary trouble, and mixing freely with the midshipmen and sailors; many a luncheon has he partaken of in the *den* of the former. His brother (the Prince of Bavaria), on the contrary, is all fust and superciliousness; and the very first morning after he embarked, the captain was

compelled to read him a practical lecture on the necessity of complying with the established regulations. He had been told that, as punctuality was a most indispensable maxim on board a man-of-war, where every thing depended on the example afforded to the sailors by their officers and superiors, he would be expected at breakfast by eight o'clock every morning.

"On the following day, at the hour prescribed, the king was seated at the cabin-table, and after waiting a quarter of an hour, as the prince came not, breakfast was finished. About half-past nine, his royal highness made his debut, and expressed some surprise at seeing the table cleared: however, the captain told him he was sorry he had lost his breakfast, particularly as it was a long time to dinner, and the regulations of the ship precluded his having any meal served before that was ready. The prince frowned, and looked marvellously discomfited; but, pocketing his lecture, he made an apology, and went sulkily on deck.

AN EASTERN STORY-TELLER.

"I went with my friend, the American Secretary, to visit the coffee-houses in the Armenian quarter, where an improvisatore exhibits his talents every holyday. Immense crowds of respectable Turks assemble there to listen to the narrations of this accomplished story-teller; and it is even said that the grand signior himself is often present as an auditor, in disguise. We sat in the open air, on a long pier of wood built out into the sea, where there were hundreds besides, perched upon low stools, smoking, or eating delicious ices and mahalabs, and laughing and talking with more vivacity than I could have expected in beings generally so taciturn, and so absorbed in the contemplation of their own importance. At last a man came to the door of the largest coffee-room and clapped his hands, when the Turks immediately moved into this apartment, in which seats were arranged in a semicircular form, one above the other, as in a theatre. A portion of the floor, in front of the benches, was occupied by low stools, probably reserved for visitors of distinction; and close to the wall was a rostrum and a large easy arm-chair, on one side of which stood a little desk.

"Our Oriental friends behaved with much politeness; for, perceiving from our European costume, that we were strangers, they offered us places in front of the stage; and after a few minutes' delay a man entered, and was handed up to the platform and chair amidst a burst of universal applause. In his hand he carried a small stick, and in gait, physiognomy, and manner, bore a singular resemblance to our English Mathews. He was dressed in a frock-coat, now so generally worn in Constantinople; and wore on one of his fingers a most superb brilliant ring, which, it is said, was presented to him by the sultan, as a mark of his especial approbation. A profound silence prevailed among the company the moment he made his appearance; every one seeming desirous to be amused, and most anxious to catch every word that fell from his lips. No story-teller of Stamboul had ever enjoyed so much fame and popularity as this Turkish Mathews; who, rising from his seat and making three very profound obeisances to the company, commenced his "At Home" with a series of imitations, in which he personated a Turk from Aleppo, the Yorkshire or Calabria of the East. This Oriental John Trot is represented as setting out on his journey to see the world and make his fortune; and with this intent visits various places. On one occasion, being mistaken for a pacha in disguise, he is every where feasted and treated with the most respectful attention, until, the real truth being discovered, he is bastinadoed, epit upon, plucked by the beard, and, in short, maltreated in a thousand different ways. At last he finds his way to Stamboul, and manages to obtain an interview with his sublime highness; after which he

visits England, France, &c., and on his way back is taken by a pirate, who carries him to the coast of Africa. During this compulsory voyage, he describes himself as affected with a most horrible sea sickness; and here his representation of a person labouring under that detestable malady was so accurate, that I almost fancied myself again in the cockpit of the *Actæon*, and all the terrors of the voyage across the Adriatic arose fresh to my imagination. After many other adventures, he returns safe to Aleppo, his native city, no richer than he set out; but, like the monkey who had seen the world, "full of wise saws" and strange assertions. His hairbreadth escapes, the unlucky scrapes he gets into, the blunders he is incessantly committing from his imperfect knowledge of the languages of the various nations among whom he is thrown, the continual equivocal and play upon words, his absurd misconceptions of the orders he receives, his buff-fetings, bastinadoes, feasts, imprisonments, and escapes, the odd satirical remarks elicited by the different objects, places, and strange fashions he encounters, all afforded opportunities to the ingenious mimic for displaying the versatility of his powers. The changes, too, of voice, manner, look, gesture, suitable to the various characters he assumed, were infinitely ludicrous and entertaining. In this respect he was little, if at all, inferior to his mirth-inspiring brother of the *Adelphi*; in proof of which, I need only state, that, though utterly unacquainted with his language and enabled to follow the thread of the story only by the hurried explanations of Hodgson, I sat listening and laughing with the greatest satisfaction for more than two hours, without feeling my attention at all beginning to flag. As to the Turks, they were literally convulsed with laughter; shouting, screaming, and uttering a thousand exclamations of delight; and more than once it was evident, from their uproarious mirth, that he had succeeded in satirising the peculiarities of some well-known individual. At every pause in the story—very necessary for the actor, who was often exhausted by the violence of his gesticulations—wooden trays were handed about, and every one was expected to contribute a few paras. Of course the liberality of the audience was proportioned to the gratification they received; and on the present occasion, he, no doubt, experienced substantial proofs of their approbation in a pretty considerable harvest of silver pieces."

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

"The American Vice-Consul accompanied a party of Americans to Buyukdere, where he took a caïque, and rowed alongside the Russian flag-ship. The sentinel at the gangway immediately ordered them to sheer off; and, on demanding the reason, they were told that they must not attempt to approach without the admiral's permission. Nothing daunted, they desired the man to ask the officer of the watch to allow them to inspect the interior of the vessel; but he flatly refused, because 'they were Englishmen.'

"No sooner, however, was it explained that they were Americans, than they were desired to wait, while the officer reported this communication to his superior; the result of which was, that the admiral himself came on deck and took them down to his cabin, where he treated them to a luncheon of bread and cheese, fruit, and porter. When he had shown them over the ship, he ordered his boat to be manned, and conducted them himself to the head-quarters of the camp, sent an officer as their guide, and patiently waited until they had fully gratified their curiosity. But his attentions did not end there; for he took them on board again, gave them another luncheon, and afterwards sent them ashore at Buyukdere in his boat."

George Cruikshank has drawn and etched some clever scenes, after sketches by the author, in

which the graphic satirist has brought out more humour and mind than are to be found in the pages he illustrates. How capital, for instance, is the awkward expectancy of the "Last Man," waiting, torch in hand, to descend into the grotto of *Antiparos*!

BRETON'S SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

Lieutenant Breton is not unfavourably known as a traveller, by the account he published of his trip to Australasia. The organ of locomotion, which seems strongly developed, subsequently took him to Norway; and the success of his "Excursions" has perhaps induced him to publish his tour.

The direction of the routes of our lieutenant does not greatly differ from that of Mr. Barrow, junior; nor indeed was there much room for difference. Arriving at Christiana, which was reached in eight days after leaving Southampton, our voyager pushed northwards for Trondhjem, and returned by a different route. He then went to Bergen, on the western coast; and, following the course of Mr. Barrow, but not exactly his track, again (we infer) arrived at the northern capital, by the different conveyances of sea-boats, saddle-horses, and carriages; and finally reached his first starting-point, but by a fresh road,—for Mr. Breton is a great admirer of the ancient maxim, that no wise man goes back the way he came. As Norway is not greatly distinguished for arts, commerce, or conventional modes, there was nothing to describe, but her scenery; nothing to observe, but her peasantry, who are not numerous; and little, it would appear, to be met with, save short commons, rugged rides, fresh air, and brief slumbers. The landscapes are monotonous; and Mr. Breton describes them as (of course they must be) far inferior to those of Switzerland. Of the people he forms a much less favourable opinion than Mr. Barrow; painting them as dirty, somewhat obtrusive, slothful, and given to impose, —though the last is perhaps traceable to the prodigal folly of English tourists. The inconveniences of traveling we have indicated, and our author holds that there are no dangers which prudence may not guard against; its pleasures, unless to the most robust of men, we opine to be non-existent. Scandinavia is clearly the last resource of the traveling mania, except a journey overland to the North Pole, or a voyage to discover the Southern Continent.

The great merit of the *Excursions in New South Wales*, was the unpretending manner in which they conveyed a quantity of new and practical information upon matters of general interest. The literary qualities of our author remain the same, or are perhaps improved; but the uncongenial nature of his matter has to a certain extent prevented their full exhibition. The work—as what work would not?—may also have suffered something from a change of plan. The author originally designed writing a small volume to serve as a guide-book; but changing his mind, produced a bulky octavo—with some disadvantage, we think, as to the clearness of his arrange-

ment, and the freshness of his narrative, which, under the new idea, is occasionally suspended to make way for matter collected from other books. The intended tourist, however, would do well to consult it for its practical information and its useful hints; the general reader may be pleased with some of his adventures, and with his views and plates of costumes; whilst the elaborate map may be serviceable to both classes.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

"Macduff.—I cannot but remember such things were!"
SHAKESPEARE.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September,
Uncle brought me home a toy;
I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks, in kindest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fat-head,
There's a top because you're good!"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

* * * *

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember, Billy Hawkins
Came, and, with his pewter squirt,
Squib'd my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb:
She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
"Gracious goodness! look at Jem!"

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
—"Twas a newly purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little warmen,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And, to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—"twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! serve him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play!

And the moral which they taught I
Well remember:—"Thus they said,"
"Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FINE ARTS—ROYAL ACADEMY.

It appears to be almost universally admitted that the present exhibition at the Royal Academy is of a superior kind to any of late preceding years. Not but there is the usual supply of many positively bad pictures, but the preponderance is decidedly in favour of those of a better order. To none does more interest attach than to that of Mr. Wilkie, numbered 64 in the catalogue. The subject is Christopher Columbus seated at a table explaining the project of his intended voyage for the discovery of the New World in the convent of La Rabida. The story is taken from Washington Irving's life of the discoverer. "A stranger traveling on foot," says the memoir by Washington Irving, "accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria Rabida, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child; while receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. The stranger was Columbus. The conference which followed, remarkable for opening a brighter prospect in the fortunes of Columbus, forms the subject of the picture, in which he is represented seated at the convent table, with the prior to his right, to whom he is explaining, on a chart, the theory upon which his long contemplated discovery is founded. At his left is his son Diego, with a small Italian greyhound at his feet, supposed to have accompanied them in their voyage from Genoa." Such is the foundation for the picture, which is, in our estimation, Mr. Wilkie's noblest work. The finest portion of it, as far as mere painting is concerned, is the head of the prior, who is intently gazing upon the chart, while Columbus demonstrates the practicability of his plan. He looks half aghast at the wonderful relation, which he appears not entirely to comprehend. Its vastness has half bewildered him, yet he dares not disbelieve. But the grand merit of the picture is in the conception of the character of Columbus as depicted in his countenance. On his brow is seated every thing that is lofty in thought and grand in design, while his countenance bespeaks a disposition "learned in all humanities." To afford it its just share of praise is scarcely possible,—it is worthy the wonderful original. Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, whose scientific acquirements enabled him to appreciate the project of Columbus, is resting on the table listening to the amazing story. Behind Fernandez is Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a great navigator, and who became the comrade of Columbus in his first expedition, but subsequently deserted him. This head is also very fine. Pinzon is adjusting a telescope, and, with his eyes half averted from his task, he greedily devours the details of the plan. The expression of this face is envy, of a jealousy that will not accord the due share of praise, but of an understanding that appreciates the excellence of the scheme. The

whole of the picture is invested with an air of originality. It is grand in conception, and powerful in execution. The effect of breadth given by the light coming across the picture is managed in a most masterly manner.

No. 88 is also by Mr. Wilkie, and is called the First Ear-ring. It is full of humour; the little victim of the trinket bears the pain with all the fortitude of childish vanity. A lap-dog in the room appears to suffer some of the torture inflicted by sympathy, and is screwed up most ridiculously.

No. 131. "Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag," C. R. Leslie, R. A. "This picture," says a critic in a morning newspaper, "represents the point of time when the little Gulliver is presented to the gigantic queen of the Brobdingnagians, surrounded by her maids of honour. The captain in the back-ground is receiving the money which the queen pays for the purchase of the diminutive curiosity. Gulliver is on the table, embracing with fervent devotion the tip of her majesty's little finger. We think the whole of this picture is a misconception. The artist has not conquered the difficulty with which the subject evidently labours, namely, to make the women Brobdingnagians without making a Lilliputian of Gulliver. Most of the women are but of the 'fair, fat, and forty' size, and the only indication that is given of their being creatures of a different stature and nature to those we ordinarily meet is in their terrible eyes; poor Gulliver seems likely to die of being gazed at, so ardently do they contemplate the wondrous mite. But still no notion is given of Gulliver's real size; he looks like one of the puppets in the fantoccini, or a Thomas Thumb the Less. We have with him no sympathies—we shudder not at the idea of his falling from the perilous height of the table on which he is placed, or breaking his neck over the rugged ridges of the table-cover—we fear not the next hurricane of wind, should the princess chance to sneeze, sending him lifeless to the distant confines of her spacious boudoir—no pendant ear-ring of the maids of honour while inspecting him appears like a rock, about to fall and deprive him of existence—no mighty caul, or ponderous plaything, carelessly swung by Brobdingnagian baby, threatens to dash him to atoms—he is neither man, nor boy, nor child, 'fish, flesh, or good red-herring'; and they are neither ogresses, nor Titans' wives, nor the beautiful and stupendous princesses of the great island of Brobdingnag, so famous for its peculiar latitude and longitude that the ancients did not know it, and the moderns are still ignorant of its existence. But the wit of Swift and the pencil of Leslie we must not expect to find in combination; and that the picture is a failure we must attribute to the insurmountable difficulties the subject presented. As a painting, it is in the usual superior style of Mr. Leslie." We entirely concur with the opinion here expressed, except that no praise is given where it is richly due, namely, to the painting of a young Brobdingnagian child, or dwarf; if all else in the picture were a failure, this portion of it must be acknowledged to be the work of a master.

No. 395. "King Richard I. of England, sur-
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named Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin." S. A. Hart. This scene represents Richard feeling the pulse of the Soldan Saladin, who has entered into his camp and obtained admission into his tent in the disguise of a physician, and on the pretence of assisting in the cure of a fever under which the King was then labouring. The story, it will be remembered, is related in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Talisman. This is a picture of considerable power, but we think it deficient in refinement. It is theatrical, and not well chosen for an historical painting. We much prefer Mr. Hart's picture, of last year, of Cardinal Wolsey and Buckingham. Had we not seen that picture, all we should have said would have been in the language of praise, which Mr. Hart well deserves. We cannot however avoid comparing an artist with himself.

No. 270. "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock." D. McClise. The public is well acquainted with the powers of this artist. From the "Mokanna" to the "Installation of Captain Rock," his work of last year, he has produced a succession of most astonishing works. The present, if it possesses all the beauties, has some of the faults of his former productions. If he is prolific in invention and prodigal in fancy, he is not the most diligent in studying the arts of composition. To be a great painter,—and Mr. McClise has in him the elements of the greatest,—it is not only necessary to indulge the bent of a superior genius, but to attend to every minor portion of detail, from the mechanical work of the pencil to the much more arduous task of composing and arranging a picture. A laughing face, conceived in humour, and dashed off in a masterly style upon the canvass, will not, however good it may be, atone for defects that nothing but diligence is required to avoid. In the Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock, the figure of the knight is beautifully painted, but it does not harmonise with the surrounding parts. The same fondness for perpendicular lines is evinced, as has been so often seen in the pictures of this artist, and which, be it remembered, is peculiar not to style, but to manner. Moreover, the picture is one of episodes, and lacks the interest of a connected story. There is sufficient invention in it for six such pictures, but not enough of composition for one. The painting of some of the heads is perfect, and there are parts replete with fancy, fun, and merriment. Such is the group surrounding the fool with the bauble. Indeed, wherever we look there are bits of the highest order—exquisite touches of feeling and character. If we have said anything to detract from Mr. McClise, we have done it, we trust, in the spirit of those who ardently admire him.

Mr. Turner has several pictures. Two more particularly beyond the rest demand attention. No. 24. "Keelmen heaving in Coals, by Night," is one, and No. 155, "Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute," is the other. The first of these is a moonlight scene, and admirably adapted for displaying the masterly pencil of Mr. Turner. The picture is as light as day, and the only thing that prevents the impression on the mind of the spectator that it is day, is the positive coldness peculiar to moonlight. It is a most extraordinary

piece of effect. The other picture is equally extraordinary, but in another way. The mid-day sun shining upon the white walls of Venice, innumerable vessels with the flags of all nations, the black gondola and the gay flitting pennon, are all brought into powerful contrast. It is altogether brilliant, dazzling, and original.

Mr. Mulready unfortunately contributes but one picture—it is No. 105, "The Last In." "The Last In" is no less a person than the boy who, "with satchel on his back," crawled "like a snail unwillingly to school." As he enters, he bows to the schoolmaster, who, with mock gravity, profoundly returns the obeisance, while in his looks lurks a flogging for the urchin who is "last in." It is humorously conceived, though a little confined in grouping, and admirably painted.

In the lower room, known by the name of the Antique Academy, are some very beautiful productions. Among them are the works of Chalon, Rochard, G. R. Ward and Mrs. G. R. Ward, Miss F. Corbeaux, Miss M. Chalon, and a variety of others. But why is a picture in every respect fitted to maintain a place among the best of those of the Royal Academicians, full of beauty of all sorts, of all artist-like effects, placed among miniatures and flowers? Not that we mean to assert any thing in any way tending to deteriorate those elegant branches of art. But for superior oil-paintings the Academicians themselves, consulting their own interests as well as propriety, have assigned the better lights of the Great Room, the Painting Academy, and the Ante-Room. Why, then, is the beautiful picture of Little Red Riding Hood and Wolf of Mr. Inskipp placed in so unworthy a situation as it holds in the Antique Academy? We are not among the captious critics who are ready upon all occasions to assail so honourable and meritorious a body as the Royal Academy. We know their difficulties in dealing with conflicting interests and jealous persons, and should be sorry to aggravate those difficulties. But without encountering the charge of being invidious, we think ourselves entitled to ask why is this superb painting placed here? It is in all respects perfectly beautiful. The back ground alone is a landscape of the highest order. The subject itself is full of feeling, and exquisitely painted. Mr. Inskipp has had great injustice done him: and without bringing any charge against the gentlemen who have this year been entrusted with the hanging, we must affirm our belief in there having been great and culpable carelessness, though we will not say gross and intentional partiality.

In the Model Academy there is less of interest than usual; but particularly deserving of notice is 1045, Devotion, a statue in marble, R. Westmacott, R. A.; also 1048, a sleeping Shepherd Boy, a statue in marble, J. Gibson, A. There are also some good busts by W. Behnes, by E. Ryley, especially that of the Rev. J. Tate, M. A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; by S. Clint, by W. Weeks, T. Butler, and others.

Many excellent pictures, and no doubt good works of other kind, must, in the limits of a short notice, be necessarily omitted. Should there be another opportunity of continuing this criticism, we shall make atonement in the best way we can.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE TRADE OF ENGLAND.

Reader, be not appalled at this ominous title! You are not about to be irritated or *composed* by a tedious disquisition upon the decrease or increase of exports or imports,—upon the superiority of a free or protected commerce,—upon the comparative growth or decline in cotton and woollen manufactures,—upon processes shortened by machinery to the destruction of hand-labour, and the propriety of multiplying the difficulties of production in order to employ a population running fast towards the destruction of property by a too facile power of raising and preparing all sorts of necessities and luxuries;—of all these high topics you will find very little; and what little you do find will rather be intended for your amusement than your instruction, for your essay, like the arrangements and articles of the trade we are about to speak of, will be light and ornamental, made quite as much for delight as for profit. We have thought it right to premise thus much for both our sakes, lest you should lose the entertainment we hope to afford you, and we the chance of being permitted to entertain you.

But, nevertheless, the trade of England is a great matter, and when we see women and children employed in directing almost invisible threads which inanimate wood and iron set into a motion almost as rapid as the passage of light by a subtle mist, and when we reflect that by this is created an almost equally incalculable number of millions per annum, that nations are clothed by these processes, and so vast a portion of the people maintained,—when, taking this for the most important example, we glance through all the employments of labour, and think that wealth, in some shape or other, is created to the amount of hundreds of millions: observe, reader,—the hands of man and the minutes of time employed to this intent accumulate hundreds of millions of pounds, which by circulation give the means of life and luxury to millions of our fellow-creatures,—it is a curious speculation to gather up, as it were, these atoms intellectually, till we obtain something like a Pisgah sight of that vast aggregation of men and moveables which we call society,—the civilised society of our empire, which has been thus raised and continues to be sustained and enlarged by the same means. Truly it is a marvellous fabric!

In 1812, Dr. Colquhoun estimated the existing property accumulated by the labours of the population of the British empire, and with a probable approximation to the truth, at no less an amount than 2,736,640,000*l.*, the annual income of the country at 430,521,372*l.* It is curious to compare these computations with those of former dates, and made by the most accurate calculators. In 1664, the national property was computed at 250,000,000*l.* In 1688, the national annual income at no more than 43,491,800*l.* What the increase since 1812 has been, both of property and income, we are unable to state, but both must have been enormous.

There are manufactures in England, the property of single firms, that produce, by machinery, quadruple, quintuple, sextuple, what the largest establishments by hand used to prepare. The

consequences are those which apply to all such concentrations of men, money, and machinery. Capital beats down mere labour, and drives the small maker from the field. But machinery has also had another effect in this branch: it draws the trade around and near to the metropolis. As thus,—when the air alone was employed to dry the goods, the average of time necessary to bring a ream of paper from the rag to the string, as the technical phrase goes,—that is, from the raw material to the perfect article in a marketable state,—was from two to three months. Now, it is dried by steam *upon the machine*, and a week will execute a large order. How does this affect the distant mill? Why thus:—The London stationer, the middle man, no longer holds the large stock he used to do. If a bookseller applies to him for one hundred reams of a certain paper, he knows where he can to a certainty have it made and delivered in six or eight days on an emergency. When the distant manufacturer comes into the market, the stationer is willing to purchase on speculation only at a very low price. He is therefore driven to a country trade in his own vicinity. The same facts apply to the material of the staff of life—to flour. The moment there is a rise in the market, the steam miller in the immediate neighbourhood of Market-lane sets on all his power and fills the market. The country manufacturer is ousted by mere propinquity. While his commodity is on the water, the dealer near London has reaped the advantage, and he leaves the depressed market to the countryman. An immense depreciation of the value of distant mill-property, no less than an almost total decline of that branch of commerce, has followed this improvement, if such it may be esteemed, in the conduct of mills.

Our illustration of the paper trade introduces another, and perhaps the most remarkable, *possibility* attending mechanical processes. Every body has heard of the bet laid and won some years ago by a gentleman of Yorkshire, that he would dine in a coat made of wool which should have been growing on the sheep's back in the morning of the same day. He did so. The sheep was shorn, the wool combed, spun, and woven, the cloth was dressed, and the coat made before six o'clock. He wore it, but it was wet, and having achieved his promise and won his wager, he begged to be permitted to escape the chance of dying by a cold caught from sitting in his damp garment. He took off his coat, and finished an hilarious evening in his capacity of president of a large agricultural meeting. This was considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of accelerated manufacturing processes. But our proposition goes to this:—*It is possible to produce a printed book which one single minute only before was one of the vilest of all substances—rag—and without being touched by human hands.* This we may say is the most wonderful of all the wonders of machinery: but it may be done. It must be admitted that the terms of the problem are stretched to the utmost, but if the printing-machine were placed for the purpose at the end of the paper-machine, both set to work, and the paper conducted from the last named to the first, the second

impression would be thus produced without the human touch. The word *rag* must also be taken to mean the rag reduced to pulp, or paper stuff, by the previous processes of washing and trituration. Still, however, the filaments are rag, and nothing but rag, and the transformation is performed with the rapidity, beauty, and effect of crystallization.

How many times has the country been ruined in the apprehension of politicians and economists! It was said at one period that if ever the national debt reached one hundred millions, England would be *ruined*. When Pitt took the helm the nation *was* ruined. When the bank restriction again took place we were again *ruined*. The national debt is now eight hundred millions; and long before and ever since the conclusion of the war we have been pronounced to be *ruined*. When the bank note fell to a discount, or in other words, when gold rose to a premium, we were once more *ruined*; and ever since the bank has been made to pay in cash, the country, so say Mr. Attwood and the landlords and the farmers, has been *ruined*. My father used to preach that the surest way to ruin the nation was to persuade every body to drink water; and now we have temperance societies lending their endeavours to effect this very purpose. Nothing is so likely to do it; and as it bears upon our subject—trade—let us just look at its consequences if successful.

All the land now under cultivation for barley thrown out of tillage, and all the husbandmen employed in ploughing, sowing, harrowing, harvesting, and threshing the barley, thrown out of employment.

All the hop lands in the same condition; all the maltsters annihilated; all the distilleries shut up, the capital sunk, and the people turned off.

All the ships engaged in the importation and exportation of wine, brandies, rum, porter, &c., useless, and all their seamen idle. All the capital and people employed in the manufactures exchanged for these commodities, and all those engaged in growing, procuring, or transmitting them, reduced to vacant idleness.

All the public-houses closed, and the inmates turned adrift. All the merchant's clerks, warehouses, cellars, &c., in the same state. All the coopers out of demand; all the officers of excise, and all the revenue gone.

All the rents circulated and employment arising from the consumption of fermented liquors, not specially enumerated above, at an end!

Could all these things be accomplished forthwith, the nation might probably be ruined. Who would imagine that the simple act of confining our beverage to water would strike off at least one-fourth of the commerce and employment of the whole kingdom! Yet such would be the effect of the abstinence inculcated by the societies in the name of temperance.

But let us return to the uses of capital and credit. We have seen what the last can do in the way of substitution for the former; let us now look at what the former is doing to displace the latter.

One of the main principles of trade in days of yore is now, it is to be feared, much avoided, if not absolutely abandoned. Once upon a time, an

article to be considered cheap must be also known to be good; now, an article to be esteemed good, must, as the first of requisites, be cheap. Well, then, how has this affected the fabric of our manufactures, and indeed, commodities in general? The essence of the morning and evening exhortation of the old Presbyterian dealer, "Boy, when you have watered the currants and sanded the sugar, come in to prayers!" will be found to have made its way into more shops than the grocers'. An article of any sort obtains distinction. Silk, cloth, linen, ribbon, paper, no matter which. What happens? The rival tradesmen instantly despatch samples to some manufacturer with whom they are in correspondence, and ask whether he can produce any thing *like* it at a reduced price? The manufacturer sets his wits to work, and by some evasion, some almost imperceptible deterioration—less material, or less labour, he "meets the market," as the phrase is. By this mode of deception, the cheap substitute is eagerly bought, till its defects are discovered: it is decried almost as instantly as it was exalted into celebrity, and the commodity, nay, even the place whence it comes, falls into decline. This was some years ago the case with one of the best and most generally worn fabrics of female costume ever invented. An ingenious rogue so constructed his goods that the first and last few yards of the piece were excellent, all the middle greatly inferior. It was some time before the trick was found out; but the moment the trick became known, not only the thing itself, but the town where this fraud was practised was degraded, and a great and valuable portion of its commerce was destroyed by this one man's artifice.* Yet to the same desire of cheapness the world is indebted for some of the most useful substitutions. Writing was formerly confined to thick and thin post. Paper is sold by the maker to the stationer by weight at per lb. Thick paper had its standard weight, and thin also. Accident or design produced an intermediate article, which was probably at first sold by the stationer to the retail consumer as thick. But what was in the beginnings casual and private, soon became public and common; and now there is writing post of all prices, from a few pence to shillings per quire. The same facts apply to papers of all descriptions, and it is not a little curious, that taking all sorts, sizes, qualities, and weights, from tissue to ordnance cartridge, from a ream containing 480 sheets, and weighing from 6 to more than 250 lbs. there are not less than from two to three hundred different fabrics, constructed of the simple and vile elements—old ropes and rags—with the beauty, rapidity, and cohesion of natural crystallization.†

But we have again wandered from the operation of capital against credit. How does it so act? Why thus:—wholesale houses are now opened

which deal in many, perhaps most articles of general wear, but only for ready money. They buy for money, and they sell for money. Their transactions are immense, because they command the market both ways, both in buying and selling, both by payment and quantity. Go into the manufacturing districts, from Glasgow to Norwich, and you will find the firms of two metropolitan houses more rife than all the rest put together. Why? They buy more and pay prompt: they know the necessitous manufacturer, and they press upon him. The prosperous maker rejoices not less in such a customer. They sell as they buy, and the consequence is, they silence and beat down all competition: each of these houses is said to return from 10,000l. to 20,000l. a day, in cash or bank notes. It is no wonder that a small per centage enriches them. This is the verification of the old trading maxim—"a small profit and a quick return," (adding, however, a larger one also,) carried to its perfection. Such vast concerns almost realise the old rider's boast of the firm he traveled for saving 1000l. a year in ink, by not making dots to the *i* and strokes to the *t* in their letters. The bill stamps are certainly a great object, the discounts a far greater. *He nuga in seria ducunt*—DONA!—In plain English, little savings become large profits.

Nor is this plan confined to the metropolis, it is widely adopted in the great provincial cities and towns. Houses of this description, in all branches, send out offsets from London in this manner:—they take a youth with a large premium, say 1000l. upon these conditions; if he turn out clever and trustworthy, they hire a house and shop in some country place, Liverpool or Brighton for example, and send him down to try his fortune. If, at the end of two or more years, as the case may be, he thinks well enough of the business, it becomes his own upon the condition of paying for the outfit by instalments, and a further covenant to purchase all his goods for a given number of years of the parent firm. This system is imitated in the lesser circles of the country towns, and the instances are not a few, where the traders of the provincial metropolis thus colonise their young people to the advantage of both, and the diffusion of goods at the cheapest possible rate. Shops of this description become general bazaars. Some could be named where woollen cloths, linens of every description, laces, silks, haberdashery, hats, shoes, gloves, perfumery, trinkets, and even plate, are offered for sale at not more than from two to five per cent., according to circumstances, above the manufacturers' prices. Nor is it confined to these trades. The secret is capital, that is, money paid and received—not an hour's credit, not an hour's interest upon accounts—no book-keeping, bill-making, or collecting, and no bad debts. The good is the propagation of the cheapest possible mode of doing business—the evil, the absorption in one house of all that used to constitute the employments and profits of many. It is the perfection of a commercial system, but it is also a centralisation which gives wealth to the few, to the ruin probably of numbers. But it is the natural tendency and inevitable result of accumulated capital, while the economical principle, that cheap-

* Mr. Babbage has cited other instances of fraud in lace, stockings, watches, &c., which have ruined the manufactories where they were practised.

† A rope of paper, it is averred, will lift more weight than an iron wire of the same diameter. Certain it is that cylinders are made of paper stuff for the purpose of extreme pressure.

ness increases consumption and general employment, obtains in the end.

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a maxim even more true than trite. There are traders, and to no small extent, who have neither capital nor goods—their stock is knowledge; not indeed in the modern sense—not the knowledge of penny magazines, newspapers, or diffusion society tractates—but a knowledge of the articles of the price current, and where and how they are to be most cheaply had. A trader of this sort will sell you any thing; that is, he will take an order for any thing, and execute it often as well as the first houses. How does he manage this? simply because he deals on commission for or with those very houses, and thus a knowledge of the best method of trading is brought to the very counting-house of the countryman, whose whole life, passed in the study of his own concerns, would not have afforded him a like opportunity or advantage.

Some forty years or more ago, a gardener, a fellow of as much vulgarity and ignorance as you could meet on a summer's day, took it into his noddle, (for it had no pretensions to be called a head, if in heads brains form a necessary ingredient,) that a Bible published in numbers at a very cheap rate in themselves, though not on the whole, would be a most saleable commodity; and he thought that by soliciting at every door in the country an immense circulation might be commanded. He imparted his project to several small country printers in the district where he lived, but so unpromising was his manner and appearance, and he had not a shilling in the world, that no one could be found to join in the speculation. At last he ferreted out a country schoolmaster, who was as clever, steady, and respectable as his coadjutor seemed the contrary. He saw the whole force of the design; he bought a few types, and by the aid of his daughter, he got ready a number, with which the gardener set forth. The scheme succeeded; and the modern system of *canvassing*, alias of soliciting from door to door, by foot hawkers, was permanently established. It began in bibles, was extended to popular books in general, and is now carried into a variety of departments of business;—stationery, hardware, china and earthenware, tea, linen, haberdashery, shoes, umbrellas, ropes, baskets, mats, &c. &c., to the infinite advantage of the peasantry.

An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through dusty ways, in storm, from door to door,
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load!
Yet do such travellers find their own delight:
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire and priest, and they who round them dwell
In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the pedlar's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.

Wordsworth's Excursion.

Formerly, "riders" were what "commercial travellers" are: now almost every trade has its canvassers. In vending many of the lighter wares, as well as in those which are the express work of females, women are very much engaged. Scarcely a day passes without our observing a

traveller of this sex, with her large trunk-like basket lined with oil silk, seeking custom from door to door, and displaying her little stock of finery, caps, habit-shirts, collars, and even worked dresses, to the cottagers and to the servants of the middle classes.* Religion itself has its itinerant apostles, and is hawked from town to town by male and female preachers at per week.

The competition, not less than the desire, for cheapness has originated the system so universal in the shops of London, and in most great towns also, of exposing all sorts of goods with tickets of the prices attached. The plan is certainly efficacious, for who has not been allured to buy articles of which, perhaps, he does not actually stand in need, by the prodigiously small prices! And even admitting that the purchaser is not sufficiently wary to insist upon having the identical article exposed at the window, but can be brought to believe the goods within the shop to be equally excellent with the show pattern, and to accept a similar for the same, these commodities are, notwithstanding, marvellously cheap. The remark especially applies to all sorts of apparel. How they are constructed at all for the money must not be enquired. Like Peter Pindar's razors, many are made, not to shave, but to sell. But there is one most lamentable consequence of this severe competition,—multitudes of young women are driven to prostitution or to death by the unendurable curse and privation of passing the best part of the twenty-four hours in the vain labour of endeavouring to earn enough to sustain existence by the needle. There is reason to believe the waste of human life in these half-paid employments,†

* A female servant can be well clothed from head to foot, agreeably to her situation, including every article of her apparel, to her pocket handkerchief, for thirty-eight shillings—a young female of the middle class, for about four guineas.

† This applies also but too frequently to the houses of first-rate dress-makers, nor can we better illustrate this branch of business than by a quotation from No. XCV. of the "Quarterly Review."—"Many is the milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night labour can accomplish. To the question—'When must it be done?' 'Immediately,' is the readiest answer, though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates: nor does the evil stop here. The dress maker's apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the street. Upon them 'the fatal gift of beauty' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason

is only exceeded by the destruction of the grinders in Sheffield.

There is another species of attraction, but practised chiefly in the country, namely, to allure by one article to the purchase of others. We have known fine calico sold during the first opening of a new linen warehouse, for a given number of days, at a penny a yard; pocket handkerchiefs, at a penny a piece; and an advertisement now lies before us, offering to give to the purchaser of a six shilling hat, a cap into the bargain. The price of sugars has been greatly reduced to all purchasers of a certain weight of tea. One trader not long ago, put up a notice to sell a pair of breeches with two shillings in the pockets! Whatever degrees of delusion may be thus practised, the difference in price between the ticket-shop and the steady dealer is, however, hardly to be compensated by any conceivable difference of quality not instantly and strongly perceptible to the purchaser; and in many instances it is fairly to be accounted for by quantities made and sold. Shoes are one example. But of all things, the most striking, because the most familiar and important, yet perhaps the least attended to, is the depression of the staff of life—wheat and flour. In 1812, the average price of wheat was 140s.; it now does not probably exceed 43s. If a trader in any department were asked what would be the consequence to his circumstances of a decline of 200 per cent. upon the profit of his trade, he would answer, total ruin; but here we have a fall of not less than 200 per cent. upon the entire price of the commodity; yet farming continues to be a trade by which multitudes are at least maintained! Flour was, in 1800, 7s. 6d. per stone; it is now 1s. 5d. retail.

Were we to course through the whole price list of consumable articles since that date (1812), we should find an astonishing reduction, amounting probably to far more than fifty per cent. upon

as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy, while constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions which will at any moment place them in a condition of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend—while, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress, (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers,) and a destruction of health and bloom which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret, when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships.

"Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late;
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate!"

every article of necessity or luxury, taking the average. To this must be added the facility to the purchasers at second hand, of comparatively imperishable commodities—houses, furniture, mirrors, pictures, carriages, musical instruments, &c., occasioned by the supply exceeding the demand, by changes of habitation, failures and death, by continually improved methods of manufacture, and lastly, by the fastidious caprices of fashion, which throw out of use such vast stores of scarcely damaged moveables. These are to be purchased at auctions and repositories, for not the tithe of their original cost. Since 1816, the taxation of the country has been reduced nearly to the same amount. Yet complaint is more general than ever. Cheapness then, it should seem, is not prosperity. We are governed, lodged, furnished, appareled, and fed at an infinitely lower rate; and yet we grumble as much as ever. The truth is, every man's income follows low price but that of one class; and which is that? the class of fixed annuitants.

Thus, "the competitive system" is in full force and operation. All who can pay down upon the nail, as the saying is, seek for the cheapest purchase; and even the nobility of the land, so all-pervading is the genuine spirit of commerce in this *nation-boutiquiere*, have no hesitation in purchasing quantities of goods from the manufacturer, or from wholesale houses, at wholesale prices, if they can hunt out these sources. Women of rank, who pique themselves on their talent for management, will demand a discount for prompt payment with all the acuteness of a trader and all the pride of aristocracy.

The use of the phrase "competitive system," brings to our recollection its antagonist, "the co-operative," of which so much and so little has been heard within the last few years. Nothing can be more plausible than its theory—nothing more delusive in its practice. The theory is this, "Employment and a fair compensation for labour is all that the artisan requires. As he is the framer of all the articles of use and of luxury which sustain and adorn the world, it is only necessary for this class to establish among themselves fair barter, to enable them to enjoy in their own persons all that they create for others. To this end, and in this view, time and labour are the only articles of value: for example, if it take a shoemaker four hours to make a pair of shoes, and a tailor eight to make a coat, there must exist some term of value common to the time of both, and according to this term, let the exchange of their productions be fixed. Every man would thus enjoy the full worth of his time and labour, and the do-nothings of the world be left to shift for themselves." So says the theory, and this they call co-operation.

But this leaves out of sight a vast number of rather important particulars—capital, credit, and all the combinations of manufacturing ingenuity aggregated by these concomitants, and still more the relations of demand and supply. The competitive system on the contrary, gives full scope and play to all these natural and necessary agents and their inevitable results, and in its practical consequences sets the exact value upon every

man's labour: the bank-note then becomes a far better standard than the labour-note—the public a far more equitable judge than the valuers at the repository in Gray's Inn lane; society at large a more general, a better, and a more certain customer than the co-operatives themselves. For these reasons, the scheme has not, and it may safely be predicated will not, make its way. It has only been successful where it has been limited to a number of joint-stock proprietors determining to deal at their own shop, which is in fact a contrivance to sell at a small profit upon the prime cost, and to divide that profit afterwards amongst the company, who, not being able individually to purchase at the best hand, by this system arrive at the means of so doing, and save the profits of the retail trader. This is but another of the competitions of capital against credit: it has, however, been done with effect in many of the provinces; and if it also embrace the employment of the proprietors in their several branches, its benefits may be still further extended. To enjoy the most extensive advantages of which it is capable, it should be founded on an agricultural basis—that is, land should be bought or hired, and cultivated for the company, and its produce form the first element of the exchange; for in this, as in the building of society by nature herself, food is the first object of human labour. A few, providing a superfluity of subsistence, may barter that superfluity for any other commodity—apparel next, and so on to luxuries in succession. It is, however, curious that no one co-operative society has to our knowledge commenced their progression in this natural and necessary manner. And this brings us to another contrivance peculiar to this our age—the *bazaar*,—a contrivance to give to a combination of small capitals the advantage of a great one. Here, in one vast theatre of minor commerce, are assembled an infinite diversity of articles and a multitude of little traders, whose whole property probably is displayed in the goods upon the few feet of counter thus hired for a trifle. These are renewed day by day, as they are exhausted by custom. The variety of all is the attraction for each; and, indeed, every one of these tiny shopkeepers enjoys a protection, a privilege, and perhaps a patronage, they could by no other means obtain, and which far richer and better furnished depôts, in their several departments, can rarely reach. The resort to some of these marts is astonishing; and while the inventor of the first—the Soho Bazaar—has reared to himself at once a fine annuity, he has given birth to a system, now spread all over the great towns of England, which affords a new mode of employment to the industry of a class, females especially, who could probably have obtained an independent livelihood by no other means. There is no other instance, perhaps, in which a very small sum may be so beneficially employed for its possessor.

A paper on the subject we have chosen, ought not to conclude without some allusion to the doctrine of free trade, which merely means a permission to sell and buy where you can sell and buy cheapest. England is clearly approaching to that point. The two greatest monopolies in the country are extinguished by the terms in which

the bank charter has been renewed, and the China trade opened. But nature and art working together, are silently yet certainly advancing to the accomplishment of this grand purpose by a very simple means—the increase of the growth of corn. The barrier of more force than all the rest to external free trade, (internal free trade we already nearly possess,) has been the corn laws. These have been for the last two years at least all but a dead letter, owing to the supply equaling, if not exceeding, the demand. Rents have fallen—tithes have fallen—labour has fallen—taxation has fallen—thus levelling the elements of English prime cost with those of the foreigner. The farmer begins to see the fallacy of protection—the landlord to find how little it advantages himself. Thus nature and skill have superinduced a change of opinion which reason had failed to effect. The practical inefficiency of protecting duties is daily made more apparent, while the restrictions they lay on manufacture, thus reacting upon landlords in restricting our competition in foreign markets—narrowing the space of employment at home—originating pauperism and increasing the charges—and, by lessening the demand for agricultural produce, depressing its price—all these things, we say, are gradually working the conviction which will soon end in the abolition of the corn laws, and all laws which cramp the exertions of industry.

And when we examine the claims to superiority which the fabrics of England put forth, a consideration that may and will give to their excellence the widest power of diffusion, is unquestionably devoutly to be wished. In hardware we exceed the world; in silk we all but, if not quite, equal the best of France, and have superseded the East Indian and Chinese in their own dominions; in muslins and calicoes, indeed, we so far outgo the East, both in quality and in price, that we import the raw material, and can afford to export and offer the manufactured article at a cheaper rate than it can be produced in the far-distant country of its growth. In porcelain we equal France and China, if we do not excel them! in woollen cloths we can successfully contend with France, with Germany in linens. What then is wanting to carry this almost universal supremacy to its pitch, and to its due reward? what but that free communication which the natural extinction of the corn laws, so to speak, is rapidly educating. The evil of the country is its pauperism: make our paupers productive labourers, and consequently consumers, in lieu of deducting eight millions of the earnings of others for keeping them to the minimum of subsistence. Teach them—nay, allow them—for they are ready enough to earn almost one-third of the present actual national income, which from their numbers it may fairly be computed they would earn, and distress would rapidly disappear. No! says our committee of law givers, no, let the nation be taxed to locate them in the Canadas and Australia. Nature indeed says, (and so says true political economy,) let them produce, and exchange their surplus for the production of other climes. "O dear no," says the lecturer, "indeed you are wrong; the preventive check and *coloniam deducere!* We

are an old country." It might be replied, "You are a parcel of old fools! You have soil, capital, and labour, all in superabundance; you have nothing to do but to combine them."

Of such a nature are a few of the arrangements into which the minor details of the vast commerce of England—the retail accommodations—have adjusted themselves. But there can be no doubt, far as our national genius for the inventions and enterprises of trade is advanced—enormous as are the accumulations of property—and beneficial as is the exaltation of confidence and credit—all these relations must be considered to be in comparative infancy. The materials of nature are only just expanding themselves to the search of science. If, in whatever light we examine the triumphs of our species "over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder," there is a fund for speculation and experiment incalculably more vast before us. Nor can we better exalt, while we conclude, the very important portion of the subject we have here treated, than by quoting the words of a philosopher, who, in the midst of his large and comprehensive enquiry into the principles and progress of science, thus eloquently discloses and describes the expanse before us. "When we reflect," says Mr. Babbage, "on the very small number of the species of plants, compared with the multitude that are known to exist, which have hitherto been cultivated and rendered useful to man, and when we apply the same observation to the animal world, and even to the mineral kingdom, the field that natural science opens to our view seems to be indeed unlimited. These productions of nature, numerous and varied as they are, may each in some future day become the basis of extensive manufactures, and give life, employment, and wealth to millions of human beings. But the crude treasures perpetually exposed before our eyes, contain within them other and more valuable principles: all these, in their innumerable combinations, which ages of labour and research can never exhaust, may be destined to furnish in perpetual succession new sources of our wealth and of our happiness. Science and knowledge are subject, in their extension and increase, to laws quite opposite to those which regulate the material world; unlike the forces of molecular attraction, which cease at sensible distances, or that of gravity, which decreases rapidly with the increasing distance from the point of its origin, the farther we advance from the origin of our knowledge the larger it becomes, and the greater power it bestows upon its cultivators to add new fields to its dominions. Yet does this continually and rapidly increasing power, instead of giving us any reason to anticipate the exhaustion of so fertile a field, place us at each advance on some higher eminence, from which the mind contemplates the past, and feels irresistibly convinced that the whole already gained, bears a constantly diminishing ratio to that which is contained within the still more rapidly expanding horizon of our knowledge."

From the London Athenæum.

Stories of Strange Lands; and Fragments from the Notes of a Traveller. By Mrs. R. Lee (formerly Mrs. T. E. Bowdich). 8vo. London: Moxon.

This is an interesting volume: consisting of tales which have already appeared in the periodicals, illustrated by notes from the author's journals and personal recollections. We have read Mrs. Lee's African stories again with much pleasure; the scenery, incidents, and costume, are not familiar to us, and they are told in a style which is pleasant, natural, and unaffected. Mrs. Lee has the advantage, so rare in these days, of a field in which few (very few women) have wandered; and, in the copious notes with which her volume is enriched, she gives us adventures and sketches of natural history which, for their freshness, remind us of Audubon's anecdotes and traits of the American woods. We shall bring together a few of these scattered fragments.

"The laugh of the hyena greatly resembles that of a maniac, and has a startling effect as it steals through the still night, even under our windows, which it approaches in search of food. The power of imitation given to these animals is very extraordinary, for they not only cry like the quadruped whom they wish to lure within their reach, but they even seem to utter human sounds. The commandant of a fortress on the western coast of Africa assured me, that for several evenings he had been disturbed at his dinner hour by the laughing and screaming of the native women, who passed under the walls in search of water. He sent his serjeant to them, who desired that they would take some other path, and they promised to obey. The next evening, however, the noise was heard again, which highly irritated the commandant, and he desired the serjeant to lie in ambush on the third evening, and rushing suddenly out on them, with a few soldiers, secure the women, and bring them to him in the fortress. The men took their station as ordered, the laughing recommenced, and out they sallied, when, to their great astonishment, they only saw three hyenas standing in the path which had been frequented by the women, and so well counterfeiting their voices, that they could not have been detected but by sight. These hyenas are not very formidable, and will, at any time, rather fly from, than attack a human being."

"An enraged buffalo is the most formidable of all antagonists, for nothing but death seems to calm his fury. A curious account was given to me by the natives on the borders of the Gaboon river, where they come in droves to the water's edge. They say, that if the foremost of a herd be attacked, all the rest will turn upon the enemy; if an individual in the middle be injured, those before will walk quietly on, but those behind will all try to avenge him; and if the last be wounded or killed, he is left by his companions, without their paying the least attention to the circumstance."

"These antelopes (natives of the western coast of Africa,) are no bigger than rabbits, and are generally of a mouse colour; their proportions are more fairy-like than can be imagined, even from the tobacco stoppers made of their feet, and brought to this country. They are extremely difficult to domesticate, and, I believe, have never yet reached England alive. * * Only people of rank and power can keep an European dog in Fantee, so much are these animals esteemed for the table. A wretched little native breed, with long ears, sits in rings in the market places, and is bought for soup, at the rate of half an ackie (half a crown). Of course, the fat, portly dogs of English masters, are greatly preferred; and it is

not possible for a white man to retain them for more than a month."

What would gentle English housewives say to such cupboard guests as the following account will bring before them?—

"It is surprising to watch how rapidly familiarity diminishes all these antipathies. I never shall forget the cold chill which crept over me, on first seeing a huge lizard crawling on the wall of my bed-room; yet in time I not only was amused by the rapid movements of the large lizards, as they chased each other up and down the verandah where I sat, but even fed them daily. A snake close to me, I thought would be death, but at last I became so careless about them, that, although there was a nest of deadly snakes in a hole in the wall, which it was necessary to pass, in going the shortest way to the kitchen, I used to watch for a minute or two, and then dart past, when they drew their heads in; a dangerous experiment, for they are very fierce when they have young ones. A battle between a snake and a rat was a curious sight, to which we were summoned by hearing, in the hall above the store-room, a hissing and squeaking, for which we could not account. On opening the store-room to ascertain the cause, a snake was to be seen rearing its beautiful, many-coloured neck and head, while a rat's black eyes were glistening with rage. They were in too great a fury to be disturbed by our approach, and flew at each other several times: at length the rat died in great agony, swelled up to a frightful size, and covered with foam; the snake was immediately destroyed by the servants."

We must give an account of a panther which Mrs. Lee brought to England:—

"He came from Coomassie with Mr. Hutchison, the resident left there by Mr. Bowdich, and as he was very young, the efforts made by that gentleman and others to tame him, were completely successful. Nothing alive was ever given to him to eat, and so well was he trained, that frequently on their march to the coast, when the natives would not contribute any provisions, he would catch a fowl, and lay it at the feet of Mr. Hutchison, who always rewarded him with a select morsel. On arriving at Cape Coast, he was tied up for a few days with a slight cord, and after that remained at liberty, with a boy to watch that he did not annoy the officers of the castle. He especially attached himself to me and the governor, probably because we bestowed more caresses on him than any one else: we took care, however, to keep his claws well filed, that we might not get an unintentional scratch. He was as playful as a kitten, and a few days after his cord had been taken away, he took it into his head to bound round the whole fort; the boy ran after him, which he, mistaking for fun, only increased his speed, and caused him to dash through all the narrow spaces. Most of the inhabitants were frightened out of their senses, and it was highly amusing to see the sudden disappearance of all living things, even to the sentinels. When tired, he quietly walked in at my door, and his pursuers found him lying on the ground beside me, composing himself to sleep, whence he was taken without the least resistance. * * Sai's chief amusement was standing on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on the window sill, and fixing his head between them, in this posture to contemplate all that was going on in the town below. The governor's children, however, often disputed this post with him, and dragged him down by the tail, which he bore with perfect good-humour. * * An old woman, who always swept the great hall before dinner, was performing her daily office with a small hand-brush, and consequently going over the floor nearly on hands and knees. Sai, who had been

sleeping under one of the sofas, suddenly rushed out, and leaping on the woman's back, stood there with his head on one side, his tail swinging backwards and forwards, the very personification of mischief. * * The governor and myself, hearing the noise, also came to the scene of action, when Sai descended from his station, and held his head to us to be patted, as if in approbation of his feat.

"The time came for him to be embarked, and he was shut into a large, strong cage, with iron bars in front, and put into a canoe; while there, the motion made him restless, and he uttered a howl, which so frightened the canoe-men, that they lost their balance, set up a howl in echo, and upset the canoe. We were watching his embarkation from one of the castle windows; and when we saw the cage floating on the waves, we gave our pet up as lost, and I am not sure that we did not make a trio in the cry; but fortunately a boat immediately put off from the ship, the men in which caught hold of the cage just as it was on the point of sinking. The panther was installed close by the fore-mast, and I did not fail to pay him a visit the moment I went on board. He was very dull; and, perhaps, a little sea-sick, but was half frantic with joy on seeing me."

Of the splendid vegetation of these tropical climates, Mrs. Lee observes:—

"The luxuriance of the parasitical and climbing plants of these virgin forests, can only be fully comprehended by those who have seen them. Sometimes the whole of an enormous trunk will be covered to a great height with the most brilliant convolvuli, which, stealing unperceived through the branches, reach the summit, and again shooting forth their gay blossoms in the sun, seem to mock their less aspiring brethren. Scarlet, orange, and pink flowers will cover the lower boughs, and hang in festoons from one tree to another. Often the climbers will become larger than the support to which they cling, and constantly form chains which look big enough to fetter the Atlantic. Then the runners, or slender fibres, dropping from the twigs, take root below, and, vegetating in their turns, form the whole of these mighty forests into a maze of network."

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the jessamine; it hangs from the summits of the highest trees till it sweeps on the ground; large clusters of pure white blossoms yield the most exquisite fragrance, and perfume the air for miles around. As the people return from their labour, they often cover themselves with it, tearing it down in large handfuls."

"The wild pineapples of the forest are generally red, and only fit for cooking; but the slightest cultivation, even watering, makes them of delicious flavour. My uncle had some in his garden, which had been originally brought from St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde islands; they were of enormous size, of a bright gold colour, and each was a heavy burden for one man to carry to any distance. They perfumed the whole house, and were eaten with a spoon."

But it is only fair to give a picture or two of human nature in these remote regions, for the entertainment of those who take less pleasure than Mrs. Lee in the beauties of nature:—

"This is a constant custom among the higher classes, and the jewels, or rather gold ornaments, form no inconsiderable portion of family property; they descend from mother to daughter: and one woman, on state occasions, will frequently wear many hundred pounds' worth of gold about her person. A very pretty Mustee girl (of the palest shade of colour) came to see me the morning after her marriage, and had on a very fine linen shirt (a covering adopted by all above the black shade), and over that two

cloths, one of which had cost sixty pounds. Her fair hair was combed in the form of a cone to the top of her head, and profusely ornamented with golden butterflies and devices; her shirt was fastened in front with four brooches, and a large golden button at the collar and each wrist; manillas encircled her arms half-way up to the elbow, and the most splendid chains were hung across her shoulders; every finger was covered with rings as far as the first joint; her cloth was girt round her hips, and on this girdle hung golden lions and other ornaments; her ankles were also laden, and every toe was decorated like her fingers. The two slaves who followed her into the room were also richly dressed, and each had a bandeau of English guineas round their heads, fastened together with pieces of gold wire. The workmanship of many of these ornaments is exquisite, and they sometimes represent musical instruments, bells, stools, &c., and many are imitated from European patterns."

Here is the reverse of this pleasant sketch:—

"The existence of anthropophagi in this part of Africa is but too certain, and not only do these Kaylees eat their enemies, but they go to each other's houses to bargain for the dying. Those who do not eat human flesh, view them with horror; and the very enquiry if they eat such food, seems to inspire them with disgust and shame. Three men at Sierra Leone, (I believe among the liberated Africans,) enticed a fourth into the forest, murdered him, immediately ate a part of his flesh, and covered the rest slightly with earth. The next day they returned to their feast, but two of them became alarmed, and did not go again: the third, however, was unable to resist the temptation, and the disappearance of the murdered man, and the frequent visits of the glutton, at length created suspicion; he was watched, and caught in the act of devouring the remainder of his comrade. He was taken, and brought to trial on the charge of murder; this could not be proved against him, and, as there is no English law against eating human flesh, he could not be capitally punished."

"The ground floors of native houses are all made of earth, and contain the bodies of the family. The cellar of the house, in which I lived for many months at Igwa, was the burial-ground of a numerous race; and such a circumstance attaches the people to every spot that has been once inhabited."

"The transactions, mystery, and power of the Fetish, bear a strong analogy to the history of the Inquisition. At all hours, and in all places, the natives of Western Africa are subject to its visits and interference, vengeance is never laid aside, though it may sleep for years; the most inviolable secrecy is observed by all its members, and, after intervals long enough to banish suspicion, the victims suddenly disappear. It were vain to ask what is become of them; all are afraid to own the truth, and a shrug of the shoulders, or shake of the head, invariably accompany the profession of ignorance. The priests know every thing, meddle in all affairs, share every piece of good fortune, rob their followers without scruple, and even prevent the extirpation of panthers, hyænas, &c., by making them sacred animals, and demanding a fine from every one who takes a part in destroying them; and, by means of communications with the Fetishes of other countries, extend their influence far beyond the calculation of ordinary mortals."

"Two English gentlemen, living at Sierra Leone, expressed a wish to one of the priests, that they might be admitted to some of the orgies of the Fetish; and, after bribing high, permission was given. Conditions were sworn to on their parts that they would never publish what they saw and heard, and they kept their promises for a long period. One unlucky evening, however, being elated with wine, they imparted to some friends the

fact of their having witnessed the ceremonies of the Fetish, and made slight allusions to what had passed. The next day both were poisoned: the one died after a few weeks suffering, but the other survived a few years, with impaired health, and great bodily torment."

Her Ashantee visitors are thus described:—

"An Oerah was sent to Cape Coast by the king, while I lived there; and, prompted by an anxiety which taught me to conciliate the Ashantees as much as laid in my power, I yielded to his proposal to dine with me. He insisted on it that Mr. Bowdich had desired him to do so; but I knew this to be untrue; and, uninfluenced by the falsehood, I appointed a day for the visit. The hour was to be three o'clock, and I was rather puzzled as to the choice of viands. At ten o'clock in the morning the gentleman arrived, with a retinue of at least fifty persons, some ragged and dirty, and among them the usual chamberlain, a piece of African state which is very absurd, for he bears a large bunch of rusty keys, for which his master has not a single lock. I was obliged to tell the Oerah that I could not have him all day, and he left me in no very good humour. At the proper hour he reappeared with his train; but on my further informing him that I was not prepared for so many, he dismissed all but his intimate friend, to the hall below. The two then sat down to the table, and I helped them to fish, which they began to eat with their fingers; but, on observing the use I made of a knife and fork, they begged to be instructed how to handle theirs. I could scarcely keep my countenance at their attempts, nor at their putting a piece slyly into their mouths with their fingers, when they thought themselves unseen; but when Oerahnameah had eaten half of his fish, he begged permission to send the remainder to his wife. An uncooked fish and a bottle of porter settled this matter to his satisfaction, and we proceeded to a chicken pie, but I had been unfortunate in my selection. The Fetish had forbidden him to eat fowls, and he dared not touch them; he, however, devoured mutton and pastry by wholesale, and then returned to the fish; he drank wine and porter till he was nearly intoxicated, and I was very glad when he found himself so sleepy that he was obliged to retire. After this, it was difficult to keep him at a distance, and he thought himself entitled to come at all hours of the day. The good for nothing person returned to Ashantee, saying, he had received neither kindness nor presents, but my letters having informed Mr. Bowdich of the truth, and all his property being seized by the king, numerous proofs of hospitality and attention were found, and Oerahnameah was disgraced, and stripped of every thing that he possessed."

"He was a very unworthy specimen of Ashantee manners, for a better behaved person than Adoo Bradic, nephew to the king, never appeared. His great delight was a portrait of Mr. Bowdich, at which he would grin and nod, and to which he would chatter by the half hour together. But, above all other things, my piano contributed to his happiness. It had been spoiled by neglect, during a long illness on my part, and I therefore suffered Adoo to thump it at pleasure. He brought all his friends to see and hear, but never suffered them to touch it; and no sooner had I given him leave to play than he flourished a chair before it, sat down, and amidst the vilest din that could be conceived, looked at the group of black faces for their admiration. This good-natured creature went on board Captain Willis's frigate, then at anchor in the roads, and the men happening to have leave to wash on that day, the rigging was covered with red and blue shirts, which Adoo thought were flags in honour of his arrival. He was accompanied to the coast by a well behaved captain, who came to us one day with the most sorrowful countenance, and stated, that the governor had just presented the royal nephew

with regimentals, like those of the officers, and he had nothing of the sort, which 'put shame on his face too much.' Fortunately, Mr. Bowdich had an old red coat, into which the captain squeezed himself; he then insisted on having a neckcloth, and this, and a worn-out cocked hat, were all we could muster."

We cannot part from this pleasant volume without recommending it to our readers, of all classes—but especially to those who have to cater for the amusement of the young.

SONNETS.

ON SEEING THE GREEK TROOPS PASS THROUGH A TOWN IN BAVARIA.

These, then, are Greeks! O sight of infamy!
'Twas something, even when Botzaris bled,
To know, that, on the bosom of the dead,
There lay no vestment of tyrannic dye.
If these are Greeks, where is the Grecian eye?
Where is the helmet that should grace the head?
Ask of their king! O Greece! why didst thou wed
The offspring of an alien tyrant?—why—
Thou soul unquenchable—why wert thou dumb?
Thou wert not lost, until Thermopylæ
Was a Bavarian landmark—till the tomb
Where sleeps Miltiades, was given away
Unto a German owner. 'Tis thy doom
To perish by a king and kingly sway!

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks!" Thus sung
Thy poet, Hellas; for his eye was clear
And watchful as a mother's; and, in fear
And love commingled, over thee he hung,
Even as a wild bird careth for her young.
This was his warning; but thou wouldst not hear—
And thou hast given thine ancient shield and spear
To one who from a line of despots sprang.
Did those who fell by Missolonghi's wall
Pour forth their blood to purchase such a crown?
Was this the only triumph which they sought
To win by battle and by death? Thy thrall
Beneath the Ottoman had more renown:—
One conquered thee—the other only bought.

W. E. A.

From the London Athenæum.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MRS. HEMANS.—NO. II.

My last paper left Mrs. Hemans enjoying and appreciating a close and frequent intercourse with Sir Walter Scott; in the present, I think, I may again take up the same bright passage of her life without becoming wearisome or superfluous. With herself, her first journey into Scotland was always a favourite topic of conversation. She spoke with delight of the romantic scenery of Hawthornden, and of the hospitality extended to her in not a few ancient and stately houses. I regret that I have been unable to find a letter, one of her best, dated, I think, from Dalmahoy, in which she described, with inimitable grace and liveliness, an adventure of hers in a haunted chamber there—a tapestried chamber too; how she had retired to her pillow, conjuring up a thousand weirds and shadowy images, till she became almost afraid of the phantoms of her own

imagination, and when she looked round the room, started at the fantastic figures on its walls—how, in the heroine style, she must needs rise and examine these by her taper—when lo! instead of prince or paladin, or frowning ancestor, the object of her fear proved a Jemmy Jessamy shepherd,

With a frill, and a flowered waistcoat, and a fine bow-pot at his breast,

tranquilly plucking cherries in a tree for the benefit of some equally Arcadian Silvia or Corisca below. But she loved best to talk and write of Abbotsford—she could not only enjoy the conversation of its master, and appreciate the treasures he had hoarded up, such picturesque and rare things as she delighted in, but could answer him in his own vein—could give him legend for legend—and receive his enthusiastic descriptions of any trait of romance or bravery with equally genuine enthusiasm. Some, however, of her letters and tales of the "North Country," told of lighter things than these;—the one which follows, in particular, is strikingly characteristic of her in her lively and wilful mood, which sometimes made those sigh most who loved her best. In all matters of personal care and foresight, she was, alas! as thoughtless as a child—and would give way to ebullitions of passing gaiety and animal spirits (always, however, tempered by the exquisite refinement of her nature,) which some denounce as indiscreet in all who have come out of the green years of childhood—and others, more gravely would discountenance, though I cannot but think unjustly, as incompatible with deep feeling. This letter, like all which follow marked with an asterisk, was addressed to a correspondent of her own sex. I have given them because they show the grace and liveliness which she could throw round the most familiar matters—and have found it impossible, in glancing over them for the purpose of selection, to avoid measuring them against other specimens of *eloquence de billet* left by her predecessors most famed in this class of writing—and equally impossible to avoid feeling how well they stand the comparison.

* *Chiefswood, July 13.*

"How I wish you were within reach of a post letter like our most meritorious Saturday's messenger, my dear —, amidst all these new scenes and new people, I want so much to talk to you all. At present I can only talk of Sir Walter Scott, with whom I have just been taking a long delightful walk through the "Rhymers' Glen"—I came home, to be sure, in rather a disagreeable state after my adventures, and was greeted by my maid with that most disconsolate visage of hers, which invariably moves my hard heart to laughter, for I had got wet above my ankles in the haunted burn, torn my gown in making my way through thickets of wild roses, stained my gloves with wood strawberries, and even—direst misfortune of all!—scratched my face with a rowan branch! But what of all this? Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves and bogles and brownies, and hearing him recite some of the Spanish ballads till they 'stirred the heart like the sound of the trumpet'? I must reserve many of these things to tell you when we meet; but one very important trait, (since it proves a most remarkable sympathy between the Great Unknown and myself,) I can-

not possibly defer to that period, but must record it now. You will expect something peculiarly impressive, I have no doubt. Well: we had reached a rustic seat in the woods, and were to rest there, but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my good advisers say that it will give me the rheumatism.' Now, was it not delightful? I mean, for the future, to take exactly my own way in all matters of this kind, and to say that Sir Walter Scott particularly recommended me to do so. I was rather agreeably surprised in his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance, is, I think, a sort of arch good nature, conveying a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence. The portrait in the last year's 'Literary Souvenir' is an excellent likeness."

It was during her second visit to Scotland that Mrs. Hemans sat for her bust to Mr. Angus Fletcher, which, as far as I am aware, is the only resemblance extant which does full justice to the expression of her countenance. It was executed, I believe, for Sir Robert Liston, of Milburn Towers. Few celebrated authors, indeed, have caused so little spoliation of canvas and ivory as Mrs. Hemans. She never sat for her picture willingly; and the play of her features were so constant and so changeable, as to render the task of the artist a difficult one, almost to impossibility; nor, to the best of my knowledge, has any likeness of her been engraved.

On her way into Scotland for the second visit, Mrs. Hemans passed a few weeks in a secluded cottage on the banks of Winandermere. Here she had an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of one whom she had long admired and revered as a poet; but I may have occasion to speak more fully of the love she bore to Wordsworth's writings when I treat more exclusively of her literary tastes. In the four following letters, which were written at this happy period, it will be seen how highly she valued him as a man and as a friend; nor will her little pleasantry about the bridal gift be misunderstood—to my thinking, the difference between the poet of daily life, and the poetess of romance and sentiment, could hardly be shown better than in this anecdote. The second letter is more personal than I should have liked to print were the truths it contains one iota less valuable and less nobly expressed.

* "Dove Nest, near Ambleside.

"I have too long left unacknowledged your letter, but the wicked world does so continue to persecute me with notes and parcels and despatches, that even here I cannot find half the leisure you would imagine. Yesterday, I had three visiting cards, upon which I look with a fearful and boding eye, left at my house, whilst I was sitting in the innocence of my heart, thinking no harm, by the side of the lake—imagine, visiting cards at Dove's Nest! Robinson Crusoe's dismay on seeing the print of the man's foot in the sand, could have been nothing, absolutely nothing to mine, when these evil tokens of 'young ladies with pink parasols,' met my distracted sight on my return from the shore. *En revanche*, however, I

have just received the most exquisite letter ever indited by the pen of man, from an American, who, being an inhabitant of No. — Philadelphia, is certainly not like to trouble me with any thing more than his 'spiritual attachment,' as Mr. — of — is pleased to call it. He, that is, my American, must certainly be not the 'walking-stick,' but the very 'leaping-pole' of 'friendship.' Pray read, mark, learn, and promulgate, for the benefit of the family, the following delectable passage: 'How often have I sung some touching stanza of your own, as I rode on horseback of a Saturday evening, from the village academy to my home, a little out of town; and saw, through the waving cedars and pines, the back roof and the open door of some pleasant wigwam, where the young comely maidens were making their curious baskets, or wampum-belts, and singing their To-gas-a-wana, or evening song! How often have I murmured 'Bring Flowers,' or the 'Voice of Spring,' as thus I pensively pondered along! How often have I stood on the shores of the Cayuga and the Seneca, the Oneida and the Skanateles, and called to mind the sweetness of your strains.' I see you are enchanted, my dear —, but this is not all: 'the lowliest of my admirers,' as the amiable youth entitles himself, begs permission to be, for once, my 'cordonnier,' and is about to send me a pair of Indian mocassins, with 'my illustrious name interwoven in the buckskin of which they are composed, with wampum beads.' If I receive this precious gift before I return to Liverpool, I shall positively make my appearance *en square*, the very first evening I come to — street; and pray tell — that with these mocassins, and a blanket to correspond, I shall certainly be able to defy all the rigours of the ensuing winter. I am much disappointed to find, that there is no prospect of your visiting this lovely country—there is balm in the very stillness of the spot I have chosen. The 'majestic silence' of these lakes, perfectly soundless and waveless as they are, except when troubled by the wind, is to me most impressive. O! what a poor thing is society in the presence of skies and waters and everlasting hills!"

"Dove Nest, Ambleside.

"I am sure you will believe that I have read your letter with a full and most sincere participation in the varied feelings it expresses. As for your imps! poor dear little things! so great is my compassion for them, that I, even I, would at this moment of tender feeling, willingly uncork them all, though I believe the consequences would be little less awful than those of untying the bag of winds. But to speak more seriously,

Let nought prevail against you to disturb
Your cheerful faith.

You will not be 'cribbed and cabined' by the influence of your daily toils; no, you will rise from them, as all minds gifted for worthier things have risen, with a fresh and buoyant joy, into a world where they cannot enter. Tell me one instance of a generous spirit which has sunk under the mere necessity for steadfast and manly exertion;—many, many, I believe, have been lost and bewildered for want of having this clear path marked out to them. I am convinced that you will be all the better for having *your* track so defined, and for knowing when and where you may turn aside from it to gather flowers upon which no soil of earthiness will have fallen. I could not write thus, if I thought that one precious gift of mind was to be sacrificed to the employment upon which you have entered. You know that I believe you to be endowed with powers for the attainment of excellence; and where such powers do exist, I also believe them to be unconquerable. How very gravely I have written! If you were sitting here beside me, I could hardly have spoken so; but I really have only wished to cheer and comfort

you, and I know you will not let me be proved a false prophetess. However, I think there is but little danger, and that, with the prospect of immediately commencing — and —, besides about fifty pretty little *entremets*, of which I know nothing, the poor imps may take comfort in their bottles on the mantel-piece, while the ‘fish do their duty’ in the frying-pan below. * * *

“I wish you were near me just at present. I am going out upon the lake with only the boys, and if our united giddiness does not get us into some difficulty or other, it will be marvellous. To be sure I shall keep the precious *moccasin* letter—it will be the very key-stone of our edifice. Do you know, that I was actually found out in my nest here last night, by a party of American travellers.—O words of fear! and they came and stayed all the evening with me, and I was obliged to play ‘*l’amabile*, and to receive compliments, &c. &c.—here, even here, on the very edge of Winandemere. In other respects, I am leading the most primitive life. We literally ‘take no note of time,’ as there happens to be no clock in the house. To be sure we get an *elemosynary pinch of time* now and then, (as one might a pinch of snuff,) when any one happens to call with a watch, but that is a rare event. I believe I shall have to trouble you and — to make me up a parcel before long. Mr. Wordsworth wishes to read a little of Schiller with me, and he is not to be had at Ambleside; and I want some chocolate, and that cannot be had at Ambleside; and a black silk spencer, after many ‘moving accidents by field and flood,’ wants a *rifaccimento*, neither can that be had at the all-needing Ambleside; but I believe I must write the affecting particulars to —.”

“Dove Nest.

“My Dear —, I must frankly own that it is my necessities which impel me so soon to address you again. From the various dilapidations, which my wardrobe has endured, since I came into this country, I am daily assuming more and more of the appearance of a ‘decayed gentlewoman,’ and if you could behold me in a certain black gown which came with me in all the freshness of youth, your tender heart would be melted with fearful compassion. The ebony bloom of the said dress is departed for ever; the waters of Winandemere (thrown up by oars in unskilful hands) have splashed and dashed over it; the rains of Rydal have soaked it; the winds from Helm Crag have wrinkled it, and it is altogether somewhat in the state of

Violets plucked, which sweetest showers
May ne’er make grow again.

Will you, therefore, be so kind as to send me as soon as possible, the material for this *rifaccimento*. * * * Imagine, my dear —, a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth, to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet’s daughter, too! You will be thinking of a brooch in the form of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaped aigrette; or a Forget-me-not ring, or some ‘such small gear.’ Nothing of the sort—but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-looking—pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room! ‘For you must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,’ added he gravely, ‘how necessary it is for every lady to see things weighed herself!’ *Poveretta* me!—I looked as good as I could, and, happily for me, the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion, derogatory to my notability of character, has yet flashed upon the mighty master’s mind; indeed, I told him that I looked upon scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand. Tell — that I am going to revisit Corriston on Saturday, driven by the same straw-hatted and green-ribanded old bachelor, whom I before described to him. If there be many beautiful lights and shadows upon the hills, I shall certainly die of ecstasy—not my own, but my companion’s; for the strange crea-

ture greets every sunbeam with an absolute scream of rapture. I wonder his horses do not take fright, and rush, with him and his ‘violent delights,’ down some of the *ghylla* or *scars* of the mountain.”

“Rydal Mount.

“I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-land; all is here so brightly still, so remote from everyday cares and tumults that I sometimes can scarcely persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be ‘the light of common day’ that is clothing the woody mountain before me, there is something almost *visionary* in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration when it can be freely poured forth! ‘There is a daily beauty in his life,’ which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed it and felt it. He gives me a great deal of his society; reads to me, walks with me, leads my poney when I ride, and I begin to talk with him quite as with a sort of paternal friend. The whole of this morning he kindly passed in reading to me; a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own ‘*Laodamia*,’ my favourite. ‘*Tintern Abbey*,’ and many of those noble sonnets which you, like myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but, to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, earnest in expression, more than any I have ever heard; when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep and rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and to belong to the religion of the place, they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical—for instance, ‘I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains, for all the blue skies of Italy.’ Yesterday evening he walked beside me as I rode on a long and lovely mountain-path, high above Grasmere Lake. I was much interested by his showing me, carved deep into a rock, as we passed, the initials of his wife’s name, inscribed there many years ago by himself, and the dear old man, like ‘Old Mortality,’ renews them from time to time. I could scarcely help exclaiming ‘*Esto perpetua*!’”

I shall conclude my notice for the present with a few more extracts from the livelier letters of my friend—feeling how delightfully they supersede, in the present case, the necessity of elaborate character-drawing, or the “twice-told tale” of anecdote. They are chiefly fragments of notes, written in the humour of the moment, to those with whom she shared every passing emotion.

“I hope I shall soon be well enough to pay a visit; I really mean to try if I can take a little care of myself, (though I do think it requires a natural genius for it,) because, having no kind brother to nurse me, I have made the brilliant discovery that there is no pleasure at all in being ill alone; indeed it is very desolate; to me, so strangely desolate, that ‘sorrow takes new sadness from surprise;’ but I will not speak about such things. I send you an American annual to look at, which I received a few days ago, and in which you cannot be more surprised to see some forgeries of mine, on the use of the word *Barb*, than I was to see them there. It quite perplexed me, until I found out that a friend, in this neighbourhood, had given Professor Norton a copy of what I had almost forgotten, during his visit to Liverpool. He has told the story in the prettiest way for me, but to you I shall confess the whole wicked truth. It was neither more nor less than a mystification, practised upon a very well-meaning gentleman, (though somewhat *earthly*,) who, in the innocence of his heart, called upon me two or three years ago, and asked if I could help him to some authori-

ties in the old English writers, for the use of the word *Barb*, as a steed. I promised my assistance, (I believe he had a wager depending upon it,) and actually I imposed upon his trusting nature all that sheet of forgeries with which 'the much enduring man,' enchanted by his sudden acquisition of learning, went about rejoicing (I really marvel how I had the heart) until some one-eyed person, among the blind, awakened him from his state of ignorance and bliss.

"I have been very ill-used, in several ways, since I saw you. Here is a great book on phrenology, which a gentleman has just sent me, and expects that I shall read! People really do take me for a sort of literary *ogress* I think, or something like a sailor's definition of an epicure — 'a person that can eat *any thing*.' To be sure I did very much aggravate the phrenologist lately, by laughing at the whole *scullery* science and its votaries, so I suppose this is his revenge: and imagine, some of my American friends having actually sent me several copies of a tract, audaciously calling itself 'A sermon on *small sins*.' Did you ever know any thing so scurrilous and personal? 'Small sins to me, who am very little better than a grown-up Rosamond, (Miss Edgeworth's naughty girl, you know,) who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early, break my needles (when I use any), leave my keys among my necklaces, answer all my amusing letters first, and leave the others to their fate, and, in short, regularly commit small sins enough every day to roll up into one great, immense, *frightful* one at the end of it! Now, have I *not* been ill, *very* ill-used, as I said?"

* "I am sure you will be glad to hear, my dear —, that I was not at all worse for the flight out of doors, I took with you, though I have not since been able to repeat it. I bear long being shut up in the house, about as ill as a gipsy or a wild Arab would. Did it ever strike you how much lighter sorrows and 'pining cares' become out in the free air, and under the blue sky, than 'beneath a smoky roof,' as the sea-kings of old used to say? I wish you would fix an evening to come here—I believe a moon was the requisite you mentioned when I last spoke of your coming—and I am sure there is a moon, for she looks in at my window every night, and keeps me awake with her cold bright eyes, which, I scarcely know why, always seem to speak of the past."

The next fragment refers to a visit she paid to the amphitheatre—the Astley's of Liverpool—seduced thither by the temptation of Ducrow's "Grecoian Statues."

"Oh! the horrors of the circus!—the orange-peel, the cigar-smoke, the shouts, screams, groans and hisses, and other playful eccentricities of the pensive public! We sat, *two* of the party at least, with a superb disgust enthroned on our regal brows, and looking most resolutely away from the stage. But now I bethink myself, there was a certain tranquil assumption of superiority in your talking of sitting at home quietly, (and *elegantly*, doubtless,) which is not to be countenanced. You will please to consider the above as a mere mystification. The evening was delightful—the clown altogether a 'creature of the elements'—the public might have been an audience of 'gentle readers'—I was enchanted, and my attendant cavalier in a state of beatitude."

"You paid me the compliment yesterday evening, of saying that you often remembered things which I said, longer than I did myself; pray do not extend the distinction to all the perversities which I must have uttered during those few hours; I rather think I was in the most capricious of moods, and that if I could have summoned the wings I so often wish, they would have been of a thousand and one colours. The reason, I believe, was,

that choosing to have a little solitude to complain of, I had not thought proper to see any one for three days, so you were the first recipient of all the strange fancies and feelings which had been floating about me during that long time. Well, I will be very good and gentle on Tuesday evening, and try to realise the title of a book once inflicted upon my juvenile days by the heads of the family, and called 'The Exemplary Matron,'—a 'wearisome' woman! I then thought the good lady was, but I now believe she would be a very suitable model for me. In which good faith (I am afraid it will be truly faith, and not works,) believe me, ever yours,—F. H."

I shall once again return to my subject—to speak of Mrs. Hemans' literary tastes and habits, with further passages from her letters, as characteristic, though in somewhat a different vein, as those I have here given. H. F. C.

From Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

THE AUTHOR OF LACON.

We extract this account of a well known character from a new and highly respectable magazine, called the "Literary Union." It would not have appeared in these pages (nor assuredly in those of our authority) had any thing like scandal attached to it; but Mr. Colton persisted in making his own want of sympathy so public, appears to have been so unconnected with any one who could feel in pain for his memory, and indeed must be looked upon as so manifest a specimen of a clever lunatic, originally defective in his nature, and therefore a subject rather for the physiologist than the preacher, (unless the latter preached a little more physiology, which would not be amiss,) that with this caveat against misconception, we can have no hesitation in adding him to our list of "Romances." It may be as well to add, that clever as he was, his talents have been highly overrated. He got a little more head-knowledge than ordinary, by dint of not caring where he went for it, or what he did; but for the same reason, he was totally deficient in profundity and real wisdom. His best thoughts are from others; and his cleverest trick was his having a style that made them pass for his own—a style, however, betraying its trickery. See his regular set out of *ables* in the bit of sophistry about suicide. The poor man was absolutely turning a sentence, while meditating his last act of self-reference and egotism, though in the shape of a tragedy. "When life is unbearable (says he), death is desirable, and suicide justifiable;" and so poor, clever, flaring, silly fellow! he goes off, like a man on the stage, with a fine line in his mouth, and thinks he will have made a profound sensation on us. But life is seldom unbearable, except by want of imagination and an outrageous egotism; and suicide, to be justifiable, except in the eyes of melancholy charity, should be preceded by nothing that renders it formidable to the survivors, or avoidable by medicine, or by patience.

"It was in the year 1826, if memory serves, (says the writer in the 'Literary Union,') that we first saw the Rev. C. Colton in Paris; he had then just arrived from America, sported a splendid cab and tiger, and lived in dashing style.

He derived his means from certain visits to *Frescati's* gaming-house, and No. 113 *Palais Royal*, whence he usually returned laden with gold. He played upon system, and the fame of his plan reaching England, two speculators with plenty of cash, (whose names it were well not to mention,) were tempted to leave London for Paris, and adopt his mode of play. A short time after their arrival, Colton joined them—an arrangement having been made that they should find cash, and he science—and he was then to be met with at the *Salon-au-dessus du Café Anglais*, corner of the *Place des Italiens*, every evening; fortune favoured him for some years, and all went merrily; but, during this period, which was his meridian, we never saw one generous or praiseworthy action, never met with a recorded trait of charity or goodness; avarice was his ruling passion, and to gratify this he would stick at nothing. About this time, not content with the rapidity with which he gained money at the table, the thought took possession of him that he was a first rate judge of pictures, and with his dominant idea in view, that of duping others in the re-sale, he purchased a great number; but, as Colton discovered to his cost, this is a trade that requires some apprenticeship; he was imposed upon in every way, and paintings for which he had paid as much as 150,000 francs, scarcely produced, after his death, as many centimes. Fortune now began to turn tail at the table, and Colton found it was much easier to talk of breaking the bank, as he had so often boasted he could do by his system, than to effect it. He fell as rapidly as he had risen; he had saved no money—few do who live by chance; they put implicit faith in the fickle goddess, and fancy she is never to desert them—so that his distress was great in the extreme. Without other resource, (for having no money, the table was closed to him,) he adopted the singular expedient of advertising in *Galignani's Journal*, that a clerical gentleman was willing, for a certain sum, to teach an unfailing method by which the bank might be broken at *Rouge et Noir*: like the alchemist of old, who was willing, nay desirous, to sell for a trifle the means of making gold in quantities unlimited. There are always gulls to be found when a clever rascal will give himself the trouble to seek for them; the bait took, and for some little time Colton lived well upon the flats thus caught. At every opportunity he would venture to his old haunts with the trifle he could spare, nay, sometimes with that which he could not, and occasionally would have a run of luck; we used then to meet him at 'Poole's,' an English tavern, in the *Rue Favart*, near the *Boulevard Italien*, in all the pomp and pride of worn-out velvet, mock jewelry, and dirty hands; on these occasions, when the sunshine of circumstance had, for an instant, dispelled the fogs usually enveloping him, his conversation was sparkling and delightful, and his arrival was hailed as the promise of amusement. Colton possessed a most retentive memory, as his *Lacon*—which is perhaps more remarkable for the terseness of style, in which an amazing number of the opinions of others are expressed, than for any great originality or depth of thought—will abund-

antly testify; he had a smattering of most of the sciences, and an amazing fund of amusing anecdote. To a stranger—more especially if unlearned, for this would insure from him an elaborate display—he must have appeared a man of immense and varied talent, (he loved to be a lion, and thus unrestrainedly to rule the roast,) but when in the company of really scientific men, men who had drunk deeply where he had only sipped, his consequence was considerably lessened. Arrogance and conceit often drew from him off-hand opinions upon subjects of which he knew but little; and his pride compelled him to maintain them to the last, however absurd, however wrong; but if his adversary proved too powerful for him, he would suddenly quit the field for his strong-hold, anecdote, carry off the laugh on his side, and thus rid himself of what he termed, with strange blindness, 'the d—st bore in life—an obstinate man'; this, however, would not always succeed; and we well remember him, among other instances, to have been roughly handled and exposed by Mr. Charles M—n, a young man of talent, (related to one of the most eminent performers of the day) who failed as an actor, some few seasons past, in London.

"Colton's appearance was singular in the extreme; he painted his cheeks, and was usually bedecked with mock jewels and gilded chains. With his pockets filled with eatables, a market basket in his hand, crammed with vegetables, fish, &c., most incongruously, and an octavo volume of some fashionable work under his arm, he might be sometimes met walking the streets of Paris, the very picture of eccentricity, nearly of madness. Thus equipped, he one morning called in at Mr. T—r's, a noted *Patissier*, in the *Rue St. Honoré*: 'I say T—r, I have called to give you a good recipe for curing hams: my mother has just now sent me some over, which I shall cure myself; and damme, sir, they shall beat your Strasburghs to H—l.' He did cure them himself, and invited some of his friends to meet him at Poole's to taste; as might have been expected, however, the moment he entered the room with his basket on his arm, containing the precious *morceaux*, all were convinced of the failure of his recipe; the odour was intolerable, but this, with unyielding gravity, he argued, proceeded merely from the substitution of brown sugar for treacle: from treacle he went to metaphysics; and, being somewhat humbled by the previous event, never were we better pleased with his society than on that evening.

"At this period of his career, Colton had for hanger-on, or rather associate in his projects for raising the wind, one H—n, a well educated man of good family, but bad principles; pupils in the occult science were becoming rare, and he now endeavoured to obtain a living by a series of begging letters. Colton forged the darts, and H—n launched them. Every person of wealth resident in Paris, or stranger visiting it, was waited upon by H—n; and the plea of an unfortunate divine, in embarrassed circumstances, a broken down author, or a distressed widower with six children, as the case might be, produced for some time a supply of cash. Colton, of course,

would never allow that he derived any benefit from this proceeding; it was for his poor friend, his protégé, H—n; and he was thus enabled to plead, with all his eloquence, in H.'s behalf, and so increase the share which was to go into his own pocket. He did not, however, confine himself to this; and one example of his mode of proceeding may not be uninteresting:—A young Englishman, D—, with more money than wit, arrived at Paris, and was introduced to Dr. Colton, as he was sometimes called in common parlance, by one B—, from whom we have the trait; and, proud of having formed an acquaintance with the noted author of 'Lacon,' he feasted and fêted him to his heart's content. Colton finding money was plentiful, began to interest D— in behalf of his poor friend H—n, and succeeded in raising within his breast, a desire to serve him. One day, after dining together at *Vefour's*, they retired to the *Café de l'Univers*, one of Colton's usual resorts; while ascending the staircase, Colton drew from his pocket a large brooch, showed it to D—, said it was the property of a gentleman in distress, who wished to dispose of it, and managed to let him guess that this gentleman was H—n; and then regretted it was not within his means to purchase so valuable a stone as that, which he termed a Brazilian diamond, and said that for the first time in his life he envied D— the means he possessed of doing good. This was attacking him in the right place; D— bought the jewel, gave him the price he asked, 175 francs, and then politely presented it to Mr. Colton, as a token of his friendship. This same brooch Colton had repeatedly displayed at Poole's, previous to the above transaction, and did so many times afterwards, always declaring it to be worth some hundreds of pounds—this was generally believed; but after his death, when the few miserable remnants of his property were sold by auction, it was bought by Mr. T—r, before mentioned, for the astounding sum of two shillings and eleven pence, English money!!

"These schemes, however, would not last for ever, and Colton gradually fell lower and lower. B—d, the celebrated horse dealer, was now his constant companion, and together they dragged out a miserable existence in the *Faubourg St. Germain*; it could hardly be said they lived: occasionally Colton would visit Poole's, bringing with him his scanty pittance, usually accompanied by a jug of milk; and his appearance at this time was miserable indeed. Colton had strong prejudices, more especially with respect to his own country; 'd—n France, d—n Frenchmen, and d—n their very dogs,' he would often say—alas! he had good reason to abuse their dogs; one unlucky evening, we shall never forget it, poor Colton entered Poole's,—'H—l take France, dogs and all.'—'What is the matter, Parson?'—'Why, gentlemen, an infernal dog has followed me this last half hour, snapping continually at my pocket; there was no driving him away: at last he made a nibble and with success, for, in throwing him off, the thief bolted with the skirt of my coat, containing my supper.' It was not to be wondered at; his pocket, which had been

the repository of many similar loads, was so saturated with grease, that it must have proved a most tempting bait to a hungry dog. That evening he was doomed to be unfortunate, for, scarcely had he placed his milk between his feet upon the floor—its usual situation—than, forgetting in the heat of conversation to secure it, a dog upset the can, and when Colton remembered his milk, his four-footed friend was revelling in that, which to him was a disaster.

"Colton had been afflicted for many years with a violent disease, for which he was several times operated upon, and his sufferings had been so dreadful, that we have little doubt his intellect was affected by them; whether this was so or not, when the cholera raged so dreadfully in Paris, he fled in the utmost alarm to Fontainebleau to avoid it, and there, as a novel method of avoiding contagion, and radically curing the disease with which he was tormented, he blew out his brains. Previous to the fatal act, strange, wayward being that he was, he made a will, by which he left property he did not possess to a Mr. G., one of his associates; and upon a *secretaire* in the room was found this apothegm, the last he ever wrote: 'When life is unbearable, death is desirable, and suicide justifiable,' thus contradicting in his last moments, both by word and deed, what he had previously printed in 'Lacon;' where he says, speaking of a gamester, that 'If he die a martyr to his profession, he is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven!'"

Very good people have committed suicide, owing to some access of frenzy, acting upon a morbid temperament, or to the "last feather that breaks the horse's back;" but self-slaughter is so unnatural, that in general a certain violence, and hardness of character, are necessary to enable a man to go through it. Strong will in his own purposes, and little sympathy with other people, except inasmuch as they bend to it, will, in most instances, be found at the bottom of a suicide's character.

From the Printing Machine.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Criminal Trials. Vol. II. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Parts 53 and 54.) Pp. 416.

This new volume of Mr. Jardine's interesting and able work—unquestionably one of the most valuable contributions that have been lately made to English history—is entirely occupied with one of the most famous transactions in our annals, 'The Gunpowder Plot.' Not only from the extent and fulness of the narrative, and the great pains that have been bestowed in investigating and weighing the facts and evidence, but, from the large quantity of hitherto unpublished matter which it contains, the present account of that affair must supersede every other that has yet appeared; and, indeed, the extraordinary opportunities which the author has enjoyed of access not only to the state paper office, and the other depositories of information under the control of the

government, but to documents in the hands of private individuals, together with the great diligence with which he has manifestly pursued his researches, make it extremely improbable that any more complete work upon the subject will be soon produced.

The source, he states in his preface, from which his chief materials have been drawn, is the collection of original documents respecting the plot, at the state paper office, arranged and indexed some years ago by Mr. Lawson. These documents contain a large proportion of the depositions of more than five hundred witnesses and real or supposed confederates, which were taken during an enquiry of nearly six months by the commissioners of the privy council, together with numerous cotemporary letters and papers. Although partial extracts from this large mass of evidence have been published at different times, the whole has never till now been digested and arranged into a connected narrative. Other documents that are here printed, have been obtained from the *Baga de Secretis*, preserved in the crown office. "The *Baga de Secretis*," says Mr. Jardine, "is a depository for records of attainders, convictions, and other matters, chiefly relating to the title of the crown to forfeited lands. From ancient usage, the most scrupulous care has always been observed in the custody of these records; the bag (which is in reality a large press, filled with records) being secured by three separate locks, the keys of which are separately kept by the lord chief justice, the attorney-general and the custos brevium, and being never in practice opened without the concurrent authority of these officers. In consequence of this extreme caution in the custody of records supposed to affect the revenues of the crown, permission has rarely been granted to open the *Baga de Secretis*, and consequently its contents have never been used for historical purposes." The Bodleian library has also been ransacked, and has supplied some documents that are missing in the collections preserved in the public offices. Among the private manuscripts which have been used, one, from which some of the most interesting details have been taken, is the relation by Father Greenway, in the possession of Dr. Lingard, by whom it has been much referred to in his history of England. This narrative (the object of which is to exculpate Greenway and his brother Jesuit, Garnet, from the charge of having been among the number of the conspirators) is in the Italian language, but is evidently a translation from an English original. Another of the authorities of this description has a curious history.

"Much information," says the author, "respecting the family connections of the conspirators, and the domestic history of the catholics shortly before the period of the gunpowder plot, has been derived from a mass of papers lately discovered in a singular manner at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. In the early part of the year 1832, on the removal of a lintel over an ancient doorway in the old mansion of the Treshams, at Rushton, a handsomely bound breviary fell out upon the workmen. On further search, an opening was discovered in a thick stone wall, of about five feet long and fourteen or fifteen inches wide, almost filled with bundles of manuscripts, and containing about twenty catholic books in excellent preservation. The contents of the manuscripts were various;

consisting of historical notes by Sir Thomas Tresham, rolled up with building bills, deeds, and farming contracts, of no interest and importance, and also of a portion of the domestic correspondence of the Tresham family between the years 1590 and 1605. The paper of the latest date is a memorandum, without a signature, of certain bonds, therein stated to have been delivered up to Mrs. Tresham on the 28th of November, 1605, by the writer of the memorandum. In all probability, therefore, this was about the period when these books and papers were enclosed. Sir Thomas Tresham died in September, 1605, and his estates upon that event descended to Francis Tresham, his eldest son, the conspirator in the gunpowder plot. Upon his apprehension, which took place on the 14th of November, it is natural to suppose that his papers at Rushton would be destroyed or concealed by his friends. From the almost total absence of letters of a political tendency amongst the papers thus discovered, it is probable that all such were destroyed. By the liberality of Mr. Hope, the present proprietor of Rushton, we have been favoured with a perusal of these papers; and though there is nothing among them specifically relating to the gunpowder plot, they contain much valuable information upon the condition and domestic history of the catholics at that period, their expectations from James I., and their grievous disappointment on his accession; and they throw great light upon the causes which led to the conspiracy."

Having thus introduced the Tresham family to the reader's acquaintance, we may as well begin our extracts from the body of the work with an interesting passage relating to the father of the conspirator, who appears to have been a character of a very different mould and metal from his son. It occurs near the commencement of the work, in the course of a very striking exposition of the oppression endured by the catholics in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

"Sir Thomas Tresham, the father of Francis Tresham, one of the most conspicuous characters in the gunpowder treason, belonged to a family who, from very early times, had possessed a princely estate in Northamptonshire. On the restoration of the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem by Queen Mary, his grandfather had been made lord-prior of that order. Sir Thomas Tresham himself was originally a protestant, and was knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1577; three years afterwards, when the first missionary priests came into England, he was converted by Campion and Parsons to the catholic faith, and reconciled to the church of Rome.* From the time of his conversion until his death, in 1605, he was constantly the subject of persecution. Shortly after Campion's apprehension in 1580, he was arrested and sent to the fleet on suspicion of having harboured the missionaries; on his refusal to swear before the council that Campion had not been at his house, he was prosecuted in the star-chamber, together with Lord Vaux, Sir William Catesby, and several other catholics, and sentenced by the court to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned in the fleet until he swore as required by the council. Under this sentence Sir Thomas Tresham languished in close imprisonment for several years. He was afterwards repeatedly imprisoned, on the ground of his religion, in the fleet and at Banbury castle, for long periods of time, and also at Ely, which he terms, in some of his letters, his 'familiar prison.'† It appears also from the receipts at the exchequer, that for more than twenty years he constantly paid 260*l.* per annum into the treasury, being the statutory penalty of 20*l.* per lunar month

* More's *Historia Societatis Jesu*, p. 74.

† Rushton papers. See note in page 54.

for recumency.* In a letter of his, dated the 7th of October, 1604, he says that 'he had undergone full twenty-four years' term of restless adversity and deep disgrace, only for testimony of his conscience.' The resolute devotion of the old man to his religion appears from a letter to Lord Henry Howard, in July, 1603, in which he says, that 'he has now completed his triple apprenticeship of one and twenty years in direst adversity, and that he should be content to serve a like long apprenticeship to prevent the foregoing of his beloved, beautiful, and graceful Rachel; for it seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her.'†

In negotiations with the catholic leaders before he came to the throne, and even for a short period after his accession, James perfidiously encouraged the hopes of the catholics, that the new reign would bring them a new era. Mr. Jardine has completely established this charge. By the summer of 1604, however, the true character and intention of the royal promises became evident; and at this period the author conceives that "the design of blowing up the house of lords with gunpowder, at the opening of parliament, and thus destroying, at a single blow, the king, the lords, and the commons, first presented itself to the mind of Robert Catesby." The gradual introduction into the dark project of the other conspirators is then minutely traced. The following is part of the notice of the individual of the number who has gained the greatest popular notoriety:—

"Guido, or Guy Fawkes, whose name has been more generally associated with this plot than that of any of the other conspirators, in consequence of the prominent part he undertook in the execution of it, was a gentleman of good family and respectable parentage in Yorkshire. His father, Edward Fawkes, was a notary at York, and held the office of registrar and advocate of the consistory court of the cathedral church there. He died in 1558, leaving a large family. Of the education and early history of Guy Fawkes nothing is known; but having spent the little property he derived from his father, he enlisted as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was present at the taking of Calais by the Archduke Albert, in 1598. He was well known to the English catholics, and had been despatched by Sir William Stanley and Owen, from Flanders, to join Christopher Wright on his embassy to Philip II., immediately after Queen Elizabeth's death. Father Greenway, who knew all the conspirators intimately, describes him as 'a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances.' His society is stated, by the same authority, to have been 'sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue.' If this account of his character is correct, we are to look upon this man, not according to the popular notion, as a mercenary ruffian, ready for hire to perform the chief part in any tragedy of blood, but as an enthusiast, whose understanding had been distorted by superstition, and in whom fanaticism had conquered the better feelings of nature. His conduct after the discovery of the plot, is quite consistent with the character of a fanatic."

The narrative of the progress of the operations which follows, forms a tale of deep and fearful interest. Every thing at this time conspired to

throw the English catholics into utter despair. The persecution of the government was becoming more active and unsparing every day, and the treaty of peace concluded in the autumn of 1604 with Spain, in which that power, upon whose influence and exertions great expectations had rested, had abandoned their cause almost without making an effort in their behalf, took from them their last hope. In May, (as appears from the original agreement, dated the 24th of that month, which is preserved in the state paper office,) a house next to the parliament house, which was occupied by one Ferris, as tenant to Winneard, the keeper of the king's wardrobe, was taken in the name of Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators. The design was to drive a mine from this house through the wall of the parliament house, and in that way to place a large quantity of gunpowder immediately under the house of lords. Fawkes, who was not known in London, was to keep possession of the house, under the assumed name of Johnson, as Percy's servant. Parliament, in the mean time, had been adjourned till the 7th of February, 1605; and the conspirators, the better to prevent suspicion, separated and went to the country. Soon after, however, another house was taken at Lambeth, at which the powder might be collected in small quantities at a time, and afterwards removed by night to the house at Westminster. The custody of this house was given to a person of the name of Robert Keyes, after he had been sworn, and received as an associate in the plot. About the end of October, the conspirators again met in London; and it was now determined to proceed at once with the mine. But although a large quantity of powder had been already collected, they were obliged to defer the commencement of their operations by a singular incident. It was found that the parliamentary commissioners for arranging the union then proposed between England and Scotland, had appointed to hold their meetings in the house taken by Percy. It was therefore agreed to wait for another month. The narrative then proceeds:—

"Catesby and his confederates assembled together in London, according to their previous arrangement, about the 11th of December, at which time the conspirators, with the exception of Keyes, who remained at first at Lambeth, entered the house late at night. They had provided themselves with tools fit for making their excavation, and had taken with them a quantity of hard eggs, baked meats, and pastries, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by going frequently abroad for provisions. They began their work immediately by carrying a mine up to the stone wall which separated the house in which they were from the parliament house; this wall proved to be three yards in thickness, and finding their undertaking to be one of much greater labour and difficulty than they had anticipated, they first sent for Keyes from Lambeth, and then enlisted into their party Christopher, a younger brother of John Wright, to assist at the work. 'All which seven,' says Fawkes,* 'were gentlemen of name and blood; and not any was employed in or about this action, (no, not so much as in digging and mining,) that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought, I stood as sentinel to descry any man that came near;

* Lansdowne MSS. No. 153, p. 126.

† Rushton papers.

* Fawkes' examination, 8th November.—State paper office.

and when any man came near the place, upon warning given by me, they ceased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.' All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden behind the house, and at night they removed it from the building into the garden, spreading it abroad, and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner these determined men worked without intermission until Christmas-eve; and during the whole of that time, not one of them showed himself in the upper part of the house, or was ever seen by the neighbours or passengers, excepting Fawkes, who was supposed to be keeping the house for his master Percy. Their principal reason for keeping close was to avoid raising a suspicion (which, if so many notorious Catholics had been observed resorting to one house, would naturally have occurred) that they assembled there for religious purposes; and in that case, a diligent search might have been instituted for the priest, which would at once have discovered the scheme."

While they were thus at work, the parliament was again suddenly prorogued to the 3d of October. On this they agreed to suspend their labours till after the Christmas holidays. Having met again at the time appointed, they had succeeded by the beginning of February, in piercing about half through the stone wall.

"Father Greenway," proceeds the author, "observes that 'it seemed almost incredible that men of their quality, accustomed to live in ease and delicacy, could have undergone such severe labour; and especially that, in a few weeks, they should have effected much more than as many workmen would have done, who had been all their lives in the habit of gaining their daily bread by their labour.' In particular, he remarks that, 'it was wonderful how Percy and Catesby, who were unusually tall men, could endure for so long a time the intense fatigue of working day and night in the stooping posture, which was rendered necessary by the straitness of the place.' Greenway also relates an incident which occurred while they were at work, and which is perhaps worth repeating, as an instance of the gross superstition of the times, and also as evincing the workings of conscience on the minds of the conspirators as they proceeded with their design. They were one day surprised by the sound of the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the parliament house; all suspended their labour, and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above; the tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound instantly ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more."

It was soon after this that, one morning while at work, they suddenly heard a rushing noise in a cellar, nearly above their heads. They at first thought that they had been discovered; but it turned out that the noise was occasioned by a person of the name of Bright, to whom the cellar belonged, selling off his coals, in order to remove. This cellar was found to be immediately under the house of lords; and the conspirators now determined to abandon their mine, and hiring the cellar in Percy's name, at once to deposit their

gunpowder here. Accordingly, about twenty barrels were immediately brought from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar, which was then locked up. This was about the beginning of May.

The parliament was afterwards once more prorogued till the 5th of November. As that day approached, the conspirators held frequent consultations for the final arrangement of their plans. Among other things, it was determined upon "that Fawkes, as a man of approved courage and of experience in emergencies, should be entrusted to set fire to the mine. This he was to do by means of a slow burning match, which would allow him full a quarter of an hour for his escape before the explosion took place. He was instantly to embark on board a vessel in the river, and to proceed to Flanders with the intelligence of what had been done."

A matter which from the first had given rise to much difference of opinion among the conspirators, was the arrangement of means by which certain persons should be saved from the intended destruction. They could neither agree upon who those persons should be, nor upon the plan that should be adopted to give them warning of the danger.

"In his own mind, Catesby had probably little compunction on this point, as he was heard to declare that, 'he made account of the nobility as of atheists, fools, and cowards, and that lusty bodies would be better for the commonwealth than they.'* In order, however, to allay the anxieties of those who had relations and friends in this dangerous predicament, he assured them that he had already ascertained that several of the Catholic peers would not be present at the meeting of parliament; that he had spoken with Lord Montague, and had persuaded him to make suit to be absent from the parliament altogether, on the ground that his single voice would not avail against the making of more penal laws against the Catholics; with respect to Lord Mordaunt, he declared that, 'he would not for the chamber full of diamonds acquaint him with the secret, for that he knew that he could not keep it;† but that he was assured that his lordship would not take his seat until the middle of the parliament, because he objected to sitting in his robes in the parliament house while the king was at church. He also declared that he had good reason to believe that Lord Stourton would not come to town till the Friday after the meeting of parliament. He further assured them that he wished, as much as they could do, that 'all the nobles that were Catholics might be preserved, and that tricks should be put upon them to that end;‡ but, said he, 'with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.'"

Every body is aware of the manner in which the conspiracy is said to have been detected, by means of an anonymous letter received by Lord Monteagle at his mansion at Hoxton, on Saturday, the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of parliament. Mr. Jardine's examination of this part of the story is in the highest degree curious and interesting; but it is impossible for

* Keyes' examination, 30th November, 1605.—State paper office.

† Keyes' examination, 30th November, 1605.—State paper office.

‡ Keyes' examination, *ubi supra*.

us to attempt to follow him even in the most meagre abstract. He shows it to be extremely probable that the letter to Lord Montague was merely a feint to conceal the manner in which, and the individual by whom, the communication was really made to the government. That person, also, contrary to the common opinion of later writers, he all but proves, by an induction of numerous particulars, to have been Francis Tresham, the eldest son and heir of Sir Thomas Tresham already mentioned, who had been received among the number of the conspirators only a few weeks before. His motives appear to have been partly a desire to save his intimate friend and relation, Lord Montague, and other persons in whom he was interested, partly a strong misgiving as to the chance of success, and, in consequence of that, an eager anxiety to shake himself free from an enterprise, with which he regretted he had ever had any thing to do. He seems to have been of an infirm and pusillanimous character, and his fidelity had been suspected by some of his associates from the moment of his joining the confederacy.

That the detection might be the more complete, nothing was done to interrupt the proceedings of the conspirators till their scheme should be matured. At length, shortly before midnight, on the eve of the fifth of November, Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, accompanied by several assistants, having suddenly repaired to the spot, found Fawkes just leaving the house, and on proceeding to examine the cellar, discovered thirty-six barrels of powder, in casks and hogsheads, under a heap of billets. A dark lantern (still preserved in the Bodleian Library) was also found, with a light in it, in a corner behind the door, and a watch, with slow matches and touchwood, was taken from Fawkes, who was immediately bound and carried before the council at Whitehall.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Such of the council as slept at Whitehall were called, and the others who were in town summoned; and the doors and gates being secured, all assembled in the king's bedchamber. Fawkes was brought in and questioned. Undismayed by the suddenness of his apprehension, or by the circumstances of his nocturnal examination before the king and council, this resolute fanatic behaved with a Roman firmness of nerve, which filled the minds of all who were present with astonishment, and his cool audacity naturally suggested a comparison with the conduct of Mutius Scaevola when brought before King Porcenna. To the impatient and hurried questions which were put to him with some violence and passion, he answered calmly and firmly. He said that 'his name was John Johnson, and that he was a servant of Thomas Percy;' he further declared 'that when the king had come to the parliament house that day, and the upper house had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match, and fled for his own safety before the powder had taken fire; and that if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the upper house, when the king, lords, bishops, and others had been there.' Being asked if his purpose had taken effect, what would have been done with the queen's majesty and her royal issue, he replied that 'if they had been there he could not have helped them.' Being further asked who were party or privy to this conspiracy, he answered that 'he could not resolve to accuse any.'"

* John Johnson's examination, 5th November, 1605.—State-Paper Office.

Being asked by the king how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy;' and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scottish courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.*' After a great part of the night had been spent in examination, Fawkes was sent with a guard to the Tower; where for the present we leave him, in order to trace the fortunes of his companions.

"Immediately after Fawkes had given notice of the visit of the lord chamberlain and Lord Montague to the cellar, Catesby and John Wright fled; Percy and Christopher Wright waited till they ascertained that Fawkes was seized, and then left London; but Rookwood and Keyes, who dwelt in the same lodging, and whose persons were not known in London, determined to remain till they received more conclusive intelligence. On going abroad the next morning they perceived amazement and terror in the countenances of all they met; the news of Fawkes's apprehension, and exaggerated rumours of a frightful plot discovered, were spread in every direction; guards of soldiers were placed not only at the palace gates, but at all the streets and avenues in the neighbourhood, and no person was allowed to pass. Upon this, being convinced that all was known, they also determined to fly. Keyes went away from London immediately; but Rookwood, who had placed relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch, lingered to the last moment, in order that he might be able to convey to his confederates in Warwickshire the latest intelligence of what had taken place in London. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he also took horse and rode hastily away. About three miles beyond Highgate he came up with Keyes, in whose company he rode on for some distance. It does not distinctly appear what became of Keyes from this time until he was apprehended in Warwickshire several days afterwards. It is clear that he parted from Rookwood in Bedfordshire, and it may therefore be fairly conjectured that he went to Lord Mordaunt's house at Turvey, where his wife resided. Rookwood rode on to Brickhill, near which place he overtook first Catesby and John Wright, and shortly afterwards Percy and Christopher Wright; and from thence all five rode together with the utmost speed to Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire. The astonishing rapidity with which they traveled appears from the fact that Rookwood left London at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and reached Ashby at six in the evening of the same day, a distance of nearly eighty miles. He says himself that 'he rode thirty miles of one horse in two hours,' and that 'Percy and John Wright cast off their cloaks, and threw them into the hedge to ride the more speedily.'†

But we cannot further pursue the story of the fugitives, although their wild flight, their agitated consultations, their subsequent desperate attempt to excite a rising of the country in their support, the rapid desertion of their few followers, their terror and misery while hunted like beasts of prey, the stand which some of them made at last, and the butchery that ensued, the escape for the moment of others, their skulking in mysterious recesses within the walls of old mansions, and under trap-doors in the floor, their sufferings during their concealment, and their eventual discovery and capture, have all the interest of romance. The narrative as here given is enriched by nume-

* MS. Letter of Sir Edward Hoby to Sir Thomas Edmondes.

† Rookwood's examination, 2d December, 1605.—State-Paper Office. See *post*, p. 159.

rous facts that have never before appeared in print.

Upon the trials themselves also we cannot enter. Suffice it to say, that they have never before been detailed with any thing approaching to the minuteness and accuracy with which Mr. Jardine has here extracted them from the original documents. The whole account of Garnet, the Jesuit, in particular, his concealment at Hendlip Hall, his singular connection with Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, his discovery, his confinement in the Tower, his trial, his execution, the miracles that were alleged to follow his death, the spring of oil that was said to have broken out on the spot where he suffered, at the west-end of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the ear of corn on which his effigy appeared depicted, and which stirred to so extraordinary a degree the superstition of the times,—all this will be found in the highest degree curious and instructive. The long disquisition which follows on the question, as to the extent to which the Jesuits in particular, and the catholics generally, were probably implicated in the plot, distinguished as it is by good sense and perfect freedom from prejudice, will probably be considered by most readers as setting this question at rest. It is at any rate by far the most impartial, as well as the most masterly examination which the subject has yet received. We prefer, however, closing our notice, by quoting the following remarks from the earlier part of the work:—

"In a legal point of view, the only observations which suggest themselves respecting the trials of the chief conspirators are such as are common to all the state prosecutions of the time. The evidence appears to have consisted entirely of the written declarations of the several prisoners, and of a servant of Sir Everard Digby, and it is evident, from the report of the proceedings, that no witness was orally examined. Of the guilt of all the prisoners there could not be the shadow of a doubt; indeed all of them, as appears from the several examinations above given, had fully and circumstantially confessed their guilt before the trials, and though they all, excepting Sir Everard Digby, pleaded not guilty, no attempt was made by any of them to deny a full participation in all the villany of the plot. That the project amounted to high treason is unquestionable; the design of blowing up the parliament house, when the king and prince were there, was compassing and imagining the death of the king and the heir-apparent to the crown, within the literal meaning of the statute of treasons; while the conduct of the conspirators who assembled in Warwickshire, after the apprehension of Fawkes, and rode armed through the country in warlike array, in defiance of the established government, and exciting others to insurrection, was nothing short of open rebellion, and clearly constituted a 'levying of war against the king in his realm,' within the words of another clause of the same statute. In legal consideration, therefore, the justice of their conviction and sentence is too plain for discussion; and in a moral point of view, the most scrupulous objector to capital punishments will hardly consider the loss of life as too severe a retribution for an offence of such unexampled barbarity. The political situation of the catholics,—resentment of the oppression and contumely which they had suffered,—the dread of further persecution, and, above all, perhaps, indignation at the faithless conduct of the king, were sufficient motives to the insurrection; but the inhuman contrivance of the gunpowder plot can only be ascribed to the baneful influence of superstitious and

it may be doubted whether there is any other engine by which the natural feelings of the human heart could be so distorted and deadened, that the indiscriminate slaughter for several hundreds of persons could be considered as a laudable and pious undertaking.

"One of the most singular features of the history of this conspiracy was the character and description of the persons engaged in it. Dissolute and needy adventurers have been, at all times, the ready instruments in any scheme calculated to raise a storm on the surface of society, and produce confusion and uproar. Such characters may possibly gain by disturbance and revolution, and have, at all events, nothing to lose. Thus Catiline, at Rome, registered in his desperate band all the ruined spendthrifts; the disgraced, the idle, and the hopeless prodigals, who wander up and down a populous city, prepared alike for plunder or for outrage, as the opportunity presents itself. '*Semper in civitate*,' says Sallust, '*quibus opes nullæ sunt, vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student; turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas faciliè habetur sine damno*.' But in the case of the gunpowder treason, many of the conspirators, such as Robert Winter, Rookwood, Digby, Tresham, and Grant, were men of large possessions; others again, such as Percy, Fawkes, and Keyes, were engaged in useful and honourable occupations which raised them far above the temptation of want; not one of them but Catesby was in pecuniary difficulty, and his motive was clearly a religious one. In another respect also we find in this conspiracy men not usually acting in the ranks of insurrection;—men of mild and amiable manners, unaccustomed to tumults, and dwelling quietly in the midst of their respective families. It must have been a much more powerful motive than any of those that usually influence the actions of mankind, which could induce such persons to do violence to their nature and their usual habits, and produce the strange delusion that, in committing a barbarous murder—'a murder,' as it has been termed, 'of a whole nation in their representatives,'—they were performing an action by which they secured to themselves the approbation of Heaven.

"Notwithstanding the occasional misgivings suggested by humanity and conscience to the minds of the conspirators, it is clear that they were really actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, and that many of them maintained to the last a conviction that their project was not only justifiable, but in the highest degree meritorious in the sight of God. Father Greenway relates, that as Rookwood was being drawn to the place of execution, his lady stood at an open window in the Strand, giving him words of comfort as he passed, and calling upon him to be of good courage, inasmuch as he suffered for a great and noble cause. In the conversation between Fawkes and Robert Winter in the Tower, above related, the latter says, 'nothing grieves me, but there is not an apology made by some to justify our doings in this business; but our deaths will be a sufficient justification of it, and it is for God's cause.' Casaubon, in his epistle to Fronto Ducaeus, which we shall have occasion to notice more fully hereafter in the case of Garnet, mentions the following fact respecting another of the conspirators. 'John Grant,' says he, 'one of the traitors, on the very day when he was to be executed for his share in this plot, was entertained by a pious and learned clergyman, to entertain, at the last, a proper sense of his situation, and duly reflecting upon the magnitude of his crime, with hearty penitence to seek for pardon from heaven.' Grant replied, with a cheerful countenance, and full of confidence, 'I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely upon my merits in bearing a part of that noble action, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all sins committed by me during the rest of my life.'

From the Asiatic Journal.

JEREMY BENTHAM IN INDIA.

Few things are so troublesome in private life as the fanatical obtrusiveness of religious allusions upon petty occasions. The good taste of the old critical rule, "*nec deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus*," is applicable to many things besides epic poetry, and to none more than the unceasing, importunate desecrations of scriptural phraseology, by the unseemly use made of it in households that pretend to be more serious than their neighbours. This domestic puritanism is now fast disappearing. Is there no danger of its being replaced by another species of sectarian cant, equally tedious and disgusting? Has no one observed, in certain families, the over-ruling tyranny of some favourite dogma of what goes by the name of philosophy,—its eternal recurrence, to the suppression of every other topic,—as the bass sometimes dominates in the orchestra,—and how, in minds of an ordinary texture, it takes the command of a little ragged regiment of ideas, and drills them into perpetual skirmishes with common sense,—that sovereign influence which keeps this lower world from being overrun by transient follies, worshipped by all who deem it easier to talk after others than to think for themselves? There can be no expenditure of thought, or wear and tear of mind, where the whole theory is a nomenclature only. That such dogmas should find numerous disciples amongst those who are not unwilling to be esteemed wiser than the rest of the world, at the smallest possible expence of talent or study, is not at all surprising when the hold that problems and paradoxes have over every-day understandings is duly considered. A tenet of this sort rides them to death, sticking with the tenacity of a monkey on the back of a horse.

What is this Jerry Benthamism, that has turned the heads of so many respectable people, and chatters us deaf at our firesides and breakfast tables? At best, a barren truism worn to rags—the greatest-possible-happiness system, as it is called, carried to so ridiculous an extreme, that the greatest possible misery would be the inevitable result of acting on it! Utilitarianism, as professed by the disciples of Bentham, is a gross caricature of the utility of Cicero and Hume, and the expediency of Paley—a system in which morality loses its name and virtue her attributes, by its indiscriminate fanatical application to all times and all occasions. The founder of the sect,—one who, but for certain eccentricities, would have alike honoured jurisprudence and philosophy,—never dreamed how his ethical system, which had benevolence and good will to man for its basis, would be burlesqued when it was strained through the crazed brains of his followers. Their boast is, that they act in conformity to an *ultimate* contradistinguished from an *immediate* utility. A true-bred utilitarian, therefore, must suppress all instantaneous impulses of kindness; for his sour creed denounces every spontaneous feeling of the heart. A suffering fellow creature implores relief;—he must set himself to calculate, not whether the wretch that

asks it, but the whole race of man, will be the better for granting it? Philosophy thus purveys to his avarice; for, whilst the calculation is going on, the sum that would gladden the heart-sick supplicant remains snug in his pocket.

It was in an evil hour that the Benthamite doctrine broke out in the quiet, respectable family of the Serles. The infection was caught by Henry Serle, a civilian in the Company's service, on a temporary leave of absence in England. As the whole mystery is but phraseology, he soon made converts of his two sisters, Louisa and Clara, who were destined in a short time to return with him to India, a bad soil for paradoxes. Old Serle and his wife were a steady matter of fact couple, and when they had heard Henry and the girls gabbling about utilitarianism, and the greatest possible happiness for the greatest numbers, they stared with surprise, not unmixed with some parental vanity; but without understanding a word of what they talked about. Some things posed them. It was quite amusing to observe the havoc the young philosophers made with the decalogue. The crimes therein denounced were crimes because they were prohibited; but prohibitions affect not the moral qualities of human actions, which depend on the greater or less degree of utility, and the greater or less scope that utility comprehends. As for patriotism, it was vice—it was crime—it was an incorrect calculation. Social man, aiming only at the good of the state he belongs to, at the risk of sacrificing what may be beneficial to the rest of the world, is a national egotist. Charity, or almsgiving, if ill-bestowed, however virtuous the motive, augments the general amount of ill. Let no man give (was their doctrine) till he has ascertained the remote consequences of his gift. Promises, engagements, are kept, because it is *useful* to keep them, and a man acquires personal advantages by being faithful to them—he acquires a reputation for being trust-worthy. Such were the reasonings bandied about at breakfast, dinner, and the tea-table of the Serles, whilst the old folks yawned with fatigue or listened with admiration, till, in short, every thing became matter of calculation. It is true, that an ethical reasoner of the old school might address them thus: "I object to your doctrine, because, whilst your calculations are going on, the heart is silent, or if it speaks, its voice is disregarded till the accordance of the sentiment with the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number be first ascertained. You lay waste, O Benthamites, the domain of feeling; the soul of man, heretofore considered as the soil fitted by education for the growth of the liberal affections, is to be trodden down, and those beauteous products grubbed up, that it may be made a kitchen garden for what is esculent or useful. You supersede, ladies and gentlemen of the new school, the love of virtue by the value of virtue. The quality of the specific action becomes a matter of interest, or, as you call it, *utility*."

This objection was not unknown to Henry Serle, who used to combat it in this way, and Louisa and Clara servilely repeated his argument in the same phrase: "No," he would say; "your reasoning is good for nothing, provided the calcu-

lation be correct." "But who," the old fashioned moralist would reply, "can be sure that he calculates correctly? In the meanwhile, the best, the most generous feelings knock at the heart in vain. Rags and poverty solicit it. You tell me to keep my hands from my pocket, because the relief given, though it may supply the wants of the moment, may encourage, in the long run, the habit of lazily leaning on others. Thus you fix a drag-chain on all the generous and ennobling tendencies of humanity."

During the voyage to India, our *précieuses* and their brother were up to their chins in controversy. Louisa exercised all the force of her logic, and the more powerful artillery of two bright eyes, to make a convert of the captain. Clara contented herself with a humbler *fusillade*, upon an Irish dragoon officer. She succeeded the better with him, because he did not comprehend a word of what she talked about. In her occasional dialogues on the quarter-deck with this learned Theban, Clara, however, considering herself bound to add her item, however insignificant, to make up the sum total of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number,* was not at all discouraged by his intense obtuseness, which was redeemed by his inexhaustible good nature, and more especially by the air of deference with which he listened to dissertations, which, had they not flowed from two vermilion lips, and been enforced by the persuasiveness of the prettiest and most expressive eyes in the world, would have sent him to sleep. In the mean time, Henry Serle equally intent with his sisters on the greatest possible happiness system, was employed upon Jeremy Bentham's celebrated work on legislation, and translating it, in an abridged form, into the Bengalee and Mahratta languages (in both of which he was eminently conversant), wrapt in the pleasing vision of converting the whole Hindu population, beginning with the Brahmins, to Benthamism. Like other speculative philosophers, however, he was for beginning where he ought to end. His first converts ought to have been the British Government of India—a government wielding the resources and disposing of the destinies of a fertile and immense country, densely peopled, advancing in civilisation, and capable of still further advances, and holding themselves forth, in virtue of conquest, sole proprietors of all the lands of the empire, with a right, as sovereigns, to one half of its gross produce, as a tax to feed and clothe their masters from the toil of their hands and sweat of their brow. If the spirit of Jeremy Bentham could have been sufficiently infused into the administration of that government, they might perhaps be convinced, at length, that a land tax devouring nine tenths, or probably ninety-nine hundredths, of the entire population, a benevolent system of finance, borrowed from the *Koran* and the *Hedaya*, as a merciful compensation† for not murdering

the male population, and leading their women and children into slavery, did not contribute much to the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number.

Louisa, with great perseverance, continued the siege she had laid to the commander of the vessel. His was an excellent understanding, in many respects,—fitted for the wear and tear of life and the station he was bred to. He knew how to lay in a profitable investment of hams and cheeses, and could distinguish the first indications of a white squall with such unerring precision, that he sometimes, in spite of the grumblings of the crew, took in top-gallant sheets, and made things snug, in the serenest state of the atmosphere. The event, however, was sure to verify his predictions. Yet this useful understanding was garrisoned by a score or two of the sturdiest and most resolute prejudices. Louisa essayed in vain to expel them, in order to convince him that, before he acted, it was his duty to calculate whether he was about to augment or diminish the happiness of the greatest possible number. "On all occasions whatever?" asked Captain Tibbs. "On all," replied Louisa. They were off the Cape. The sky was treacherously serene and bright. Suddenly there came, without the slightest warning, a furious gale resembling the typhoon of the China seas. "It will carry every thing away," observed the master, with a troubled countenance, as he led Miss Serle into the cuddy, "unless we take all in, and it must be done instantly, or we shall be lost." "Why don't you do it then?" exclaimed Louisa, not a little alarmed. "What?" returned the captain, "without calculating whether it will augment or diminish the happiness of the greatest possible number?"

For several days the captain enjoyed his practical refutation of Louisa's doctrine; but Henry Serle could not suppress his mortification. "I will not allow it to be a refutation at all," said he. "The doctrine is still unanswerable and unanswered. You have not yet ascertained, for want of leisure and coolness to frame the estimate, whether the loss of the ship would not have increased the possible sum of happiness to the greatest number. Had your whole crew been lost, for instance, from the commission of how many crimes injurious to society and hurtful to themselves might they not have been cut off? In the obscure decrees of fate, which are closed to human knowledge, may it not have been ordained that each of us at this table, sitting in this cuddy, may be reduced to some error that may, in its turn, seduce by the force of example hundreds within our own generation, and the stream of evil widening as it flows, thousands in those that are to come?" This sophism, and the imperturbable gravity with which it was propounded, only in-

take the whole of the persons and property of infidels, and to distribute them among Mussulmans, it follows, *a fortiori*, that taking half their incomes is lawful." See also a valuable work of Col. Galloway, entitled *Observations on the Law and Constitution of India*. The merest tyro in Indian affairs knows that the Mahomedan system of revenue is still enforced within the limits of our Indian empire.

* See *Traité de Législation*, ch. vi. p. 43. Third edit.

† The *Hedaya*, book 9, c. 7, says:—"It is alleged by the learned, that the utmost extent of tribute is one half of the actual product; nor is it allowable to exact more; but one half is strictly due, because, as it is lawful to

creased the merriment the party were disposed to indulge at the expense of the Benthamites. "Faith," exclaimed the Irish dragoon officer, "and is there no way to save us from being hanged ashore but by drowning us at sea? And, sure, wouldn't it be acting agreeably to your notions, if you were to begin and set us the example, my fine fellow, and jump overboard, and lave it to our discretion whether we shall jump in after you?"

At Calcutta, the *précieuses* and their brother soon shared the ridicule for which they were candidates. And there is this peculiar property in Jerry Benthamism, that it is for ever obtruded in the most clumsy and ungraceful way. All theoretic rules of action, at variance with the established habits of the world, even with the habits of those who preach them up, are bores in conversation. It is the same thing over and again; for, as neither history nor experience has any thing to do with them, the system becomes a mere vocabulary, a dull circle of generalisations, in which the understanding ends where it begun; the disciple learns nothing, when he has once mastered the slang, in the ceaseless repetition of which, seasonable or unseasonable, consists the whole secret of the philosophy. "It is my duty," said Henry Serle, in all the *salons* of Calcutta, and upon one occasion with more than usual energy at the table of the governor general,—"it is my duty to sacrifice a lesser interest to a greater—an interest of the day to an interest that is durable, an interest precarious and uncertain to one that is fixed and certain. But that which may be useful to myself, may be of much greater utility to others. If I sacrifice, therefore, the advantage of many to my own, I am a robber, as culpable as a bandit who attacks the peaceful traveller, to despoil him of his money or provisions."* And then he quoted from his book of faith (in fact your thorough-paced Benthamite has no other creed), with an air of triumph that defied refutation, "*Oter aux uns ce qui leur est utile, pour le donner aux autres, c'est déplacer l'utilité; ce n'est pas se la proposer pour but, pour résultat.*"

His noble host overheard, without comment or reply, the strange reasonings of the utilitarian. It is true, that English fashions and English follies are soon transplanted and take root in India; but Benthamism had not yet infected the social circles of Calcutta. He was a straight-forward man, eager to do right, but willing to do so in his own way. He was not inclined to condemn new doctrines, though he was attached to old ones; for he thought, with many others, that the era of sound opinions had given way to a brood of distempered fancies, that, with all its proud pretensions to improvement, rendered the present age contemptible, compared with the past. One of his opinions, wrought into the very frame and texture of his understanding, and operating with the uncontrollable force of a law, instead of the doubtful authority of a maxim, was this,—that

the Christian faith was the best system of morality, and much better utilitarianism than that of Jeremy Bentham. He heard, but did not forget, the theory which Mr. Serle had been labouring to enforce. As for the rest of his auditors, most of them, the ladies included, stared without comprehending; the governor general comprehended, but did not stare. In an age of paradoxes, he was astonished at nothing.

The office of magistrate and collector at — became vacant. The governor general, habituated in his civil appointments to consult with great minuteness the fitness of the candidates, had designed that piece of promotion for a young man of no ordinary attainments, burthened with a family, but who, from unconquerable diffidence, solicited nothing. He was not merely familiarly acquainted with the regulations, according to the strictness of their letter, (a limit within which most of the judicial servants of the Company were wont to confine their studies,) but with the fixed principles of equity, as they are deducible from law itself—the great and unperishable chain that keeps the social world together—as well as the municipal collections of the Hindus and Mahomedans. Henry Serle had been trained in the revenue department—with no other qualification for a judicial station but that of an originally excellent understanding, though lately obscured and clouded by the incrustation of new doctrines. But he was considerably senior in the service to the modest, unpatronised individual, for whom his lordship had intended it, and he had brought a strong recommendation for early promotion from the Court of Directors. Serle applied for it personally to the governor general, urging his mature standing in the service.

"Am I to act upon the principle of utility, in the appointment, as you defined it the other day, or be blindly guided by the mere accident of length of service or priority of application?"

Serle looked confused at having his own battery unexpectedly opened upon him.

"Ought not my choice to be influenced by the peremptory obligation imposed upon me," pursued his lordship, "of augmenting the happiness of the greatest number?"

"Assuredly, my lord."

"Am I not bound to make a calculation of this kind before I act?"

"Certainly."

"Is not the fitness of the man for so responsible a function an important element in the calculation?"

Henry could not withhold assent from one of the radical maxims of his school. He hemmed—brushed up his hair—that admirable modern resource for having nothing to say,—and at length observed,—“if the duty was conscientiously discharged, the advantage of the greatest possible number follows as a corollary.”

"Conscientiously discharged it would be, I have no reason to doubt, were I to give you the situation; but there is the high, if not the paramount, consideration of other qualities besides integrity. We exercise a delicate sovereignty over the race whom Providence has placed under us. It consists of an infinite number of minute

* *C'est un vol aussi répréhensible, que celui qui commet un bandit, qui se précipite sur de paisibles voyageurs pour s'approprier leurs biens et leurs provisions.*—Principes de Législation.

fibres, which may be snapped asunder by a rash and ill-considered administration of law. Their ancient code is intertwined with their religious feelings, for law and religion are convertible terms with the Hindus. The study of a whole life scarcely suffices for a competent knowledge of it, and its administration in the spirit of benevolence and good will. To acquire this degree of knowledge, a British magistrate ought to be ruled by the christian faith he professes. All knowledge, in which this ingredient is wanting, is but comparative ignorance."

Mr. Serle here begged leave to interpose a remark.

"Hear me, sir," said the nobleman, firmly, but with no departure from the inbred gentleness of his manner. "I have understood that you act in strict subservience to a certain golden rule you call utility, founded upon a calculation of results. Such I understand to be the greatest possible happiness system, without reference to any religious precept."

Serle bowed assent.

"Then, to be candid with you, it seems to me that you act upon a rule of inferior obligation and a weaker sanction than that of christianity. Your school of ethics, I understand, professes to act according to certain calculations of utility. But christianity knows no calculations. It commands on one side, and prohibits on the other. It administers with one hand hope and consolation; with the other it points to assured misery. The exhortation and the penalty mingle their influence to invite and deter. I am but an old fashioned thinker," continued his lordship, "but I have lived long enough to witness the ephemeral existence of many such insect theories. They buzz and hum for awhile, and are heard of no more. But, in giving the judgeship of — to Mr. Selwyn, I am acting in conformity not merely to the rule of my own action, but of yours. It equally accords with *your* calculations of utility, and *my* sense, which enters into no calculations, of what is right."

The baffled utilitarian, thus caught in the snare of his own pedantic and narrow system, looked astounded. Good sense, however plain, is the Ithuriel's spear that tries the soundness of false and artificial doctrines. "But," said the governor general, "that you may not be destitute of all means of adding to the sum total of your own happiness, which, I take it, is an integral part of the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number, I have reserved for you a place which will fix you at the presidency, and which you must pardon me for thinking better for you, by bringing you into hourly collision with men of sound habits of thinking, than a provincial residence, where the fancies that now engross your understanding, whilst they impart to it a kind of morbid action, may thicken upon you, like the chimeras of Don Quixote, and unfit you for the practical duties of life, which, believe me, require instant decision, rather than speculative calculation."

But what were our *précieuses* doing all this while, to augment the greatest possible happiness of the greatest number? They were really fine

young women. The pure English glow of health brightened their cheeks. They were not destitute of the exterior graces. But they were inoculated with the jargon of utilitarianism much more than skin-deep; it mingled itself in all they did or said. It was troublesome, importunate, unceasing. No one listened to them but for an opportunity of replying by some ridiculous pleasantry, and they were so undiscerning, that *persiflage*, however clumsy, they mistook for serious compliment. The young men, all the time they conversed with them, did not feel that they were conversing with women. Love and Benthamism are as ill-sorted as Ovid makes out love and majesty to be. The joke was rife amongst them, that the Miss Serles would not accept the hand of a partner in a quadrille till they had gone through a greatest possible happiness calculation. This was mortifying; but, to do them justice, it did not wound their vanity or self-love; for, if Benthamism had taught them nothing else, it had taught them to postpone their own gratification to that of others. The fault was in the excess, the indiscriminate application, the fanaticism, with which they acted up to their own maxims — virtue itself lying within a certain mediocrity, beyond which it ceases to be virtue. Nevertheless, they were so theory-ridden, so exclusively devoted to the promotion of the greatest possible happiness for the greatest number, that they lost all tact, and paid no regard to times and seasons, obtruding upon ironical and sneering auditors the unmeaning jargon of their sect, and only ceased to bore because they ceased to be heard. No proposals were made — not even a *juvab'd* major, who had run the gauntlet of rejection through a hundred new arrivals, ventured to offer. The dread of having to drag about for life a sort of public lecturer, and the more formidable duty of hearing the same dull note eternally croaked through the tedious scenes of conjugal retirement, kept suitors at a most respectful distance. It is the unfailing result of all doctrines that obtain an exclusive dominion over the understanding, to render it senselessly intolerant to all who refuse assent to it.

With Louisa it was a hopeless case. But, in the course of a few seasons, she gave her hand to an old colonel, who took her to an up-country station, where she thought there was a much better chance of making converts to her system than amongst the wits and satirists of the presidency. Clara, gifted far beyond her sister with natural attractions and the acquirements of education, stood still and unsolicited for a long time; and her case would have been equally hopeless, had not old Dr. Wildgrass, who had seen three wives carried quietly to the burial-ground, and, since the loss of his third, had been an annual, though unsuccessful candidate for a fourth, flattered himself that he stood a chance, by dint of perseverance, of being at last an accepted suitor. Clara could not like the man; he was abominably ugly and insufferably vulgar. But what was to be done? In India, to remain unmarried is to lose caste. Then the doctor had eleven children. This objection he parried with success. "My children," said he, "will afford you the coveted

means of contributing to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The happiness of children is mainly dependent on the tenderness and protection of a mother. Now here, Miss Clara, instead of waiting, year after year, the uncertain chances of one or two children, you have eleven fine grown ones, almost the greatest possible number, ready to your hand, and capable of having their happiness augmented to the utmost limit by your care and example." Clara would gladly have preferred promoting the greatest possible happiness of the world by means of a more pleasing and suitable connection; but the tide was running rapidly onwards. She became Mrs. Wildgrass—and in due time made the young Wildgrasses, who were all misses, as zealous and indefatigable in the cause of utilitarianism as herself.

Serle tried his first experiment upon a Brahmin, who came occasionally to play chess with him. He was as superior to Henry in dialectics, as in that skilful system of combinations, which he professed to teach, and which, by an absurd misapplication of language, we call the *game of chess*. He heard with patience, and replied with calmness. The result was,—that the utilitarian was beat with his own weapons. He was not wanting in candour; when the ardour of conflict subsided, he acknowledged his defeat, and renounced for ever as nonsense, or at best as idle logomachies, all exclusive theories of morality.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from page 183.)

Timothy returned, and brought me consolation—the bleeding had not re-commenced, and Harcourt was in tolerable spirits. An eminent surgeon had been sent for. "Go again, my dear Timothy; and as you are intimate with Harcourt's servant, you will be able to find out what they are about."

Timothy departed, and was absent about an hour, during which I lay on the sofa, and groaned with anguish. When he returned, I knew by his face that his intelligence was favourable. "All's right," cried Timothy; "no amputation after all. It was only one of the smaller arteries which was severed, and they have taken it up."

I sprang up from the sofa and embraced Timothy, so happy was I with the intelligence, and then I sat down again, and cried like a child. At last I became more composed. I had asked Captain Atkinson to dine with me, and was very glad when he came. He confirmed Timothy's report, and I was so overjoyed, that I sat late at dinner, drinking very freely, and when he again proposed that we should go to the *rouge et noir* table, I did not refuse—on the contrary, flushed with wine, I was anxious to go, and took all the money that I had with me. On our arrival, Atkinson played, but finding that he was not fortunate, he very soon left off. As I had followed his game, I also had lost considerably, and he entreated me not to play any more—but I was a *gamester* it appeared, and I would not pay attention to him, and I did not quit the table until I had lost every shilling in my pocket. I left the house in no very good humour, and Atkinson, who had waited for me, accompanied me home.

"Nowland," said he, "I don't know what you may

think of me—you may have heard that I'm a *rou é*, &c. &c. &c., but this I always do, which is, caution those who are gamesters from their hearts. I have watched you to-night, and I tell you, that you will be ruined if you continue to frequent that table. You have no command over yourself. I do not know what your means may be, but this I do know, that if you were a Cæsar, you would be a beggar. I cared nothing for you while you were the Mr. Newland, the admired, and leader of the fashion, but I felt for you when I heard that you were scouted from society, merely because it was found out that you were not so rich as you were supposed to be. I had a fellow feeling, as I told you. I did not make your acquaintance to win your money—I can win as much as I wish from the scoundrels who keep the tables, or from those who would not scruple to plunder others; and I now entreat you not to return to that place—and am sorry, very sorry, that ever I took you there. To me, the excitement is nothing—to you, it is overpowering. You are a gamester, or rather you have it in your disposition. Take, therefore, the advice of a friend, if I may so call myself, and do not go there again. I hope you are not seriously inconvenienced by what you have lost to-night."

"Not the least," replied I. "It was ready money. I thank you for your advice, and will follow it. I have been a fool to-night, and one folly is sufficient."

Atkinson then left me. I had lost about two hundred and fifty pounds, which included my winnings of the night before. I was annoyed at it, but I thought of Harcourt's safety, and felt indifferent. The reader may recollect, that I had three thousand pounds, which Mr. Masterton had offered to put out at mortgage for me, but until he could find an opportunity, by his advice I had bought stock in the three per cents. Since that, he had not succeeded, as mortgages in general are for larger sums, and it had therefore remained. My rents were not yet due, and I was obliged to have recourse to this money. I therefore went into the city, ordered the broker to sell out two hundred pounds, intending to replace it as soon as I could—for I would not have liked that Mr. Masterton should have known that I had lost money by gambling. When I returned from the city, I found Captain Atkinson in my apartments, waiting for me.

"Harcourt is doing well, and you are not doing badly. I have let all the world know that you intend to call out whoever presumes to treat you with indifference."

"The devil you have! but that is a threat which may easier be made than followed up by deeds."

"Shoot two or three more," replied Atkinson, coolly, "and then, depend upon it, you'll have it all your own way. As it is, I acknowledge there has been some show of resistance, and they talk of making a resolution not to meet you, on the score of your being an impostor."

"And a very plausible reason, too," replied I; "nor do I think I have any right—I am sure I have no intention of doing as you propose. Surely, people have a right to choose their acquaintance, and to cut me, if they think I have done wrong. I am afraid, Captain Atkinson, you have mistaken me; I have punished Harcourt, for his conduct towards me—deserved punishment. I had claims on him; but I have not upon the hundreds, whom, when in the zenith of my popularity, I myself, perhaps, was not over courteous to. I cannot run the *muck* which you propose, nor do I consider that I shall help my character by so doing. I may become notorious, but certainly, I shall not obtain that species of notoriety which will be of service to me. No, no; I have done too much, I may say, already; and, although not so much to blame as the world imagines, yet my own conscience tells me, that by allowing it to suppose that I was what I was not, I have, to say the least, been

a party to the fraud, and must take the consequence. My situation now is very unpleasant, and I ought to retire, and, if possible, re-appear with real claims upon the public favour. I have still friends, thank God! and influential friends. I am offered a writership in India—a commission in the army—or to study the law. Will you favour me with your opinion?"

"You pay me a compliment by asking my advice. A writership in India is fourteen years' transportation, returning with plenty to live on, but no health to enjoy it. In the army you might do well, and moreover, as an officer in the army, none dare refuse to go out with you. At the same time, under your peculiar circumstances, I think if you were in a crack regiment, you would, in all probability, have to fight one half the mess, and be put in Coventry by the other. You must then exchange on half-pay, and your commission would be a great help to you. As for the law, I'd sooner see a brother of mine in his coffin. There, you have my opinion."

"Not a very encouraging one, at all events," replied I, laughing; "but there is much truth in your observations. To India I will not go, as it will interfere with the great object of my existence."

"And pray, if it be no secret, may I ask what that is?"

"To find out *who is my father*."

Captain Atkinson looked very hard at me. "I more than once," said he, "have thought you a little cracked, but now I perceive you are *mad*—downright *mad*; don't be angry, I couldn't help saying so, and if you wish me to give you satisfaction, I shall most unwillingly be obliged."

"No, no, Atkinson, I believe you are not very far wrong, and I forgive you—but to proceed. The army, as you say, will give me a position in society, from my profession being that of a gentleman, but as I do not wish to take the advantage which you have suggested from the position, I shrink from putting myself into one which may lead to much mortification. As for the law, although I do not exactly agree with you in your abhorrence of the profession, yet I must say, that I do not like the idea. I have been rendered unfit for it by my life up to the present. But I am permitted to select any other."

"Without wishing to pry into your affairs, have you sufficient to live upon?"

"Yes, in a moderate way; about a younger brother's portion, which will just keep me in gloves, cigars, and eau de cologne."

"Then take my advice, and be *nothing*. The only difference I can see between a gentleman and any body else, is, that one is idle and the other works hard. One is a useless, and the other a useful, member of society. Such is the absurdity of the opinions of the world."

"Yes, I agree with you, and would prefer being a gentleman in that respect, and do nothing, if they would admit me in every other; but that they will not do. I am in an unfortunate position."

"And will be, until your feelings become blunted as mine have been," replied Atkinson. "Had you acquiesced in my proposal, you would have done better. As it is, I can be of no use to you; nay, without intending an affront, I do not know if we ought to be seen together, for your decision not to *fight* your way is rather awkward, as I cannot back one with my *support* who will not do credit to it. Do not be angry at what I say; you are your own master, and have a right to decide for yourself—if you think yourself not so wholly lost as to be able eventually to recover yourself by other means, I do not blame you, as I know it is only from an error in judgment, and not from want of courage."

"At present I am, I acknowledge, lost, Captain Atkinson; but if I succeed in *finding my father*—"

"Good morning, Newland, good morning," replied he, hastily. "I see how it is; of course we shall be civil to

each other when we meet, for I wish you well, but we must not be seen together, or you may injure my character."

"Injure *your* character, Captain Atkinson?"

"Yes, Mr. Newland, injure *my* character. I do not mean to say but that there are characters more respectable, but I have a character which suits me, and it has the merit of consistency. As you are not prepared, as the Americans say, to *go the whole hog*, we will part good friends, and if I have said any thing to annoy you, I beg your pardon."

"Good bye, then, Captain Atkinson; for the kindness you have shown me I am grateful." He shook my hand, and walked out of the room. "And for having thus broken up our acquaintance, more grateful still," thought I, as he went down stairs.

In the mean time, the particulars of the duel had found their way into the papers, with various comments, but none of them very flattering to me, and I received a note from Mr. Masterton, who, deceived by the representations of that class of people who cater for newspapers, and who are but too glad to pull, if they possibly can, every one to their own level, strongly animadverted upon my conduct, and pointed out the folly of it; adding, that Lord Windermear wholly coincided with him in opinion, and had desired him to express his displeasure. He concluded by observing, "I consider this to be the most serious false step which you have hitherto made. Because you have been a party to deceiving the public, and because one individual, who had no objection to be intimate with a young man of fashion, station, and affluence, does not wish to continue the acquaintance with one of unknown birth and no fortune, you consider yourself justified in taking his life. Upon this principle, all society is at an end, all distinctions leveled, and the rule of the gladiator will only be overthrown by the stiletto of the assassin."

I was but ill prepared to receive this letter. I had been deeply thinking upon the kind offers of Lord Windermear, and had felt that they would interfere with the *primum mobile* of my existence, and I was reflecting by what means I could evade their kind intentions, and be at liberty to follow my own inclinations, when this note arrived. To me it appeared to be the height of injustice. I had been arraigned and found guilty upon an *ex parte* statement. I forgot, at the time, that it was my duty to have immediately proceeded to Mr. Masterton, and have fully explained the facts of the case; and that, by not having so done, I left the natural impression that I had no defence to offer. I forgot all this, and still I was myself to blame. I only saw that the letter in itself was unkind and unjust—and my feelings were those of resentment. What right have Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton thus to school and to insult me? The right of obligations conferred. But is not Lord Windermear under obligations to me? Have I not preserved his secret? Yes; but how did I obtain possession of it? By so doing, I was only making reparation for an act of treachery. Well, then, at all events, I have a right to be independent of them, if I please—any one has a right to assert his independence if he chooses. Their offers of service only would shackle me if I accepted of their assistance. I will have none of them. Such were my reflections; and the reader must perceive that I was influenced by a state of morbid irritability—a sense of abandonment which prostrated me. I felt that I was an isolated being without a tie in the whole world. I determined to spurn the world as it had spurned me. To Timothy I would hardly speak a word. I lay with an aching head, aching from increased circulation. I was mad, or nearly so. I opened the case of pistols, and thought of suicide—reflection alone restrained me. I could not abandon the search after my father. Feverish and impatient, I wished to walk out, but I dared not

meet the public eye. I waited till dark, and then I sallied forth, hardly knowing where I went. I passed the gaming-house—I did pass it, but I returned and lost every shilling; not, however, till the fluctuations of the game had persuaded me, that had I had more money to carry it on, I should have won. I went to bed, but not to sleep; I thought of how I had been caressed and admired, when I was supposed to be rich. Of what use then was the money I now possessed? Little or none. I made up my mind that I would either gain a fortune, or lose that which I had. The next morning I went into the city, and sold out all the remaining stock. To Timothy I had not communicated my intentions. I studiously avoided speaking to him; he felt hurt at my conduct, I perceived, but I was afraid of his advice and expostulation. At night-fall I returned to the hell—played with various success; at one time was a winner of three times my capital, and ended at last in my pockets being empty. I was indifferent when it was all gone, although in the highest state of excitement while the chances were turning up. The next day I went to a house agent, and stated my wish to sell my house, for I was resolved to try fortune to the last. The agent undertook to find a ready purchaser, and I begged an advance, which he made, and continued to make, until he had advanced nearly half the value. He then found a purchaser, (himself, as I believe,) at two-thirds of its value. I did not hesitate, I had lost every advance made, one after another, and was anxious to retrieve my fortune or be a beggar. I signed the conveyance and received the balance, fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, and returned to the apartments, no longer mine, about an hour before dinner. I called Timothy, and ascertaining the amount of bills due, gave him fifty pounds, which left him about fifteen pounds as a residue. I then sat down to my solitary meal, but just as I commenced I heard a dispute in the passage.

"What is that, Timothy?" cried I, for I was nervous to a degree.

"It's that fellow Emanuel, sir, who says that he will come up."

"Yesh, I will go up, sar."

"Let him come, Timothy," replied I. Accordingly Mr. Emanuel ascended. "Well, Emanuel, what do you want with me?" said I, looking with contempt at the miserable creature who entered as before, with his body bent double and his hand lying over his back.

"I vash a little out of breath, Mr. Newland—I vash come to say dat de monish is very scarce—dat I will accept your offer, and vill take de fifty pounds and my thousand which I have lent you. You too mush gentleman not to help a poor old man, ven he ish in distress."

"Rather say, Mr. Emanuel, that you have heard that I have not ten thousand pounds per annum, and that you are afraid that you have lost your money."

"Loshe my monish!—no—loshe my thousand pound! Did you not say, dat you would pay it back to me, and give me fifty pounds for my trouble; dat vash de last arrangement."

"Yes, but you refused to take it, so it is not my fault. You must now stick to the first, which is to receive fifteen hundred pounds when I come into my fortune."

"Your fortune, but you av no fortune."

"I am afraid not; and recollect, Mr. Emanuel, that I never told you that I had."

"Vill you pay me my monish, Mr. Newland, or vill you go to prison?"

"You can't put me in prison for an agreement," replied I.

"No; but I can prosecute you for a swindler."

"No, you confounded old rascal, you cannot; try, and do your worst," cried I, enraged at the word swindler.

"Vell, Mr. Newland, if you have not de ten thousand a year, you have de house and de monish; you vill not cheat a poor man like me."

"I have sold my house."

"You have sold de house—den you have neither de house or de monish. Oh! my monish, my monish! Sare, Mr. Newland, you are one d—d rascal;" and the old wretch's frame quivered with emotion; his hand behind his back shaking as much as the other which, in his rage, he shook in my face.

Enraged myself at being called such an opprobrious term, I opened the door, twisted him round, and applying my foot to a nameless part, he flew out and fell down the stairs, at the turning of which he lay, groaning with pain.

"Mine Got, mine Got, I am murdered!" cried he. "Fader Abraham receive me." My rage was appeased, and I turned pale at the idea of having killed the poor wretch. With the assistance of Timothy, whom I summoned, we dragged the old man up stairs, and placed him in a chair, and found that he was not very much hurt. A glass of wine was given to him, and then, as soon as he could speak, his ruling passion broke out again. "Mishter Newland—ah, Mish-ter Newland, cannot you give me my monish—cannot you give me de thousand pound, widout de interest? you are very welcome to de interest. I only lend it to oblige you."

"How can you expect a d—d rascal to do any such thing?" replied I.

"D—d rascal. Ah! it vash I who vash a rascal, and vash a fool to say de word. Mishter Newland, you vash a gentleman, you vill pay me my monish—you vill pay me part of my monish. I have de agreement in my pocket, all ready to give up."

"If I have not the money, how can I pay you?"

"Fader Abraham, if you have not de monish—you must have some monish; den you vill pay me a part. How much vill you pay me?"

"Will you take five hundred pounds, and return the agreement?"

"Five hundred pounds—lose half—oh! Mr. Newland—it vash all lent in monish, not in goods; you vill not make me lose so much as dat?"

"I'm not sure that I will give you five hundred pounds; your bond is not worth two-pence, and you know it."

"Your honour, Mishter Newland, is worth more den ten thousand pounds; but if you have not de monish, den you shall pay me de five hundred pounds which you offer, and I will give up de paper."

"I never offered five hundred pounds."

"Not offer; but you mention de sum, dat quite enough."

"Well then, for five hundred pounds you will give up the paper?"

"Yes; I vash content to loshe all de rest, to please you."

I went to my desk and took out five hundred pounds in notes. "Now, there is the money, which you may put your hands on when you give up the agreement." The old man pulled out the agreement and laid it on the table, catching up the notes. I looked at the paper to see if it was all right, and then tore it up. Emanuel put the notes, with a heavy sigh, into his inside coat pocket, and prepared to depart. "Now, Mr. Emanuel, I will show you that I have a little more honour than you think for. This is all the money I have in the world," said I, taking out of my desk the remaining thousand pounds, "and half of it I give to you, to pay you the whole money which you lent me. Here is five hundred pounds more, and now we are quits."

The eyes of the old man were fixed upon me in astonishment, and from my face they glanced upon the notes; he could, to use a common expression, neither believe his eyes nor his ears. At last he took the money, again unbuttoned and pulled out his pocket-book, and with a trembling hand stowed them away as before.

"You vash a very odd gentleman, Mishter Newland" said he, "you kick me down stairs, and—but dat is noting."

"Good bye, Mr. Emanuel," said I, "and let me eat my dinner."

The Jew retired, and I commenced my meal, when the door again slowly opened, and Mr. Emanuel crawled up to me.

"Mishter Newland, I vash beg your pardon, but vill you not pay me de interesht of de monish?"

I started up from my chair, with my rattle in my hand. "Begone, you old thief," cried I; and hardly were the words out of my mouth, before Mr. Emanuel traveled out of the room, and I never saw him afterwards. I was pleased with myself for having done this act of honesty, and for the first time for a long while I ate my dinner with some zest. After I had finished, I took a twenty pound note, and laid it in my desk, the remainder of the five hundred pounds I put in my pocket, to try my last chance. In an hour I quitted the hell penniless. When I returned home I had composed myself a little after the dreadful excitement which I had been under. I felt a calm, and a degree of negative happiness. I knew my fate—there was no more suspense. I sat down to reflect upon what I should do. I was to commence the world again—to sink down at once into obscurity—into poverty—and I felt happy. I had severed the link between myself and my former condition—I was again a beggar, but I was independent—and I resolved so to be. I spoke kindly to Timothy, went to bed, and having arranged in my own mind how I should act, I fell sound asleep. I never slept better, or awoke more refreshed. The next morning I packed up my portmanteau, taking with me only the most necessary articles; all the details of the toilet, further than cleanliness was concerned, I abjured. When Timothy came in, I told him that I was going down to Lady de Clare's, which I intended to do. Poor Timothy was overjoyed at the change in my manner, little thinking that he was so soon to lose me—for, reader, I had made up my mind that I would try my fortunes alone; and, painful as I felt would be the parting with so valued a friend, I was determined that I would no longer have even his assistance or company. I was determined to forget all that had passed, and commence the world anew. I sat down while Timothy went out to take a place in the Richmond coach, and wrote to him the following letter:—

My Dear Timothy,—Do not think that I undervalue your friendship, or shall ever forget your regard for me, when I tell you that we shall probably never meet again. Should fortune favour me, I trust we shall—but of that there is little prospect. I have lost almost every thing; my money is all gone, my house is sold, and all is gambled away. I leave you, with only my clothes in my portmanteau and twenty pounds. For yourself, there is the furniture, which you must sell, as well as every other article left behind. It is all yours, and I hope you will find means to establish yourself in some way. God bless you—and believe me always yours, and gratefully yours,
JAPHET NEWLAND.

This letter I reserved to put in the post when I quitted Richmond. My next letter was to Mr. Masterton.

Sir,—Your note I received, and I am afraid that, unwittingly, you have been the occasion of my present condition. That I did not deserve the language addressed to me, you may satisfy yourself by applying to Mr. Harcourt. Driven to desperation, I have lost all I had in the world, by adding gaming to my many follies. I now am about to seek my fortune, and prosecute my search after my father. You will, therefore, return my most sincere acknowledgments to Lord Windermear, for his kind of-

fers and intentions, and assure him that my feelings towards him will always be those of gratitude and respect. For yourself, accept my warmest thanks for the friendly advice and kind interest which you have shown in my welfare, and believe me, when I say, that my earnest prayers shall be offered up for your happiness. If you can in any way assist my poor friend, Timothy, who will, I have no doubt, call upon you in his distress, you will confer an additional favour on,

Yours, ever gratefully,

JAPHET NEWLAND.

I sealed this letter, and when Timothy returned, I told him that I wished him, after my departure, to take it to Mr. Masterton's, and not wait for an answer. I then, as I had an hour to spare, before the coach started, entered into a conversation with Timothy. I pointed out to him the unfortunate condition in which I found myself, and my determination to quit the metropolis.

Timothy agreed with me. "I have seen you so unhappy of late—I may say, so miserable—that I have neither eaten nor slept. Indeed, Japhet, I have laid in bed and wept, for my happiness depends upon yours. Go where you will, I am ready to follow and to serve you, and as long as I see you are comfortable, I care for nothing else."

These words of Timothy almost shook my resolution, and I was near telling him all; but when I recollected, I refrained. "My dear Timothy," said I, "in this world we must expect to meet with a checkered existence; we may laugh at one time, but we must cry at others. I owe my life to you, and I never shall forget you, wherever I may be."

"No," replied Timothy, "you are not likely to forget one who is hardly an hour out of your sight."

"Very true, Timothy; but circumstances may occur which may separate us."

"I cannot imagine such circumstances, nor do I believe, that, bad as things may turn out, they will be so bad as that. You have your money and your house; if you leave London, you will be able to add to your income by letting your own apartments furnished, so we never shall want; and we may be very happy running about the world, seeking what we wish to find."

My heart smote me when Timothy said this, for I felt, by his devotion and fidelity, he had almost the same claim to the property I possessed, as myself. He had been my partner, playing the inferior game, for the mutual benefit. "But the time may come, Timothy, when we may find ourselves without money, as we were when we first commenced our career, and shared three-pence halfpenny each, by selling the old woman the embrocation."

"Well, sir, and let it come. I should be sorry for you, but not for myself, for then Tim would be of more importance, and more useful than as valet with little or nothing to do."

I mentally exclaimed, "I have, I think I have, been a fool, a great fool, but the die is cast. I will sow in sorrow, and may I reap a harvest in joy. I feel," thought I, (and I did feel), "I feel a delightful conviction, that we shall meet again, and all this misery of parting will be but a subject of future garrulity." "Yes, Tim," said I, in a loud voice, "all is right."

"All's right, sir; I never thought any thing was wrong, except your annoyance at people not paying you the attention which they used to do, when they supposed you a man of fortune."

"Very true; and, Tim, recollect that if Mr. Masterton speaks to you about me, which he may after I am gone to Richmond, that you tell him that before I left, I paid that old scoundrel Emanuel every farthing that I had borrowed of him, and you know (and, in fact, so does Mr. Masterton) how it was borrowed."

"Well, sir, I will, if he does talk to me, but he seldom says much to me."

"But he may, perhaps, Tim; and I wish him to know that I have paid every debt I owe in the world."

"One would think that you were going to the East Indies, instead of to Richmond, by the way you talk."

"No, Tim; I was offered a situation in the East Indies, and I refused it; but Mr. Masterton and I have not been on good terms lately, and I wish him to know that I am out of debt. You know, for I told you all that passed between Emanuel and myself, how he accepted five hundred pounds, and I paid him the thousand; and I wish Mr. Masterton should know it, and he will then be better pleased with me."

"Never fear, sir," said Tim, "I can tell the whole story with flourishes."

"No, Tim, nothing but the truth; but it is time I should go. Farewell, my dear fellow. May God bless you and preserve you." And, overcome by my feelings, I dropped on Timothy's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"What is the matter? What do you mean, Japhet? Mr. Newland—pray, sir, what is the matter?"

"Timothy—it is nothing," replied I, recovering myself, "but I have been ill; nervous lately, as you well know, and even leaving the last and only friend I have, I may say for a few days, annoys and overcomes me."

"Oh! sir—dear Japhet, do let us leave this house, and sell your furniture, and be off."

"I mean that it shall be so, Tim. God bless you, and farewell." I went down stairs, the hackney-coach was at the door, Timothy put in my portmanteau, and mounted the box. I wept bitterly. My readers may despise me, but they ought not; let them be in my situation, and feel that they have one sincere faithful friend, and then they will know the bitterness of parting. I recovered myself before I arrived at the coach, and shaking hands with Timothy, I lost sight of him; for how long, the reader will find out in the sequel of my adventures.

I arrived at Lady de Clare's, and hardly need say that I was well received. They expressed their delight at my so soon coming again, and made a hundred enquiries—but I was unhappy and melancholy, not at my prospects, for in my infatuation I rejoiced at my anticipated beggary—but I wished to communicate with Fleta, for so I still call her. Fleta had known my history, for she had been present when I had related it to her mother, up to the time that I arrived in London; further than that she knew little. I was determined that before I quitted she should know all. I dared not trust the last part to her when I was present, but I resolved that I would do it in writing. Lady de Clare made no difficulty whatever of leaving me with Fleta. She was now a beautiful creature, of between fifteen and sixteen, bursting into womanhood, and lovely as the bud of the moss-rose; and she was precocious beyond her years in intellect. I staid there three days, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with her; I told her that I wished her to be acquainted with my whole life, and interrogated her as to what she knew: I carefully filled up the chasms, until I brought it down to the time at which I placed her in the arms of her mother. "And now, Fleta," said I, "you have much more to learn—you will learn that much at my departure. I have dedicated hours every night in writing it out; and, as you will find, have analysed my feelings, and have pointed out to you where I have been wrong. I have done it for my amusement, as it may be of service even to a female."

On the third day I took my leave, and requesting the pony chaise of Lady de Clare, to take me over to —, that I might catch the first coach that went westward, for I did not care which, I put into Fleta's hands the packet which I had written, containing all that had

passed, and my intentions for the future—bidding her farewell.

"Lady de Clare, may you be happy," said I, "Fleta—Cecilia, I should say, may God bless and preserve you, and sometimes think of your sincere friend, Japhet Newland."

"Really, Mr. Newland," said Lady de Clare, "one would think we were never to see you again."

"I hope that will not be the case, Lady de Clare, for I know nobody to whom I am more devoted."

"Then, sir, recollect we are to see you very soon." I took her ladyship by the hand, and left the house. Thus did I commence my second pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)

From Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.

MADRID IN 1834.

THREE VOLS. LONDON, 1835.—(UNPUBLISHED.)

We have already, in our preceding number, given a general view of the political history of Spain for the last twenty years, and of the probable course of events, judging from the actual state of affairs, and the general character of the nation. The volumes that head our article, therefore, which are destined for speedy publication, come opportunely before us, to describe the manners and customs, the morals, domestic habits, condition, and state of public and private society, in the Spanish capital; the routine of amusements, by which a nation is, according to some authorities, to be judged; and the system, pursued in the offices of the state, from which may be augured the chances of future amelioration and repose for the people at large.

Of all this, it must be confessed, we know hitherto but little. Spain, even more than Ireland, is the *terra incognita* of moral geography; and this is the more surprising, since, independent of the romantic interest always attached to the name, the nature and cause of the monstrous attempt on the part of Napoleon to change its dynasty, and the long war that ensued, by compelling the residence of so many thousands of French and Englishmen in every part of the country, and attracting the general attention abroad to this public stage of action, might fairly be presumed to have rendered a perfect familiarity inevitable. But, in truth, Spain, however wide, was not the sole theatre of events. Its vast extent shrank into comparative insignificance before the desolation of all Europe: the armed hosts that met in conflict on her plains viewed the occurrences of the hour with but a military eye; the intervals of war left them leisure, indeed, to observe, but those golden moments were snatched and enjoyed with the natural and ardent eagerness of a soldier's haste: the cup too often passed from the lips even while, or before, it was tasted; the dream of a night was effaced by the labours and vicissitudes of the campaign: and at its close, how many hearts were cold and insensible to the present and the past! Thus, then, the generality, or totality rather, of works upon Spain, have given but scanty and incidental notices of the state of society in that country to either France or England; and the natural reserve, if not distrust, of the Spaniard, displayed alike towards his heretical ally and co-

believing enemy, prevented their initiation into the mysteries of his home and his feelings.

There are yet other, and perhaps more efficient, causes for our ignorance. The Spaniard, though European as a nation, is more than half Oriental as an individual or a people. The restlessness of the Arab, ingrafted in the graver temperament of the Goth, has neutralised both. Too impatient to labour, too idle to think, too isolated to judge soundly, and too proud to improve, the extremes of riches and poverty have conducted to the same end, of fixing inertness on the national character. Restrained by despotism from political energy, and by bigotry from religious freedom, the powers of the Spanish mind have slept in living lethargy, for its two noblest functions were withheld. The judgment that must lie dormant in certain points is, of necessity, weak, uncertain, and timorous on all the rest: and thus they have been satisfied with error, because it was ancient and respectable, forgetting that reason herself was still more ancient, and still more respectable.

The paucity, thus originated, of ideas, which can alone lead to improvement, is perfectly consonant, and in some measure, even necessarily connected, with the greatest variety of feelings. These occupy the mind for the time they last, and, in the constant succession, as *uno diavolo caccia al altro*, no time is left for a more staid and sober ratiocination; and, as emotion or passion, however widely spread for the moment, has never yet effected a permanent and advantageous change, after any such excitement the Spaniard relapses into his previous state, tranquilly consolidating his hopelessness or apathy with the conclusive—*no importa*. Such is the condition of Spain: and when the painter has depicted the striking and sombre points of its outward forms, the inquirer is disappointed to find little underneath the surface; for who can describe stagnation, or delineate vacancy?

Our previous article has already stated that our principal internal knowledge of Spain is derived from *Cervantes* and *Le Sage*. It is singular, but nevertheless true, that we are best acquainted with countries whose manners are open to daily change. Constant intercourse effects, and familiarises us with, this; but where manners are stationary we are satisfied to refer to our ancient informants, and to receive their accounts as the laws of the Medes, without recollecting that time is the greatest, and a ceaseless, innovator,—decaying the bulwarks of old prejudices, till a sudden chance shakes them into dust, and, on the other hand, secretly raising, like the coral-worm, its labours into light, the foundation of future empires.

We have mentioned in one breath, in common with the rest of the world, the romantic labours of *Cervantes* and *Le Sage* as almost the sole guides to the knowledge of Spain in its domesticity. But we fear that it is our ignorance, rather than our knowledge, that has attached equal importance to the pictures of these two masters. It must be borne in mind that the author of *Don Quixote* was a native Spaniard, familiar with the customs and scenes he has undertaken to describe; while the novels of *Le Sage* are the invention, or more properly speaking, the compilation, of a French-

man who had never visited Spain. Hence, notwithstanding the minuteness and singular accuracy of the parts supplied by his Spanish authorities, and the unquestionable skill and talent of the arrangement and general conduct, we are, in spite of his matchless ease, grace, and gaiety, reluctantly forced to confess that *Le Sage* has occasionally substituted the wit, genius, and feelings of his native land for those of the country where the action is laid; and it is no small praise of the work before us, that it brings this conviction home with the force of demonstration.

What do we know of Spanish domestic manners?—The question makes the mind revert at once to the works just mentioned. Yet they, at best, are but passing notices, incidental, and illustrative of the scenes they detail. Hitherto the scenes themselves have been only cursorily sketched or described by travellers wandering through the country, and in general more observant of its scenery than conversant with the manners of the inhabitants. Their descriptions, therefore, though striking and brilliant, perhaps, have only the effect of mere sketches—a general outline; and we receive them gratefully, and make the most of them, for, *quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*; and even of these *l'on a* but very few. But this can no longer be said. The work before us supplies the deficiencies in the most effectual manner: it is a perfect picture, designed and drawn with force, grouped with skill, and coloured with depth and richness; it bears the careful and elaborate finishing of Teniers, and the humour of Wilkie, displayed in the broad, bold light of Opie's pencil. The author writes with equal vigour and gaiety; he seems "*El Diablo cojuelo*" personifying "*Gil Blas*;" almost every page presents an opportunity for extract without fear of injuring the work itself: for our extracts will but show the surface; the reader of the original alone can be cognisant of the whole subject. The constant touching familiarises us with the theme, and lets in so many characteristic traits, that we feel, as in reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, fully acquainted with every place and every person introduced. Madrid, its situation, soil, and climate, &c., as well as the peculiarities of habits and usages of the *Madridenos*, have become at once a part of our own minds. Hitherto we have read with curiosity, and perhaps some degree of hesitation, the incidents of the novelist; now, we understand and feel them: nor can any thing hereafter induce us to confound the solemn vice, stern corruption, and punctilious debauchery of Madrid with the business-like villany, official rigidity, and frozen intrigue of London, or the frank dissoluteness, and gay unblushing abominations of Paris. Nor is the interest of the work confined to the capital; incidentally it gives us incomparably the most complete, and, we will venture to say, faithful picture of the manners and customs, and present state of society, in every part of Spain, which has yet been produced, whether by the hand of native or foreigner.

To do this, as it is here done, required not only talents of no mean order, but those opportunities of observation which the testimony of all travellers agrees in stating to be denied to a foreigner

by the habits, if not the prejudices, of the nation. Mr. Inglis, one of the latest of these (whose recent loss in the prime of life is so much to be deplored), was informed by one of our consuls who had been four years in the country, as well as by our minister at Madrid, that *they* knew nothing whatever of Spanish society, and that *he* might lay his account with leaving the country as much enlightened on such subjects as when he entered it. It was solely owing to an accidental acquaintance that he was made an exception, and indebted for admission within the barriers, which enabled him, during the few months he remained, to catch these faithful—however imperfect—glimpses of Spanish life which add so much to the value of his book. The author before us has evidently enjoyed much better opportunities than his predecessors. A countryman of our own by birth and education, fortune has cast him into the land of Spain, and his bravery and talent have earned him a post of rank in her military service; a residence of long years has domesticated him among her people, and afforded him those opportunities of close observation, the want of which renders the reports and speculations of most writers of travels on such points so little trustworthy. When we add to this that the writer handles the *brush* with as much facility as he does the *pen*,—that the *pictorial* sketches accompanying the book are as clever as his literary ones, we have said nothing more than the truth. We consider it a happy chance which has thrown in our way such a source of agreeable entertainment before it becomes the common property of the reading public, and have not shrunk from stepping a little out of our usual path, in order to herald the appearance of a work which possesses such strong qualities to recommend it to general favour, whenever it makes its appearance.

Madrid ought rather to be considered the *central* capital, or seat of the Spanish government, than as the capital of Spain; for Spain to this hour is rather a combination of countries, each possessing its own metropolis, and all subject to a single sway, than an entire whole. Madrid, the capital of Castile and the interior—the land without trees, the rivers without water—is as totally distinct from the provincial capitals, as the character of the provincials themselves differs from the metropolitan. Thus, it bears no affinity whatever with Bilbao, the capital of the rough and wild Biscayan; with commercial Barcelona; gay and gorgeous Valencia; Granada, still lapt in the wrecks of Moorish grandeur; Seville, the voluptuous metropolis of the warm Andalusian, and the Paphian capital of Cadiz. Isolated from all these by diversity of feeling, even more than by habits and customs, Madrid retains much that is striking to the traveller. With the peculiarities of its individual character, it bears much that is general, and that transports the native of another country back for some centuries to speculate on his own. The prejudices, the usages long fallen into desuetude elsewhere, have hardened into a stable rigidity in the sanctimonious etiquette of this metropolis; and its principal features bear the indubitable traces of an ancient and artificial formation. It is a singular contrariety to established

opinions, that institutions so formed, and positively adverse to the course and principles of human nature, should remain so long where they have once been engrafted, while all else around partakes the mutability of man.

After noticing the feelings usually excited in the mind upon entering a strange capital, the author thus describes the approach to Madrid by the road from Bayonne:—

"Miserable groups of wretched hovels; a wooden weather-beaten cross by the roadside, with some stones cast round its base, marking a spot of violence and blood, a pebble or two placed upon its arms, indicating the 'de Profundis' of some pious passenger for the soul of the murdered man; a turnpike, with its modern lodge, the thing most like civilisation to be seen; the fair and distant view of the bold and snow-topped Guadarama on the right, with the arid though cultivated plains of New Castile receding and undulating into distance, like the billows of a vast ocean; for, far off, the white walls of some village glaring in the sun, no tree to break the sad and stern monotony of hillock upon hillock, until lost in the horizon."

"At length the convent of Chamartin and its patches of verdure refresh the eye, wearied of its wanderings; a few minutes more, and domes, and minarets, and high tapering steeples spring from the earth, as at the touch of a magician's wand, their light and elegantly formed cupolas reflecting the sun's rays in their tin or lead coverings, and recalling to the mind the capitals of the east. The Powder-Magazine, with its solitary sentry, now strikes the view; next, the *Campo Santo*, the resting-place of so many thousands who have lived strangers through life to be united only in death, exhibits its long white inclosure and large black cross in front of the entrance; a few paces further, and the palace of the duke of Alba, with its gardens, the college of the Jesuits, the chimney-tops of the palace, are the only indications of the capital being at hand."

The entrance, however, by the road of Alcala de Henares is magnificent, and fully atones for the other.

"Once past the *Quinta del Espiritu Santo*, Madrid begins to unroll itself to the view in all the pride of a capital. The immense rotunda, or arena destined for the bull-fights, being situated outside the walls on the right of the road, produces, therefore, more the effect of an eye-sore than an ornament, impeding the view, and breaking in upon the harmonious line of buildings and public monuments in the distance. But still the glimpse, partial and grandiose, which is obtained through the trees and noble arches of the gate of Alcala, the proud steeples that meet the eye, closing the long magnificent alley of Glorieta, and the Calle de Alcala, more than compensate the disadvantage, and fully gratify the expectations of the beholder. The private gardens of the *Retiro*, their pagodas, towers, and fantastic temples, also help to give a noble and imposing air to this entrance."

The Valencia road presents a far different vista to the stranger's eye, fresh from the luxuriant shades and giant alleys watered by the Tagus at Aranjuez.

"He describes an outspread mass of gloomy earth-coloured buildings, rising in the shape of an amphitheatre; their sloping roofs, covered with the dark grey tiles of the country, present altogether a mean and unseemly appearance, wholly unworthy of a great city. It is not until after having entered the gate of Atocha that the eye becomes reconciled to the objects around. The Prado,

its groves and noble museum, assert their right to royalty and magnificence."

The first thing that a traveller looks after is, necessarily, to house himself somewhere. The arrangements in the hotels are, as here described, not of a kind that would induce him to make a long stay.

"On your arrival, instead of the bustling attention usual in other countries, you are received with the most profound indifference. * * They think all the rooms are occupied, but they will go and see: but the promise is forgotten until the request is repeated. After a good deal of confusion and waiting, calling up and down stairs for keys and people not forthcoming, you are ushered into the rooms. If you are at the Fontana de Oro, you are asked 20 to 30 reals *per diem* for a room, not absolutely untenanted, of the most comfortless description. The attendance is quite illusory; there is a bell, however, which any one fond of the exercise of ringing may enjoy *ad libitum*, for nobody will take the least notice of it, that is, if they think there is any thing else more convenient to attend to. Still, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not altogether abandoned; you hear fellows passing the door constantly during the peal; if one of these is obliging enough to stop, it is only to ask, 'what possesses you to ring so?' and to tell you that he is not the man attached to the room, but that he will acquaint the right person as soon as he appears. If you break the bell, you pay for a new one, and for rehangng it in the best manner."

The bedding is valuable chiefly from its antiquity, and, "the wool thus become rolled up into hard balls," the bed presents an agreeable diversity of miniature hill and dale, that recalls the charms of the country. But you get over this, and in due time go to dinner,

"Determined to make up for all disappointments. The first day it is tolerable, not very, very greasy, and does not cost above five or six *pesetas* (five shillings), dessert included. But this is the first and last time you will enjoy such a consolation: every thing but the price changes—attendance, clean table-cloths, well-dressed dishes, all disappear; and unless you do the same, there is no remedy but submission to the evil.

"The *fondas* kept by native artists are abominable; the Dos Amigos, Fonda de Europa, del Carbon, &c. &c., each and all exhibit different gradations of detestable cookery."

There is something better, however.

"The *cafés* have made more rapid progress towards perfection. Ten years ago, Madrid could scarcely count three decent ones; within the last four years they have prodigiously increased. Twelve of the best class are to be found in various parts of the town.

"In the year 1814, Madrid could offer no other place of refreshment, but darkling and bad smelling crypts, called *botellerías*, where all classes indiscriminately went to smoke and drink rum, brandy, *vino generoso*, and such little elegant stomachics. The *Café* de la Ava de Moca, in the Calle de Alcalá, is the only house of the old stamp now to be met with."

Fortunately, it seems that

"The domestic habits of the Spaniard will, for a long time, prevent any great increase to public establishments of eating or drinking."

This offers a striking contrast to the Parisian; and you unto him who, slenderly provided with this world's greatest evil, seeks in Paris to recon-

cile the *auri sacra fames* with that of appetite, by dining at home, instead of spending his 30 *sous* *chez* some *restaurant* famed for *metempsychosis*.

If the traveller meditates a sojourn of any length, he naturally looks about for quarters in one of the *casas de huéspedes*, or lodging-houses; a topic on which the author furnishes us with a variety of useful information.

"A slip of paper tied to the middle of the balcony designates an 'unfurnished'; when placed on *one side* a 'furnished' lodging. The best houses of this class, however, do not show paper at all; a piece of economy which saves their purse in another way, not subjecting the proprietor to the municipal tax imposed on all known letters of lodgings."

The lady of the house, in these cases, is always a relic of grandeur of some kind or other. Heaven knows how, but the assertion costs nothing to the visitor beyond a little exercise of patience; and in the indolent climate of Spain, where they have little else to do, this cultivation of the inventive faculty is merely praiseworthy. Lying, in such instances, has been called by some one not so much a wilful perversion of truth, as an effort to embody the reveries of imagination. It is also an illustration of the advantages of *speech*, and marks the superiority of man over animals.

The seeker of lodgings is presumed to be a Christian, and therefore practically versed in the duty of patience as advised by the apostle Paul. Having rung, he enjoys full leisure to become acquainted with the exterior of the house, while the *janitress* at the grating is similarly speculating on his own. After a reasonable portion of time expended in these reciprocal observations, and the due interrogatories before he can be admitted within the fortification, the bolts and bars are slowly withdrawn, and he is admitted to conference with the *patrona* herself. The uses and virtues of every separate piece of furniture—not always apparent, it must be confessed—are pointed out and dwelt upon in disinterested eulogy, such as Christie or Robins might emulate, not exceed. The matting is faded—but it is clean; it has holes—but these were made by the former lodger's boots; the curtains are dirty—but it is owing to the flies. You have a new mattress—for its own testimony cannot compete with its mistress's; a carpet nearly a foot square; no flies—whatever the curtains may have evidenced; and can go out at the back-door. In addition to this inestimable privilege, there is a rack to hang up your clothes. But you inquire, in your unreasonable perversity, for a chest of drawers.

"A chest of drawers? How odd. Have you not got *baules*, (trunks,) cavalier? Who ever thinks of drawers when he has *baules*? I have got stands for them, *no hay cuidado*—no fear they shall be kept free from damp; where they are good they furnish the room."—'Yes, but do not replace drawers.'—'There are none in the house. I never saw clothes kept elsewhere but in trunks; here in Spain we always do so: *vaya, vaya*, go to, go to, it is a singular idea. Here we never think of drawers.'—'They are indispensable to me, *à los pies de Usted*—I wish you a good morning.'—'Heh! hombre, ingenio tan vivo! Man! how hasty you are! why, really, you *esvangeros* are like gunpowder. *Vamos: sientese de Usted*, sit down here on the sofa, let us chat a bit.'"

Hard must be the heart that does not yield to the attack that ensues on every point; from your entry into Spain to the list of friends, family, and connections, that encircle the *patrona's* residence with their glories, and act in this affair as auxiliaries to her eloquence. But should this combined movement fail, an attempt is made at negotiation. How much would you give if she gets you a chest of drawers? of course you can advance money towards it beforehand? But, gentle traveller, if thou art wise, retreat instead of advancing; for thou mayest rest fully assured that loans in this shape are always paid like money lent to the *Ayuntamiento* (or corporation of Madrid)—that neither art, nor anger, nor prayers, nor tears, will ever extract thy gold from "that bourne from whence no traveller returns"—the *patrona's* pocket, nor will any allowance ever be made for it until the day of judgment.

Our next extract must be rather a long one: it forms a portion of the chapter entitled, "Interior of a Spanish house," and gives us a much fuller insight than we have yet had into the mysteries of the *ménage*, and of the domestic manners and habits of the more respectable Madrilenians. They have never been so well, nor so graphically described.

"It is usual to see men with an income of three to six thousand dollars a year (600*l.* to 1200*l.*) living in a first or second floor, consisting of four or five rooms, kitchen included. They despise every thing like draped furniture; no curtains to the windows (an innovation of very recent introduction)—the tiled floor, if in winter, covered with a coarse matting. The chairs of varnished cherry-wood and rush bottoms, *canapé* ditto; no lounge, no friendly arm-chair, none of that somniferous form not unaptly termed 'sleepy hollow'; a chest of drawers, 'other innovation,' two or three crane-legged tables, a quinquail lamp placed on one or other of them, not intended to be lit. The well white-washed walls, adorned with a choice collection of valuable and highly coloured engravings, suspended in mahogany frames from brass-headed nails, representing scenes of the war of independence, the victims of the second of May, and other national reminiscences, complete the 'adorning' of the 'state-room,' when you pay your first visit of ceremony.

"The owner of all these treasures seldom exceeds a dollar in his daily expenses, including servants—a man and woman. He shows his lodging with pride and satisfaction. 'Hero, my friend, I am very well off indeed. In winter, the sun shines upon me from nine in the morning until he sets—a *bravero* is almost superfluous. Where else could I be so comfortable? Then, in summer he bears upon this corner window for an hour in the morning—no money can pay a house like this!' By a singular contrast of ideas, the same individual will lose a dozen ounces at *monte* without emotion, and expend four or five dollars a day in the hire of a crazy bug-inhabited carriage and skeleton horses, and attended by a couple of lackeys whom it would require a steam-engine to cleanse.

"The apartments are confined, and distributed for the most part into a principal *sala*, with an alcove or *gabineta* attached, and an alcove in the front of the house; a small *comedor* (eating-room,) and two or three more back sleeping-rooms for the family. The *amo* (master of the house) occupies the front. The furniture of the *sala* and principal alcove is good, because it is to be seen by stranger eyes. The 'state bed,' too, is decked out for inspection, the door of the recess being carefully left open, that visitors may satisfy themselves that things are as they should

be in the family—*enfin, que hay comodidades*—that comforts are not wanting. The other dormitories are far from answering this description. These *camas de tablas*, (beds composed of two moveable stands of wood or iron, upon which three or four deal boards are laid, and a couple of mattresses,) receive the persons of the younger members of the family. If numerous, three or four beds are made to fit in each alcove. The rest of the conveniences consist of a chair or two, and sundry old-fashioned wooden bow-roofed trunks, covered with calf skin (hair outside) for the clothes and finery of the young ladies. Many a lovely girl, stepping lightly and proudly on the Prado, has risen from a couch by no means of an enervating softness, and left a *tecedor* (toilette) not altogether a model of cleanliness and order.

"A very diminutive *jacara*—cup of chocolate—and morsel of bread is the universal breakfast all over Spain; it is usually taken in bed, and a large glass of water dilutes it properly in the stomach; people then begin to think of getting up, but not always of washing themselves. If the weather is fine, the *matrimonio* (husband and wife) appear upon the same balcony (upon separate, if there has been any quarrel), *para tomar el fresco*—to enjoy the fresh air; the gentleman in a complete *negligé*, protected by his cloak, the lady trusting to a shawl and morning petticoat, and slippers on her unstockinged feet for concealment. No art is meant or practised; you have them both as they broke from the arms of Morpheus; several sets in the hair of the husband (no one uses *fofaldas*, or nightcaps), and a graceful confusion in the tresses of his wife.

"The *fresco* taken, the couple separate; the wife to mass, the husband to smoke his cigar, and *dar vuelta por casa*—take a stroll about the house, until it is time to *tomar las once*—take the eleven o'clock luncheon. Some dispense with this altogether, others eat some *frierola*, and sally forth to idle away the time until two o'clock calls them to dinner. This meal is composed of a substantial soup of bread, vermicelli, macaroni, or rice. Dainty people have the livers of fowl mixed up with it. The *cocido* or *puchero* comes after: beef, fowl, bacon, are its ingredients; on another dish appear the *ricos garbanzos*—rich pea-beans—and other vegetables, relieved by a fiery looking sausage from Estremadura. One or at most two *principios* (courses) follow the soup and *puchero*. The whole is wound up by a dessert of walnuts, raisins, cheese, &c. Unless in the depth of winter, the *siesta* plunges the house into profound silence for an hour or two after dinner. The ladies then begin to think of resuming their work or embroidery, or arrange their toilette for the evening *prado*, leaving the men to follow their wandering inclinations elsewhere. The 'family' takes refreshment in the café, on its return from the promenade, if the escort is gallant enough to make the request. Thence to the theatre, if treated to a box, or with tickets to the *casuela*. The *tertulias* begin to fill; the same subjects are talked over fifty times, every body allows the nights are wonderfully long and tedious, eleven o'clock strikes, the *guisado* (stew of beef, the customary dish for supper) must not be kept waiting. Another day is begun, to be followed by its fellow in monotonous succession."

In the chapter on the "Theatres," we have a very humorous sketch, somewhat bordering, however, on caricature, of that striking feature of them called the *casuela* or *gallinera* (hencoop), which afforded us a hearty laugh. But we must pass over this, and merely notice an observation of the author at the conclusion:—

"The time is gone by, if it ever really existed, when the *Lauras*, the *Estellas*, the *Scraphinas*, &c., immortal-

used by Le Sage, turned people's heads, and emptied their pockets. The heroines of the stage are indeed fallen from their high estate. They produce no sensation—cause no scandal; not, perhaps, that morals are mended since the era of the seducing Laura."

We must refer to a previous page for the opinion we have already expressed of Le Sage's immortal work. In the part alluded to in the foregoing passage, we have always had a suspicion that the gay Frenchman was substituting the manners of France for those of Spain. Nowhere, as far as our own observation leads us, are to be found in the latter country that devotion to the princesses of the stage, which is so prominent in Gil Blas, and in French writers and manners in general. Assuredly, nothing in the existing state of the country, so far as we are aware, countenances the assumption; nor in any of the works of really Spanish writers do we remember to have noticed indications of a time when the fair representatives of life and passions were particularly selected to enact in private the scenes they illustrated in public. In the Spanish tales and dramas, whatever may be the personages that fix the interest of the hero; however licentious the narrative, or degraded the character, the heroine is scarcely ever, we might almost say never, an actress. Decorum in Spain and its gloomy court required too great a sacrifice to appearances to allow either the actress to outstep propriety before the world, or the most libertine of noble lovers to descend openly to so low a scandal.

The descendants of the Gusman, the Mendoca, the d'Aguilar, the Medina Sidonia, and others, are sadly degenerated, even in personal appearance, nor are their intellectual attainments calculated to raise them in estimation. Our author gives the details of their education, and we regret to say that our own recollection furnishes us with very few exceptions.*

"The sons of grandeses are brought up as *señoritos* entitled to excellency in their own right ought to be, that is, in the deepest ignorance of every thing which a rational being ought to know. Surrounded from his infancy by a set of depraved menials, pandering in every way to his whims and caprices, the future grandee follows implicitly the instinct of his nature; the *capellon* charged with his education is too happy to have a sinecure of it."

It is therefore by no means surprising that

"Ferdinand 'the beloved,' who knew his countrymen better than any man of his kingdom, evinced pretty clearly upon all occasions the degree of estimation in

* Although our experience has not furnished us with any data of a nature to mitigate the unfavourable impression which the author's picture of the Spanish grandeses is calculated to produce, it is but fair to notice that another recent traveller from our own country has formed and expressed a much more favourable opinion of the class. We allude to Captain Cook, of the navy, the author of "Sketches in Spain during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832," a book full of curious and valuable information, especially with respect to Spanish art, and distinguished by a gentlemanly and impartial tone, such as might be expected from the rank and profession of the writer. His testimony we regard as entitled to considerable weight, and we can only hope that when the time comes, the conduct of the grandeses will show that he has not judged too favourably of them.

which he held the grandeses. * * * With the exception of one nobleman of this class, who shared his captivity at Valencay, he kept the rest at a distance, employing them merely in his ante chamber as chamberlains, not wishing to lose his reputation for etiquette and erudition by derogating from this custom of his predecessors. * * * The ancient monarchical edifice has received a shock from the hands of a 'rey neto y absoluto,' which it can never hope to recover; happily for the liberties of the present and future generations, all classes of society have been mixed and confounded together. The 'grandeza' can no longer boast of the unsullied purity of its blue blood—'sangre azul.' Mesalliances have been permitted by royal authority, and if this aberration from old habit improves the breed, they cannot but be thankful to his majesty."

It can scarcely be supposed that this neglect arose only from the partiality of Ferdinand to low company. We generally find that those who are most willing to descend from royal rank and state are the most severe and scrutinising observers of the etiquette which they themselves infringe. All minds are keen in detecting in others the presence or absence of the particular qualities displayed in their own.

The ladies of the same class are also faithfully described:—

"Even so, the daughter of the grandee may, and undoubtedly does, see many a face and form which her youthful fancy loves to dwell upon, even in the light of a 'husband;' but, like the odalisque, who knows to her sorrow that she is reserved for the sultan alone, the young 'Donna' is aware of her being destined to the arms of one of her own caste and blood. In the time of the constitution, or of the 'pepa,' as it is quaintly termed, this barrier was thrown down, when the ladies, who turn even politics to love's account, immediately took to marrying the men of their choice as fast as they could, without leave or license from 'rey or roque,' and some were fortunate enough to have concluded their bargains before the army of the faith brought them back to their leading-strings. * * * Their education goes on in the usual way; they are taught their prayers, learn to sew and embroider, go to mass and sermon, processions, and so forth. The music, drawing, and, above all, the dancing master, make their appearance now a days much oftener than before; they are driven or walked to the *prado*, where they see and covet a great deal of forbidden fruit."

The chapter on the "property" of those illustrious personages, will be perused with deep interest by all who take pains to inform themselves of the real state of the nation, and seek in her own institutions to find the cause of her decay, in preference to the representations of ignorance and prejudice. No man can rise from the perusal, unconvinced of the *incubus* that has lain so long on the bosom of Spain, nor will he feel surprise that the indolence or dignity of this important class has reached such a pitch, that, according to Inglis, several Spanish noblemen in the south have never even seen their estates. One of their number is reported to have considered it an indignity to be obliged to place his feet upon the earth: certainly he might have danced in air without any injury to the species.

The descent from the top to the bottom of the social scale, although a rapid, is not an unnatural one. Mr. Inglis, we think it is, who makes the remark, that in Madrid poverty is neither so general nor so squalid as it is in London or Paris;

but the remark appears to require considerable qualification. Most assuredly, nothing in either of these capitals, not even the departing glories of St. Giles, sheds lustre sufficient to vie with the *Barrios Bajos* of Madrid, which may be considered the Spanish Alsatia, as here depicted :—

"If any curious person wishes to tread this foreign land, to which there is nothing on earth resembling but itself, let him only turn down the *Calle de Relatores*, and follow his nose; five minutes more walking will bring him to the frontiers of this formidable republic."

But it is as dangerous to enter here in decent clothing, as Lieut. Conolly found it to wear any at all in the Persian deserts; for it seems

"The journey is made in an evil hour if any sharp glance detects the slightest trace of a *lechugino* (the Spanish dandy) about him. A gay tassel hanging from his mantle, a crimson velvet border, or other outward and manifest sign of belonging to that vain fraternity, are infallible recommendations to a sound thrashing, accompanied by the confiscation of the offending garment, and immersion of its *quondam* owner in one of the numerous receptacles of filth yawning wide for victims in every direction."

The entrances to it are vigilantly watched by groups of vagabonds, covered up to the eyes in the eternal cloak, and tattered hats stuck fiercely over one ear; while the women, filthy and ragged, squat themselves before the doors, occasionally acting as scouts, and vociferating conversation whether abusive or amicable.

"The novelty of a decent person passing causes a general suspension of arms. He is followed by a half-malicious vacant stare; '*Sera algun comisario?*'—is he a police commissary? is the first question prompted by a heavy conscience. The children, naked and in rage, and promising to look in process of time quite as ferocious as their '*papas*,' also stare and scream, and, if in a good humour or playful mood, will throw stones at you, which you will do well to take no notice of, or take in a complimentary sense, as you value life and limb. The very dogs have a wild, strange air and bark."

The chapter on "servants," is quite conclusive as respects the comforts of *home*. The nuisance is sufficiently felt in England, but "the Spaniard is a christian Arab," loathing all restraint, and duly impressed with a conviction of the great truth, that sleep and idleness are the noblest aims of existence.

Enquire anxiously for any thing: without stirring from their place or chair, if seated, the answer you are sure to receive is, '*No lo se—I know nothing about it.*' A yawning, or scratch of the head perhaps, softens down the expression. The idea of any one bestirring himself, or taking the trouble to satisfy your inquiry, is altogether out of the question, and not to be looked for in Madrid real life. If you get angry, '*Ay! que genio tan malo tiene*—what a bad temper he has got; there is no living with such a master.' Should you be ill advised enough to make choice of a youngster, with the idea of forming him yourself, be assured, the moment he begins to be of any use, he will demand double wages, in order to have an excuse to run the gauntlet of places. Venture to chastise him for such ingratitude, or any other superlative perversity, he hints plainly his projects of revenge, concerting matters with some of the gentlemen of the *garrote* and *stiletto*, who nightly prowl the streets; so that some night, when you least expect it, it may happen, that

on returning home wrapped up in your cloak, humming a favourite air from the opera you have just been hearing, or turning in your mind the several good points and attractions of a new conquest, such sweet fancies are put to flight by a shower of cudgel blows, or what is worse, by a keen *nabaja* plunged into your back."

This is a decided improvement on American *helps*; and even Mrs. Trollope might find "a lower deep" in Madrid.

We have had our ears so much dinned lately with "Municipal Reform," that we felt some curiosity as to the state of such matters in Spain. The chapter on the *Ayuntamiento*, or corporation of Madrid, proves that there, as well as elsewhere, the name is synonymous with abuse. This "worshipful body," though unfed on turtle-soup, and unaddicted to "wine and wassail," rejoices in its dignity equally with its brotherhood nearer home, claiming the title of *excellency*, however gratuitous, for the body, and of *your worship* for the individual. The duties which belong to it include the superintendence of the fair dealing and cleanliness of the city, with a convenient *et cetera* of labours. These may safely pass unspecified, as they are performed *a la buena de Dios*; *Anglicé*, they are left to Providence; which, having much besides of similarly deputed duties from all the world on its hands, may be excused for neglecting them all. Not so with the *funda* of the city: for these, being personally its *best interests*, are closely looked to by the worthy guardians, though even here the infirmities of human nature occasion some omissions, no way injurious or derogatory, fortunately, to the *excellency* of the corporation, however much otherwise they may affect its creditors.

"Not only is the interest of the loans (due to individuals who have bought actions in the corporation funds) not regularly paid, but none has been forthcoming for many years. While hundreds of families who invested sufficient money in the city funds to live comfortably on the interest, are literally starving, their worship, notwithstanding, are always the first to squander away money on the most trivial occasions, and to offer fetes and shows to royalty, instead of honourably fulfilling their obligations. The *Junta de propios* (city fund commission) receives the rents, which amount, between mortgages and property, to 80 or 90 millions of reals (800,000*l.*) a year; yet public works undertaken on their account advance slowly—nobody receives payment."

This is all as it should be with the holders of "vested rights." Their worship, it seems, are but indifferently paid by the *legítimo*, or regular salary of three half crowns a day, but legitimacy has its rights every where. The department for "street lighting" adulterates and diminishes the quantity of oil, and all eyes can bear witness to this practical economy, which our author further suspects to be intended to assist astronomical observation. The "director of the refuse carts" contrives to assimilate money with manure; though by saving, rather than spreading, which is an undoubted improvement on the proverb. The "inspector of pavements" manages that every stone shall yield him an annual *peseta* at least, and has the further satisfaction of knowing that he is seldom forgotten in the prayers of peripatetics, who are not of necessity stoics, nor even suffi-

ciently philosophers in any shape to bear calmly the foot slipping between the said stones, which, it seems, are placed "with their angles upwards," doubtless to promote domesticity. "He of the fountains" takes care that good water shall not go "for nothing," lest it should be undervalued, we suppose. The "worship charged with the suppression of mendicity," is decidedly tolerant of miseries; the "superintendent of eatables" of course may be reasonably expected to obtain "a good living." But the "director of the Arbolado" demands our sympathies, for how can he be expected to extract money out of the trees and shrubs? It might be an encroachment on corporate secret rights to answer this question, but "*quien sabe?*—who knows? *Allah Allah!*—God is great, and his servant is no naranja."* Our author's notes establish this fact beyond controversy.

The chapter upon the ministry and ministerial offices, affords a large fund of information, and gives a real insight into the true character of Spanish government: offering a vast field for reflection, and speculations upon the chances of future welfare and happiness, for a nation that has so long borne with such a system of management, or rather mismanagement.

In the enlightened sphere of Madrid, every official is the sun of his own system, and his satellites move regularly round him; troubling themselves very little about any other, unless where it happens to cross and disturb them. Meritorious individuals and the public at large may, and do, suffer from this perfect organisation. The business of the nation is constantly at a stand: but that is a trifle; and trifles, we know, do not obstruct systems. The admirable arrangement of the Duke of Lerma with his secretary, is faithfully preserved to this hour by their successors.

"—Egad, Gil Blas," said he, 'you go on at a rare rate: you must be furiously inclined to oblige your neighbours. Hark'e! I shall not stand upon trifles with you; but when you ask for governments, and other considerable favours, you shall, if you please, be contented with one half of the profit, and be accountable for the other to me. You can't imagine,' added he, 'what expense I am obliged to be at, or how many resources I must have to support the dignity of my post; for, notwithstanding the disinterested appearance I assume, I confess I am not imprudent enough to disorder my domestic affairs. Take your measures accordingly.'

The same worthy, it is true, explicitly states that

"The people we selected to occupy the posts, of which we made such an honourable traffic, were not always the best qualified or most regular."

An admission, excusable only from its having been made before the schoolmaster was abroad, and when political economy was yet unknown; for merit, assuredly, must have a standard of value, like every thing else; and what is so just a standard as the circulating medium?

Don Hannibal de Chinchilla, the veteran of sixty, wanting a leg, an arm, and an eye, who had spent a considerable estate in the service, and lived on leeks and onions till he was nothing but

* In English, literally, *orange tree*; and, technically, *spooney*.

skin and bone, thanked God that he presented a petition every day, without being favoured with the least notice from king or minister; he had much to be thankful for on this score at least. He piqued himself on his knowledge in composition, and the morsels of eloquence supplied by his immortal coadjutor, were worthy of the celebrated masters of Salamanca; but all in vain—he knew not the fate of those flowers of rhetoric. The author before us can help us to the solution, for the same system of recompensing merit is preserved to this day; and, accordingly, we extract at some length the chances of the *pretendiente*, or claimant.

"There is nobody there who chooses or dares to gain-say the opinion of the head of the department. No matter how often a petition may be addressed to the throne, the same formalities are always observed. If the claimant is, on grounds just or unjust, in bad odour with his superiors, his case is hopeless, unless they are changed, or His Majesty takes upon himself to decide the matter, by writing on the broad margin always left on the left hand side of the stamped paper, the magic words, '*concedido como lo pide*.' This is, however, a rare case, and exposes the favoured person to a long suite of persecutions and chagrins from his superiors, that make him bitterly repent his having quitted the hackneyed, but beaten road of the '*conducto de los gefes*.' They are jealous of their prerogatives in every sense of the word: they are not well pleased at even His Majesty interfering with them; and, as it would be somewhat perilous to attack him, they are sure to avenge themselves on his unlucky protégé."

For the more unfortunate second class of dependents—those to whom the minister or clerk is indifferent—

"They get their business transacted in a very different manner; for them all rules, routines, royal orders, ancient and modern, notes, and regulations in all their shapes, and sinuosities, and difficulties, are duly marshalled forth. This desperate gauntlet must be run in all its length; and if the patient contrives to live through it, he is never the same man again. Supposing that the demand of one of this category is founded in strict justice,—and it is seldom that any others are made, the claimant well knowing the ordeal to be gone through, when he has neither friends nor favour to help him,—in this case, and taking for granted that no claim of the same nature is put in by any other individual possessing infinitely less right but greater interest, the suitor may hope to succeed, after a lapse of from four to eight or ten months, or two years, just as things present themselves, and clerks may work. But three months is the minimum for any man who has even got on *empeño* with the clerks in the different offices."

The third variety of this unhappy species are in a still worse predicament.

"Next come the poor people, who are objects of dislike to the minister himself, or what is almost worse, to some rascally clerk, ready to sacrifice his conscience to his own or his friend's evil passions. Should one of the above forlorn tribe ask for any thing, no matter what, be it of ever so slight a nature—any thing, in fact, but leave to hang himself—he is sure to be refused, or, what is equivalent, his memorial is detained in the office, and not allowed to take its due course. It is either thrown under the table, or into a large basket, the dusty receptacle of hundreds of companions of ill fortune, and he is told that it is '*pendiente*,'—in course of being despatched. In this way he is allowed to walk to and fro from his garret to the office, and live upon the town, for about

twelve calendar months; and he might employ double that period with as much advantage to himself, if good luck or somebody out of compassion did not inform him that his memorial is enjoying a far easier time than himself—reposing profoundly in the bottom of the *capasso*,—the *Campo Santo* destined to its peers. Though a good deal shocked, no doubt, at this intelligence, he is a man of mettle and perseverance. Nothing daunted, he returns to the charge; and something is said about mistakes, papers mishandled, &c., &c., and the new adventurer is launched amid the shoals and breakers which shipwrecked the last. This time, at least, he cannot complain of much delay. Twenty days are quite sufficient to let him know that such pretensions are at least preposterous, and consequently refused."

And further:

"If he happens to be a resident in the capital, he is not unfrequently invited to decamp in three days. Has he the honour of bearing a sword in His Majesty's service? he is waited upon immediately by the governor's adjutant, who, in the most affectionate and friendly way—although he never set eyes on him before—interests himself so much in his welfare, as to insist upon seeing him, were it even one o'clock in the morning,—satisfies him as to the propriety of his instant departure, and walks down with him himself to the *calecin* in readiness; helps him to get in, and sees him off with every wish for his health, happiness, and pleasant journey. He may rest assured that as long as his friends remain in power, he need not be at the trouble or expense of again exposing himself to the inconveniences of traveling or visiting the capital."

The chapter embodying the history of one of these *pretendientes*, is full of interest of the most painful kind. The hopeless veteran *pretendiente*, the lady claimants with their vanity, assumption, jealousies, and sarcasm; the proud, the shameless, the titled, and untitled beggar, sticking for etiquette, are portrayed to the life, and mark a perfect knowledge of the place, such as could only be acquired by a long-suffering *pretendiente*.

We shall now venture upon a few extracts descriptive of the external appearance of the streets of the Spanish capital. Here is a general view:—

"The interior of Madrid, with the exception of a very few streets and public buildings, by no means relieves the disappointment caused by its nakedness without the walls. There is a comfortless look in the generality of the houses not recently built, which gives a very unfavourable impression, and a misgiving about the finding of a snug lodging, exceedingly tantalising to a wayworn traveller. Nearly every house has balconies on the first and higher stories, forming the only liveable part of it during the African heat of a Madrid summer. * * *

"Notwithstanding the consequent importance of keeping such a post in good order, the balconies seldom receive a coat of paint, much oftener exhibiting the various contrasts of rust and the action of the atmosphere. The mean appearance of the windows, glazed with little square panes, of the worst description and varied hue, (for, be it observed, the glass is purposely bad, in order to prevent the scan of curious eyes,) set in leaden grooves or lattices; the absence of paint, and the little care taken of the sashes and wood-work, heightens the haunted look they have about them.

"Many good housewives have also devised sundry ingenious contrivances and additions to the enticing appearance of their balconies, by having pieces of wood fastened to the walls on each side, with a small pulley in the outer part, through which running cords are passed

and secured at either end; stockings, black and white, blue and grey; stomachers, handkerchiefs, and even ladies' *panos menores* are there to be seen, flaunting and toying in the wind, like so many gay pennons of knight or baron bold."

The eye of the gazer is further interested by all the varieties of architecture constantly recurring for his improvement, and thus preventing the weariness of monotony.

"It is not uncommon to see a wretched tumble-down looking house supporting itself against the palace of a 'grandee,' displaying its chequered, moss-grown, weather-stained tiling, in mockery, as it were, of the marble and sculpture of its next door neighbour. It is but justice to state, however, that the houses now in the course of erection would not disgrace any metropolis, although their interior distribution is on a very small scale, not so much to suit the convenience of the occupant as the avarice of the proprietor, whose object is to cram the greatest number possible of tenants into the smallest possible space.

"The quarters of Madrid, known under the name of the 'Rastro' and 'Barrios Bajos,' present a most unwholesome and ungainly appearance; they are chiefly composed of hovels with mud walls and tiled roofing, containing only the ground floor, and are inhabited by the dregs of the population. They are the purloins of vice and crime, and a disgrace, not only to the capital, but would be so to any sixth-rate town in the kingdom."

Nor is this variety confined to the buildings alone—

"The same contrast is exhibited in the style and mode of living of the nobility and richer classes, both in horses, equipage, clothing, eating and drinking—luxury and misery, comfort and squalidness, are constantly elbowing each other. The inhabitants also bear a strong stamp of quaint originality about them. Were a man transported blindfold into Spain, and his bandage taken off when set down in Madrid, he might, on his first walk through the streets, readily fancy himself in a sea-port town, from the great variety of costumes, European, Oriental, Spanish, and many partaking of all three.

"The *Valencian* with his gay coloured handkerchief rolled about his head in the Moorish fashion, a brilliantly striped mantle thrown gracefully over his shoulder; the *Moragato*, looking for all the world like a well-fed Dutch skipper in flesh and costume; the man of *Extremadura*, his broad buff belt buttoned about his loins, and a string of 'chorisos' (sausages) in his hand; the *Catalonian's* 'wild Albanian' look and cut, and a red woollen cap falling on his shoulder in the style of the Neapolitan lazzaroni; the *Andalusian's* elegant dress, swarthy visage, and immeasurable whiskers. *Gallicia's* heavy dirty son dragging after him at every step a shoe weighing from two to three pounds, including nails, doublings, and other defences against a treacherous and ruinous pavement."

To all this we may add the idle lounging gait and showy uniform of the military, so numerous in Madrid; and the still more numerous friars of all denominations; the patched dresses of the poorer classes; the universal *mantilla*, black or white, still worn in the streets by even women of every age and condition, though veils are more rare than formerly: the staid mother; the daughter, walking invariably a few paces before her, under strict surveillance, which does not, however, prevent her from noticing every cavalier she passes, and even telegraphing with him, if so inclined, by the movements of the indispensable fan; the pavement in many places covered with

fruit of all kinds for sale, and the open plying of every trade in the air by those who cannot afford the shelter of a house or shop;—and we shall agree with our author that

"Take them altogether, the streets of Madrid have not the least point of resemblance with those of any other European capital—just as little as the majority of the people walking about them have with the inhabitants of Paris, London, or Vienna."

The *Calle de Alcalá* is "a very fine noble street:" in truth, it is the only fine street in Madrid, being somewhere about a mile in length, and considerably broader than Portland Place. Of the variety of scenes and characters which this street presents, calculated to strike the attention of the stranger, here is a small specimen:—

"This street of Alcalá is also famous for its *Osterias*, or *Hostelries*, the resting place of a numerous gang of *Arrieros*—muleteers; and *Ordinarios*, regular carriers to and from the various provincial towns. You step out of a palace, and enjoy next door the grateful smell of horseradish—the picturesque and vigorous language of the *aforementioned* tribe—the tinkling of the bells round the mules' necks, as they move in their stable; three or four huge dogs, with an iron collar stuffed with nails defending their throats, pretending to be asleep upon the threshold, merely waiting for a pretext to give you a good shaking."

* * * A strong odour of well pitched wine-skins increases the enjoyment of the passenger, who thinks he has escaped as he passes before seemly houses and handsome shops, until he finds himself stopped by a crowd of 'jolly dogs' rolling out of a '*Despacho de Vino*,' or drinking shop; next, a jeweller's; a little further on, a '*Tienda de Comestibles*,' where you may see the portly mistress, or greasy master, of the establishment enshrined amid festoons of *chorizos*, (sausages,) *flices of Rico Tocino*, (fine fat bacon,) piles of chocolate, cheese, quarters of lamb or kid, according to the season. * * *

The street we are describing is built, as all the world must be aware, upon a gradually ascending ground, so that, when we reach the custom house, we command the view on either side towards the *Prado* or the '*Puerta del Sol*.' In this advantageous position are to be found knots of stout fellows wrapped up in their cloaks, some muffled up to the eyes, others contenting themselves with giving the ample folds a knowing jerk under the left arm; all differently engaged, smoking or talking, but keeping a sharp look out up and down the street. Judging by their bluff faces and flourishing whiskers, the conic termination of the hat, with a tuft of black silk adorning the top and one side of the upturned brim, not to mention the broad band of black velvet which nearly covers the whole 'concern,' and the thick cigar stuck in a corner of the mouth, one might well conclude they were '*Hacendados*' of Andalusia, come up on a frolic, or '*Chalanes*,' (horse-jockeys,) from Cordova, just arrived with a string of incomparable coursers; their gay embroidered vests and jackets shining out from an opening in the 'capa,' the showy silk kerchief round their necks, confined by a gold ring in front, might even induce one to suspect that they belonged to the '*Grandeza*,'—could such athletic forms and thews, and sinews, adorn that puny race. Not one of these suppositions, however, comes near the truth. They are simply industrious lads of a high spirit, who prefer the '*trabajo*' and sabre to any more mechanical instruments: they meet morning and evening, at the usual hours of departure and arrival of wayfaring people—they note down with care their comings in and goings out, and find means of ascertaining pretty exactly the sum of worldly riches they carry about them. In short, they are '*Caballeros Ladrones*'—robber

cavaliers—(what in London would be called gentlemen of the 'swell mob,') exercising their honest calling in the best way they can."

The *Calle de Montera*—the Bond street, or *Rue Vivienne* of Madrid—offers some amusing varieties from its respectable prototypes,—“for here we find concentrated the largest and most brilliant shops in the capital, of all sorts and descriptions. Here, too, the ladies are ever in crowds, tormenting the shop boys, turning every thing topsy-turvy, and making few and slender purchases.” We should be mute, however, were this the sole point of presumed difference between the scenes in the street in question, and its French and English rivals. Neither of these could pretend to compete with the spectacle of a well-frizzed dapper shop boy jumping over the counter to eject an obstinate hen with her chickens, who have effected a lodgment on the counterscarp, as effectually as *Uncle Toby* himself could have desired. But this is not all—

"It is by no means uncommon for ladies, driving a hard bargain in a mercer's shop, refulgent with rich brocades and lovely silks, and delicious ribands, to be interrupted and startled by a sound peck at their little foot, perpetrated by a sauntering turkey-cock, just dropped in from the stables and *Posada* of the '*Gallera*' opposite, and mistaking the rosette on their shoe for something eatable."

We must not omit the description of another agreeable characteristic of the place, which leaves English rivalry at a hopeless distance, and that is—

"The '*lances*' (*rows*) constantly occurring between the dogs, with and without masters, that are in the habit of giving each other a general rendezvous opposite the church of *St. Luis*, after gleaning the refuse of the neighbouring market-place of '*El Carmen*.' As they are very numerous, and of all casts and conditions, it is natural there should exist a considerable divergency of opinions amongst them on most subjects. This produces at first something between a growl and a whimper, which gradually improves into a display of fiery eyes and rows of sharp white teeth."

Hence, very naturally and speedily, ensues a general *mêlée* and running fight; and the flag-way is always selected by the *old hands*, to the great accommodation of passengers, and convenience and despatch of business in the streets. Nor does it end here, for these *belligerents* sometimes create a diversion in favour of the shopkeepers themselves.

"When the pursuit becomes hot, and the dogs are hard pushed, they bolt into the shops, on the old sailor principle of 'any port in a storm,' and there 'fight it out,'—utterly and alike regardless of the fright and screams of the ladies, the swearing of the shop boys, and the cudgels of the beggars, fixtures at the door, who hope to pocket a few *cuartos* by a seasonable display of vigour."

Another feature is furnished by—

"The '*Galeras*' arriving from the country, or departing, or loading before the gateways of the *Posadas*; it is a '*rus in urbe*' with a vengeance. Their mat awnings, mud-clogged wheels and clumsy drags, wild-looking tmules and drivers, the misanthropic dog posted between the wheels, and the iron pot lashed on behind, contrast strangely with the smart equipages of the '*Fashionable*,'

and tell loudly of bad roads, arid plains, and uninhabited regions, requiring both food and kitchen to travel with."

But we must stop short with the remarks of the writer upon the crowds and occupations of the streets: long as they are, and lively in the extreme, they satisfactorily evince that he is none of those who "can travel from *Dan to Beersheba*, and cry it is all barren."

The chapter on "Convents" is a very important one; the information it contains respecting the nature and extent of the influence and property of the "monkery," is better calculated to enlighten us as to the real character of the struggle now going on in the north of Spain, than any we have before met with. The chapters on "the Regular Clergy," "Death in Spain," and "the Nunneries,"—all branches of the same great subject, help to complete the picture.

As we have alluded to the author's talent as an amateur artist, it is but fair to give some specimens of his style and manner of appreciating, as a writer, the wonderful masterpieces of Spanish art which embellish the metropolis. One or two passages from his chapter on the "Museum of the Prado" will be sufficient.

"The saloons devoted to the Spanish school are but thinly hung with the productions of the minor painters. The blaze of genius of Murillo, Velasquez, and Ribero, has been judged, and rightly so, of too dazzling a nature to admit less brilliant and happy competitors within its focus.

"That picture to the left on entering can own but one pencil in the world: it is the famous 'Nativity' of Murillo. That virgin face betrays 'his thought by day, his dream by night,'—the portraiture of some lovely being, seen but once, and never again to be beheld, but whose memory and image are reproduced in all his pictures, consecrated by the most sublime touches of his pencil—the *monomania* of genius after a fleeting *beau-ideal*, in the hope of one day surprising it in the silence of his atelier. That countenance, more than the breaking day, illuminates the obscurity of the humble cow-house, and fixes the abashed looks of the simple shepherds. They are there in the untutored posture of simple adoration; their costume, the rents and seams of their garments, the proof of their uncleanly habits—the dust and stains of unwashed feet, the marks of wayfaring,—all are characteristic of shepherds, such as one meets now-a-days in the mountains of the Sierra Morena, or in the sheep walks of Estremadura. They are so naturally figured forth—their garments, with staff, and hat, and calabash, so palpable—their looks and attitudes in such perfect keeping, that we at once feel we have before us one of those felicitous creations flowing without effort from the pencil, and so thoroughly natural, that it appears of easy accomplishment even to the most ignorant spectator. The *claro oscuro* is quite magical; the prevalence of a rich brown tone throughout requires a depth and transparency of colouring often sought, but seldom attained. The animals are there blended and harmonised in the secondary grouping, and the whole so perfectly set forth, that nature itself is not more true.

"Turn to 'the Conception'—to that galaxy of light, 'pure, ethereal,' losing itself in dazzling perspective, to that all-heavenly countenance, distilling sweetness, and beauty, and tenderness, the 'passion' of the painter.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

This is no cold or calculated imagining of a given subject. It is the yearning of a strong human heart after

immortal loveliness. His thoughts were not in heaven then, but in the depth of his own bosom, condensing into one long remembrance of all that ever floated through his brain, and soul, and memory, of great and enchanting, and superior to this 'our mortal state and mould.' He seized that agitated spark, struck from the heart's core, and imparted it, bright, and sparkling, and glorious, to the canvass."

In the chapter on "Bull-Fights," a number of particulars are detailed which strike us as new, even after all that has been written on this favoured object of Spanish predilection. With an anecdote selected from this chapter, singularly characteristic of Spanish vengeance, we shall conclude our extracts, as well as this article.

"There is a story told of an instance of dark vengeance meditated by a young Andalusian against his former bosom friend, which may find a place here, as belonging to the subject. Two sworn inseparable friends went together, as on all former occasions, to enjoy bull-baiting at the *cortijo* of a relation. In the course of the sport, some dispute took place, as to which of the two had done best: blows were given and received; the advantage, however, remaining in favour of Manuel. Vicente received the *abrazo* and regrets of his friends with a good grace, but swore in his heart that he would be revenged. Some days after, Vicente invited Manuel to accompany him to the *cortijo* of his uncle, and see a fine herd of young bulls, just turned in from the summer pastures. After dinner, they went out together, and inspected the stables and animals. 'You must come a little further,' said Vicente, 'to this small lock up. I wish to show you a beautiful bull, kept for sale; he is the most furious in the whole *sega*—the cow-herds themselves are afraid of him.' The door was opened with caution; the arched vault almost dark. 'We can advance somewhat nearer to him without danger, Manuel.' Manuel did so; but the moment his body was clear of the door, the traitor closed it violently, turned the key outside, and threw it to a distance, to prevent a prompt discovery of the crime. Manuel had but little time to adopt a resolution. The bull, startled at the noise, sprang upon his legs, pawed the ground, and fixed his two glaring balls upon his victim, who had not even his cloak to give him a chance of tiring the animal and gaining a respite. The roof was supported by a heavy stone pillar. The bull already drew himself together for the rush: Manuel places his back against the pillar, shouts defiance, and provokes his enemy with feet and hands. The charge is made,—the quick eye of the Andalusian watched the favourable moment; he slipped from the pillar as the horns grazed his person, and saw the bull fall dead at his feet, his brains being beat out by the shock against the column. But a sterner account was now to be settled. Manuel's cries brought assistance and release: the story divulged itself; Vicente had gone home. Manuel mounted his horse, loaded his *trabuco*, and rode hard to overtake his murderer. 'Vicente,' he shouted, as he descried him afar off, '*esperate*—wait, I owe you *la vuelta*—the change.' Vicente spurred hard for his life; Manuel was better mounted. The former screamed hard for mercy, as his pursuer gained upon him, and a shot was heard immediately afterwards. Vicente was buried without inquiry, for his family dreaded the publicity of his treachery. Manuel left his home and went to sea—to America, it is believed. His friends blamed his flight, for they all looked upon the act as one of 'justifiable homicide!'"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy;
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee:
With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song;
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears:
But *thou*, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
And all this bloom of feeling with the bloom of face depart?
Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
That bugbear guilt shall only get the father with the son;
And thou, perceiving that the grief must *me* at least destroy!
Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant frown?
No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for whatso'er befall,
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimise through life, unfriended and alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind,
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
Make thee a child of wisdom—and to heaven bequeath the rest:

Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
Outdoing every deed of mine and wearing brighter bays;
With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain;
A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—

Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
And know, as I this moment do, no brighter better joy,
Then thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Payne Collier's publication of some "New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare," has called back my attention to a subject, from which other circumstances had unwillingly withdrawn me. I shall prefix to the following chapters of the Confessions of Shakspeare, a few remarks on these discoveries, in the hope of more immediately interesting the reader in the great subject they refer to. The "facts" are unquestionably of importance, if only as a proof that such earnest and laudable zeal as Mr. Collier's, if well directed, may get its reward. It is a pity that it has come so late. But it is with this as with other things. We waste our opportunities till they cannot be recalled, and fix our desires most intently on what it is too late to attain. Four folio editions of the works of Shakspeare were published to satisfy the demands of his admirers in the century which followed his death; but no one asked for, and no one furnished unasked, a single explanatory note, or the annexation of a particle of biographical anecdote. This was because so many of his relatives still survived, that the information was to be had for asking! During the greater part of this period nothing could exceed the popularity of Shakspeare.* His plays were the only delight of play-goers, the only salvation of the property of managers, the closet companions of the studies of monarchs. Leonard Digges protests that the audiences—

"would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd Cataline;
Sejanus, too, was irksome; they priz'd more
'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.

E'en the 'Fox' and 'Alchemist,' at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers; when let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poin, the rest, you scarce shall have a room;
All is so pester'd. Let but Beatrice
And Benedict be seen, and in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full—"

—yet of him, by whose wonderful influence all men, whether in grief or gladness, were thus

* Such was the popularity of Shakspeare in 1627, that, in the April of that year, the King's Company, then playing at Blackfriars, purchased the interference of the Master of the Revels to prevent the players of the Red Bull theatre from performing any of his productions.

made better and happier, no one knew any thing, nor cared to know! Shakspeare's sister, Joan Hart, lived till 1646; Mrs. Hall, his favourite daughter, lived till 1649; his second daughter, Judith, was living at Stratford in 1662; and Lady Bernard, his grand daughter, did not die till 1670. A few words from Mrs. Hall would have greater value now than the hundred volumes of ponderous feebleness amassed by "commentators." So infinite has been the labour, and so trifling the reward!

Mr. Collier's discoveries relate chiefly to the pecuniary circumstances of Shakspeare. It will be recollected that I gave a statement in the first paper of this series by which it appeared that, in a list of the sharers and actors of the Blackfriars theatre, in 1596, Shakspeare's name stood fifth. From the names, however, that stood before his, it could not, with any certainty, be gathered from this circumstance that it was decisive of any thing like prosperous circumstances. Mr. Collier now produces, from the MSS. at Bridgewater house, the names of the company of sixteen sharers seven years earlier, at the close of 1589, in which Shakspeare's name also appears, but as low as twelfth upon the list. When it is recollected, therefore, that only four sharers held a rank subordinate to his at this period, and only three at the next date within our knowledge (that of 1596), and that such men as Kempe and Armyn, who were of very low repute—the buffoons, in fact of the company—have places in these lists,—I do not think we have any reason to consider Shakspeare's position in the world as at all considerable during these years,—or that his life was not meanwhile, as I shall have occasion to show in one of the chapters of these Confessions, even supposing the evidence admitted of a progressive advancement into consideration, thwarted by many obstacles, and attended with the severest struggles; with poverty, with contumely, and neglect. The possession of half a share, it is shown by one of Mr. Collier's discoveries, was sufficient to entitle its owner to rank as a shareholder, and the value of this, exaggerated by the possessor's own estimate, ranks little higher than about a hundred pounds. Up to 1596, in fact, I maintain, and shall show by evidence more emphatic than Mr. Collier's (Shakspeare's own), that the worldly circumstances of this great writer were any thing but easy. I believe the commencement of his fortune to have been his acquaintance with the Lord Southampton, and the influence it won for him among persons "of worship."

When Shakspeare arrived in London in 1586, it is certain that, desirous of winning his way quietly and unobtrusively—mistrustful perhaps of even his wonderful genius—he offered his services to the managers of the Blackfriars' theatre, as willing, in addition to his duties of acting, to alter plays, and amend or re-write scenes. "Titus Andronicus" may have had the first bold strengthening of his hand. Sure I am that when Marlowe heard some of the new portions of that tragedy, he must have felt, for the first time, his own "mighty line" in danger. With envy of this sort Shakspeare had certainly to struggle. His labour on "Titus Andronicus" fitted him,

we may imagine, for the gigantic sketch of Talbot, which he inserted in the old play that now passes for the first part of "Henry the Sixth." It would be interesting, if this were a fitting opportunity, to mark the progressive changes in his manner of altering the plays submitted to him, as he grew more self-possessed and conscious of his power. "Pericles" I take to have been the first in which he suffered his genius to have a perfect scope. The sweetness, delicacy of sentiment, ease and truth, observable throughout this production, are extreme. In it are to be seen first developed to any extent a peculiarity in the rhythm of Shakspeare, which has been noticed by Mr. Coleridge. Examined narrowly, by this alone, his alterations (which are very extensive) may be seen to half a line. I allude to the exquisite perfection he reached in the flowing continuity of interchangeable pauses. His varied images "symbolical of moral truth," as Coleridge says, thrusting by and seeming to trip up each other, from an impetuosity of thought, produce a metre which is always flowing from one verse into the other, and seldom closes with the tenth syllable of the line. The success of "Pericles" may have given Shakspeare the "share" we now find him in possession of, while it stimulated him to original efforts. The second and third parts of "Henry the Sixth" were the result, and these were followed by "Richard the Second," and "Richard the Third." Spenser, about this time, in a passage which cannot be misunderstood, alludes to his fondness for these high historical subjects, and characterises him as one

"Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himself,* heroically sound."

I have little doubt that it was the circumstance of his having shown this fondness for heroic subjects, to which he was first indebted for the attentions of the chivalrous Earl of Southampton, and to these, as I have already said, I am inclined to attribute his increasing weight among the players at a period so early. Taking the matter in this view, it is natural he should have felt the odium and annoyance of his personal position still more bitterly, (as we shall see he must have done;) and that the difficulties in his profession, which continued for some time to beset him, must have eaten into his heart with a more corroding sorrow. Of the public, that

"Hugo-six'd monster of ingratitude,"

he could not be certain. His fellow writers and actors had already assailed him. Greene, in his "Grot's-worth of Wit," had sneered at him as the bombaster out of a blank verse, (in allusion, as I fancy, to "Titus Andronicus," and Talbot,) and as the only Shake-scene in the country." Chettle, who published this pamphlet, accompanied it with a statement about Greene, which was meant as a discouragement of Shakspeare. He calls him a man of "singular pleasance," and "*to no man's disgrace be it spoken, the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country.*" This was towards the end of 1592. About this time, however, I take Shakspeare's acquaintance with

* Shake Speare.

Southampton to have commenced. Mark the effect it had. Chettle, who had published Greene's impertinence, and added to it an impertinence of his own, now (within a year of the affront) comes forward with an "apology." He withdraws his phrases of offence. He says in their disproof—"myselfe hath seene his demeanour no less civil than excellent in the qualitie he professes. Besides, divers of worship, have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." It is easy to perceive the source of this unwilling praise, and to fancy how little the pleasure was it could give to Shakspeare. No wonder we find him speaking, as I shall shortly show he does, on the subject of his art, and the untoward difficulties of his life. We may fancy them, though in one sense improved, in another embittered, by this alliance with Lord Southampton. His gratitude, however, was due no less, and accordingly, in 1593, he publicly proclaimed it by the dedication of his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and, in 1594, by that of the "Rape of Lucrece." "*The warrant I have of your honourable disposition,*" he says in the letter, "not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. *What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.* Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness." Setting aside the exaggerated courtesy of the time, Shakspeare here refers unquestionably to services conferred upon him. Greater services were to follow. In 1596, as I have shown, we can scarcely presume him to have been other than struggling still with difficulty and opposition. Two or three years after this, I believe him to have first emerged from that sort of dependence which accompanies such struggles. It is clear that his chief source of remuneration must have been in his authorship; yet, in 1598, if Malone's researches are to be taken, and they are generally our best guide, he did not produce a single play. What was the cause of this? I believe it to be at least a reasonable supposition, that it was at this time the Lord Southampton had, as Rowe states on the authority of Sir William Davenant, given the poet a thousand pounds, "*to enable him to go through with a purchase which he had heard our poet had a mind to,*" and that this purchase was no other than that considerable share in theatrical property which it must be presumed he was in possession of in 1602, when James the First granted to Laurence Fletcher and Shakspeare, as leaders of the Chamberlain's company, the patent for playing at the Globe in the summer, and Blackfriars in the winter. Mr. Collier himself says, there is no sufficient reason to deny this gift.

Here, then, I would draw the line in Shakspeare's pecuniary circumstances. Up to this period he must have felt dependent; working, as it were, without reward; finding it difficult to avail himself even of what he earned; striving to make the best of his troubles, but unable to keep them aloof, or to tempt them to spare his door. But

once "set afloat" in his circumstances, his course was a triumphant one. He was then, indeed, as Daniel the poet, in one of Mr. Collier's recently discovered papers, peevishly describes him—"The author of playes now daily presented on the public stage of London, and the possessor of no small gaines." In 1602, he produced "Hamlet," and then, for the first time daring to indulge the thought of closing a life of quiet independence in his native town, he bought his house of New Place with a hundred and seven acres of land;—delighted, as we may imagine, to anticipate his departure from scenes which, if they had witnessed his triumph, had witnessed also his exceeding trouble; and venturing at that moment to think the enjoyment of an actual estate in Warwickshire, better than any reliance on the

"Estate which wits inherit after death,"

which he never much troubled himself about at any time. Within the five years that succeeded, he produced, among many of his greatest plays, "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth," and in the proceeds which reverted to him out of the profits of the theatres where they were acted, and in which he had become so considerable a sharer, we may now indeed trace his advancement in the world. He had availed himself of his first opportunity of quitting the stage. After representing the "majesty of buried Denmark," he took his name from the list of actors. He gave up the ghost, as we may say. Mr. Collier's recent discoveries materially assist us in the further inquiry into his circumstances. No further doubt, indeed, can possibly rest upon them, from the date of this period of his life. Among the fines preserved at the Chapter House, there is a document relative to the purchase by him, in 1603, of a messuage with barn, granary, garden and orchard, at Stratford-on-Avon, for 50*l.*; which Mr. Collier produces. It was before known, that in 1605 Shakspeare gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of great and small tithes of Stratford. Mr. Collier completes our sum of information on this head by producing another document of a very remarkable kind, discovered by him among the papers of Lord Ellesmere at Bridgewater house. The Corporation of London, as it was well known, had a continued grudge against what they deemed the nuisance of the Blackfriars theatre, and made repeated efforts to get the players removed. These efforts were for some years unsuccessful, till at last a proposition seems to have been entertained for buying out the shares and properties of the theatre, and so getting rid of the nuisance in that expensive way. The document in question purports accordingly to be the statement of the precise sum claimed by each sharer, on his share and other property, and seems to have been laid, with other documents relating to the subject, before Lord Ellesmere, then lord chancellor. I quote Shakspeare's claim:—"Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500*li* and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellows Burbadge and Fletcher viz 933*li*. 6*s*. 8*d.*—1433*li*. 6*s*. 8*d.*—his own estimate, it will be recollected; and stated, of course, at its very highest amount, both for the sake of the

compensation claimed generally by the company, and of throwing as many obstacles as possible in the way of the citizens, who had sought to annoy them. Still it is curious and important in a high degree, and may be received as the most authentic testimony on the point it refers to, that we have yet obtained. If the shares are taken, as stated in another part of the document, to have produced on an average, "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares into which the theatre seems to have been divided, would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or something less than 3400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income, therefore, from the receipts of the Blackfriars theatre at this date, without the amount paid him for the use of his wardrobe and properties, would be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Add that amount, with the actual sums received by him on the production of his new plays, to his profits upon the same number of shares which he of course held (the two theatres were one concern) in the Globe—and we shall not be disposed to call Mr. Collier's estimate an exaggerated one, which fixes the yearly income of the poet at 300*l.*, which is not far short of 1500*l.* of our present money. Proportionate we may conceive the consideration to have been, in which he was henceforward held, for to his death the "yellow slave" continued to minister to him—(whose service, as about this time he bitterly describes it—

"Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the spital house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.")

—and Shakspeare died the richest man—the possessor, at least, as we believe, of the best and largest house—in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon.

I have thus endeavoured to draw the line from which this prosperity may be dated, because many of the Confessions which follow might otherwise have confused the reader. In this, I think it will be found, I have on the whole succeeded. Mr. Collier, himself, in the last and most interesting of his discoveries, furnishes a striking corroboration of my view. He has produced, from the same bundle of papers at Bridge-water house which was found to contain the documents relating to the disputes between the players and the corporation, the copy of a letter addressed, we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the actors. Of the authenticity of this letter, from its internal evidence, I do not think a doubt should be entertained: nor will any one be hardy enough to dispute Mr. Collier's opinion that the initials at the close, H. S., stand for Henry Southampton—ever the constant friend and patron of Shakspeare, in whose continued good fortune the earl may be supposed to have taken a more than ordinary interest, if, as I have suggested, he was the person from whom its first impulse came. This letter is a personal introduction of Richard

Burbadge and William Shakspeare by their names and professions, to the noble individual to whom it is addressed, in order that they might state to him their case, and interest him in behalf of the persecuted players. Lord Southampton begins by alluding to the many good offices he had received at Lord Ellesmere's hands. Their acquaintance is matter of history. After alluding to the subject of the introduction, the earl then says:—"These bearers are two of the chiefs of the company: one of them by name Richard Burbadge, who humbly sueth for your lordship's kind helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably." "Hamlet" had been produced before this, as I have already mentioned; and Burbadge, not, as is commonly supposed, Joseph Taylor, was its original representative. Shakspeare is afterwards described:—"The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and MY ESPECIAL FRIENDE, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth, when the companie was called upon to performe before her Ma^{tie}. at court at Christmas and Shrovetide." I disagree with Mr. Collier in fixing 1608 as the date of this letter, because, from the terms employed at its conclusion, it would seem to have reference to the dispute in an earlier stage—when the players were threatened with a gross injustice, and before the corporation had been brought to offer compensation. The document on which Mr. Collier founds his suggestion (the estimate of the value of the shares) appears to me, on the other hand, a virtual abandonment of any thing like the accusation of injustice against the corporation. Fix the date of this letter a year or two earlier, and the passage which relates to Shakspeare's recent quitting of the stage confirms my view of the period of his departure. The letter concludes thus:—"This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede, almost of one towne; both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your lo. gravite and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute now is not to be molested in their waye of life whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellowes." The reader of this will perhaps have done me the favour to recollect, that in my first paper of this series I mentioned Burbadge, contrary to the received notion, as a Warwickshire man, and one of others from the same county, whose success in the Blackfriars theatre was likely to have given Shakspeare the first thought of trying his fortune there. This interesting letter, as we have seen, confirms this; and Mr. Collier now adds to it the sanction of his excellent opinion. Lord Southampton's allusion to "gravity and wisdom" keeping away from theatres, is a pleasant confession for himself—of whom, at the period of Shakspeare's greatest

popularity, honest Mr. White wrote to Sir R. Sidney, that "my Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland pass away their time in London merely in going to plays every day."

If it is thought that too great an effort has been made in these remarks to connect the worldly success of Shakspeare with the patronage of the young Earl of Southampton, instead of leaving it, as Mr. Collier does, to be considered altogether as the naturally progressive result of his genius and admirable industry,—let the judgment be suspended till the following Confessions are read. They are the completest, the most interesting, the noblest, records of the private history of Shakspeare that now remain to us—and I would keep them, if possible, undisturbed. When Lope de Vega was thought to be in the receipt of thousands of ducats from his dramatic writings, he was complaining to himself and to his son of ill usage, and neglect, and poverty—and his memory has been unjustly attacked for this. I would not have the same injustice done to his illustrious English cotemporary. Genius is a grand thing, but it is in immortality alone that its possessors can build their secure reversion, or trust to their safe reward. Writers, the cotemporaries of Shakspeare, and inferior in genius to him alone, have struggled almost hopelessly till they found rest in the grave. The only grand possessions they enjoyed, the only things in which they could delight or pride themselves, are still ours, imperishable and incorruptible! and for these, their thoughts and their verse, the only happy portion of what was theirs, they have become immortal. "Serene and smiling" are they now, though in the shades of death,

"Because on earth their names
In Fame's eternal volume shine for aye—"

—but while they lived, their life was difficult and wretched, and the world to them, as to Marina, in delightful Pericles, "was as a lasting storm, hurrying them from their friends." Marlow had such a life, and it closed in a sudden and frightful death. Ben Jonson, in the midst of Shakspeare's successes, was living on the charity of a friend, as we ascertain from a memorandum which occurs in a private diary of the time. "Ben Jonson, the poet, now lives upon one Townsend, and scorns the world." This, however, was beginning too soon to scorn it. It had not done with its benefactor. He lived to be obliged to write plays for his existence, with a brain girt round with pain, and to hear of their being hissed by the "inconstant multitude." I might make out a melancholy list, but I shall close with the name of Massinger. Life was, indeed, to this eminent writer, a long wintry day, of "shadows, clouds, and darkness." I recollect reading a letter of his to a person of the name of Henslow, (a sort of pawnbroker; one who advanced money upon wearing apparel, the wardrobes of actors, till he enriched himself out of their necessities with an enormous theatrical property,) in which the unfortunate poet solicits the advance of a few pounds, to which he was in fact entitled, with the humility and self-abasement of a mendicant asking alms. The memorial of his

mortality accords but too well with these passages in his life: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."

I may add that on reference to the life of Massinger, I find in this wretched solicitation for money, two persons, not unknown in that day as writers, nor forgotten now, Nathaniel Field and Robert Daborne, joined with the greater poet, and that the sum they implored was *five pounds*! I mention it, however, because it illustrates forcibly a point I have already touched on, and shall have greater occasion to allude to in a portion of these Confessions—I mean the uncertainty of theatrical property, which must have kept its owner, however apparently prosperous, in a continual state of anxiety and dread. These very persons, Robert Daborne and Nathaniel Field, whom we see in such great distress with Massinger in 1613 or 1614, had been sufficiently prosperous some five years before to apply for and obtain from the king a patent "to bring up and practise children in plaies by the name of the children of the queen's revells"—a patent which is produced among Mr. Collier's recent discoveries, and the first draft of which contains curiously enough, the name of Shakspeare—as if he had meant to join them in the first instance, but had afterwards been diverted from his intention. Another fact, incidentally mentioned by Mr. Collier, I shall avail myself of in further illustration. Some years after Shakspeare had sold his property in the theatres, and quitted London, the privy council itself seems to have "entertained the plan of removing the playhouse (Blackfriars), and of making compensation to the parties." Mr. Collier produces the original report on the value of the property made accordingly by the aldermen of the ward and two other magistrates; from which it appears that the company of the actors themselves first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars theatre and its appurtenances; that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,900*l.*; but that the magistrates, "extraordinary as it may seem," subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Such is the value, it may be remarked, in passing, of a player's estimate of his own property! But it will be unjust to glance any serious discredit, therefore, at what we have seen was Shakspeare's estimate. The truth is, that after he quitted London, theatrical property certainly declined, and continued to do so in the years which followed. I can scarcely consider, therefore, that the confusion which must have so sadly existed in the minds of these poor players, between what their property had been worth and its present worthlessness, is at all extraordinary. So early as 1615, when Shakspeare had only retired to Stratford two years, I find, in addition to the causes which must always render such property uncertain, a pretty plain reason for its more speedy decline in this instance. John Chamberlain, in writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, describes the plays then performing as "such poor stuff, that instead of delight, they send the auditors away with discontent. Indeed," he continues, "our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, insomuch that of five new plays, there is not one that pleases, and therefore they are driven to

furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead, and bring them most profit."

Shakspeare must have smiled if he heard this, sitting in his quiet retirement on the banks of the Avon!

CHAPTER III.—SHAKSPEARE'S MISTRESS.

I occupied the last chapter of these confessions with a particular introduction to the two striking passages in the history of the life and thoughts of Shakspeare, which are illustrated in his sonnets. I shall devote the present to as graphic a sketch as I am able to give of his connection with the woman I have there recorded. A passion more remarkable in all respects was never, perhaps, felt by any heart, strong for suffering equally as for joy—and never, certainly, was a passion expressed with greater vividness or fervour; with a finer luxuriance of imagination, or a more trembling delicacy of sentiment; with so rapt a joy, or a despair so afflicting, yet so noble!

It will startle the reader to see Shakspeare as he will now be presented, the victim of an unhappy and ill-starred love. In his dramatic writings he appears elevated above all this, as if he were a god. His lightly-moved, and all-conceiving spirit, as Goethe has exquisitely described the poet's, steps forth like the sun from night to day, and with easy and calm transition tunes his harp to joy or woe. Our laughter and our tears obey his will, all the resources of man's life and thought crowd round him at his pleasure, and at his bidding the world of imagination and the world of reality come spinning into a little space before us! If, as our life would but too sadly intimate, from the disproportion of its desires and attainments, we ordinary men, while fancying ourselves awake, do only dream,—how truly should we guess of the life of such a man as Shakspeare, that he must have passed that dream like one awake; viewing the strangest and most baffling of human incidents from an eminence where they never affected him; availing himself of them, in his character of teacher and prophet, of friend both to gods and men, only as a part of the past and the future; conscious of them always as of the existence of the actual world, which lies open in all its parts before him, but mixing himself up as little with them, as though between that world and him a great gulf were fixed. How often, indeed, have we actually thought this of Shakspeare, till we only of late discovered how falsely we had thought it. View him here!

The name of the mistress of Shakspeare remains unknown. It is impossible ever to discover a clue to it. Through many sonnets he has addressed to her, during a passion of several years, we have not even an allusion to her Christian name. There may have been some feeling of consideration and delicacy in this. The cynical style of literature had certainly at that time not come into vogue. Rousseau had not set the example, so well followed since, of publishing the confessions of others under the pretence of writing one's own. Veiled and nameless as she is, however, she lives for us, as she lived to Shakspeare, in the passionate joy and sorrow she awakened

into life, to live in his verse, as it preyed upon his heart, for ever! These are, indeed, "true rights;" her existence is as actual as Shakspeare's own; it is no

"poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song"

to which we owe it, but to that extraordinary fascination which the actual life of man can confess perhaps only once, and with which she swayed resistlessly the heart of the greatest writer of the world. What can have been the source of this power of fascination over a being so wonderful? Was it worthy?—could it have been unworthy? These are questions the reader shall answer. It has never yet been that imagination, passion, or self-will, were governed or controlled by reason: it will not be startling to find them ungoverned here. The mightiest and most intellectual of queens submits to be

"commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares;"

and we may not claim for the greatest man, who once confesses such an influence, exception from the chances which govern the meanest. Intensity of feeling, indeed, is even more than ordinarily likely, in his case, to make up for disproportion of objects, should such disproportion exist. One thing, at least, we know: the personal charms of the mistress of Shakspeare were unquestionably great.

In one of his temporary separations from her, he draws upon the wealth of nature for materials to describe her beauty. The picture is a charming one, not in the memory of the lady alone, but in all the circumstances which attend it. The scene is—

"in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him."

But neither the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell of flowers,

"Could make him any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;"

because, in her absence, the very birds seem mute to him; and, in spite of the flowers, it is winter still. He cannot speak then of enjoyment, but sweetly chides them:—

"The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair:
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee."

Before any one hastily condemns this for conceit, let him be sure that he has experienced a true passion. Conceits, if these are to be called such, seem to me of the very essence of a deep and imaginative love. Here, at all events, are materials for an exquisite portrait, which (having added a few more touches to it) I shall leave the reader to complete. "My mistress' eyes are raven black," says the poet; and again, addressing them, he exclaims,—

"Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain."

But this is anticipating. Pain has not yet visited the poet—the beautiful has not yet vanished, "to return not?" He has, in this, a lot such as how many have experienced! It is an old story. He loves, he implores, he obtains, he trusts, he is deceived! "Fair, kind, and true," is all his argument at first—three that "till now never kept seat in one."

"Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence!"

On all sides he is, as he thinks, secure and happy. His own sincerity does not allow him to doubt the sincerity of her. He has accepted the favours of her love with a transport of gratitude; and upon the large faith of that moment alone, he seems almost able to sustain himself thereafter. I could quote several sonnets in illustration of this, expressed in terms of unequalled tenderness, purity, and sweetness; but with an air of reliance on her truth, rather, perhaps, than that of certainty that she is true:—

"But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot;
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not."

A darker shadow of doubt at last falls over him. These are the things we most ardently pursue. A fancy which thwarts and disturbs us we cannot shake off; for we never try to do it. We strain our sight after it, aching as it is, should it ever threaten to leave us, and bring it back within the sphere of our vision in exaggerated colours. Shakspeare, finding himself in a position of fear and doubt, hurries to anticipate all evil. While uncertainty is with us, we can afford to be certain of the worst; it is only when the worst comes, that we would desperately reason it away. But mark, in this instance, the fine self-control of the poet's nature. Thinking she may be false; that the time will come when she shall no more greet him with "that sun, her eye;"—his first impulse is, that this may be his fault, not hers; that there may indeed be no sufficient cause why she should continue to love him, through all his ill-deservings. Against himself he uprears his hand, that he may "guard the seasons on her part." He is content to believe her "too dear for his possessing:"—

"For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting."

Let us not detract from the beauty of this senti-

ment, when we see it shaken before the nearer approach of what he fears; for that comes in a shape he had not dreamt of. She may have ceased to love him, but was she false with another? *Such had become the common talk.* Persons whom he meets in the street hint it to him, and commiserate him, and offer him advice with all the malice of their friendship! This is hard to bear. I can conceive the following written in the midst of gushes of tears—

"If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears!"

But again, recovering himself, with that surviving faith and remoteness from things worldly, which may fall into the error at times of a childlike simplicity, but yet never fails to indicate at all times a mind of the very highest order, Shakspeare clings to the hope that she may still be "honest."

"That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow there flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater."

Thus does affection seek to perpetuate itself, and so for itself it survives when every reasonable trust is gone! Shakspeare's hope was vain. The next scene we are permitted to witness in this strange history of emotion, is one in which the abused heart of the lover, bursting with a suspicion now ripened, by increasing evidence, into certainty, cannot restrain itself from venting its reproaches. But how exquisitely tender they are, though expressed with a settled melancholy! He compares her transgression to the base clouds which he has noticed ride over the celestial face of a glorious morning, after it has been seen to

"Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."

The lady speaks repentingly, and with shame and sorrow. The poet's grief, stronger for her than for himself, receives no consolation—

"Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross."

In this there is no selfishness. Love sometimes wears its aspect. But while selfishness works on others for its own, love is anxious only for those others' sake. To many, these reproaches of Shakspeare may seem unequal to the occasion; but they must recollect the "strong toil of grace," with which he had to struggle, and the peculiar circumstances (they had been previously treated by the writer) under which it had been flung around him. The lady weeps, and is triumphant!

"Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds."

Well had he made his passionate pilgrim exclaim—

*"Oh father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!"*

A victim to this witchcraft he now willingly yields. The lady improves her occasion. Her grief at being pardoned exceeds her grief under reproaches, and over the heart of Shakspeare she reseats tyrannous love upon a firmer throne. He becomes her apologist—and with what exquisite sweetness!

*"No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud."*

After this interview I can conceive the poet, removed from the immediate influence of her presence, summoning up before him all the hopes he had seen decay, and shuddering at the prospect which that vision opened! Where was any hope for the future in the memory of the past? Was he to enjoy only another fool's paradise, that he might find himself again the tool of her levity, her intrigue, her tears! It is too late for a thrall to remonstrate, when he has confessed and submitted to his thralldom. He writes to her—a *poor consolation!*

*"So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be!"*

Did Shakspeare, as he wrote these words, "like a deceived husband," glance back a thought to his house in Stratford-upon-Avon? This I shall have occasion, in a subsequent chapter, to enquire into. Strange that at this very time his greatest cotemporary, Lope de Vega, the Shakspeare of Spain, should have been, in the same shape of writing, confessing to himself his secret thoughts; pouring forth in sonnets a miserable love, for which he saw no hope of return, and resenting the claims of a neglected wife.

*"Ay de aquel alma a padecer dispuesta
Que espera su Rachel en la otra vida
Y tiene a Lia para siempre en esta."**

But what were now the "thoughts and the heart's workings" of the mistress of Shakspeare? Did she prove herself worthy of his renewed trust? Did she continue to hold within the influence of her extraordinary charms the devotion of the greatest man that the world had known?

The Duc de la Rochefoucault has a shrewd remark in his book, to the effect that many women there are who never have had one intrigue, few there are who have had only one. Shakspeare's

** Ill fate is his
Who hopes for Rachel in the world to come,
And chain'd to Leah, drags his life in this.*

Again, in a subsequent sonnet, he expresses the following thought:—

*But woe to him whose ill-placed hopes attend
Another's life, and who, till that shall pass,
In hopeless expectation wastes his own!*

mistress is no exception. Once surrendered to license, she soon abandoned herself to it! One of the most extraordinary women of her time she must certainly have been, to have "luxuriously picked out" such hearts as she did to place them beneath her feet! Shakspeare soon discovered she had an intrigue with one of his public associates, also an eminent poet; and had subsequently to endure the agony of knowing that the purity of the dearest friend he had on earth had been destroyed "by her foul pride." Is this word "pride" the solution of such a woman's career? Or what other vice may it be? For to "love" (as she did) always proves the least error of a woman who *abandons* herself to the passion. "Viros," says Cicero, "ad unum quodque maleficium singula cupiditates impellunt; mulieres autem ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una ducit." Was it possible, during her intercourse with Shakspeare, whom she swayed with as extraordinary and true a passion as ever agitated man, that she did not herself experience its truth? Did she never try to *persuade herself* that it was real? In the early part of her connection with him it is certain, as we have seen, she thought the continuance of his devotion a game at least worth playing for. Is it possible that she ever mistook that desire for a more real feeling? A woman of her tendency is perhaps more likely than any other to labour under the imperious necessity of being deeply and lastingly loved at least by one, whatever vanities she may choose to receive, or to bestow on, others. Or had the many vices which it is too clear she must have fallen into recklessly after her utter abandonment of virtue, entirely possessed their victim? Mrs. Jameson, in one of her most charming books, the "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets," equally delightful for its taste and feeling, and for its exquisite intermingling of poetry and subtle criticism, has devoted a few lines to one or two of the sonnets in which this extraordinary woman is mentioned, and describes her as likely to have been "one of a class of females who do not always, in losing all right to our respect, lose also their claim to the admiration of the sex who wronged them, or the compassion of the gentler part of their own who have rejected them."* I am much mistaken if she was one who would have submitted to "compassion." She is more of the Vittoria Corombona order, and would have spurned it as that white devil did, or as Cleopatra spurned "the sober eye of dull Octavia."

Her infidelities, however, struck only by slow and unwilling degrees on the trusting heart of Shakspeare. Soon after the first reconciliation I have described, when he seems to have lived in the midst of cruel agitations of pleasure and suspicion,

*"Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his pleasure,"*
a short separation took place. She left London, it is to be presumed, on some visit to the country.

* "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets. Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry." By Mrs. Jameson. Second Edition, Vol. I, p. 240.

It is clear, from several sonnets, that she had given him a portrait of herself before she went, and desired him to keep the original

"With the gentle closure of his breast!"

What powers of fascination this woman must have had! The original does indeed remain there, occupying that home till all was waste and void within it, and his own heart had no place of strength or refuge! It was during this absence he first discovered her connection with some other eminent poet of the time. Here (as he ever does in speaking of himself) he teaches a lesson of noble modesty. He writes to her to say he had heard this—

"Oh, how I fain when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name."

Again,

"I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride!"

He tells her, however, at the close, of one consolation, should the worst of his fears be realised—

"—if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay!"

These fears were indeed realised, but yet he struggles with his passion. I now mark a change in her style of addressing him. Secure of him now, past doubt, seeing how completely she has enslaved him, she assumes the language of reproach. There is wonderful consolation in this, when we feel we have been committing an injury. "He does not write so often." "Why?" Shakspeare answers, with an allusion to his new rival—

"When your countenance filled up his line,
Then lack'd I matter—that enfeebled mine."

In another sonnet, referring to the same reproach, he mingles most sweetly the language of love with a slight bitterness—

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise!"

Another instance of this occurs, when, under cover of a jest, he intimates her strength of will—

"For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,
That nothing me a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is WILL."*

But she has ascertained her success in this assumption of the language of offence, and does not fail to follow it up. He reasons against this in vain; he then calls her "tyrannous." She ceases, we may suppose, to upbraid him, but betrays coldness in her looks. Exquisitely natural is the change which follows from him—"Wound me," he says, "not with thine eye, but with thy

tongue!" He calls on her for her reproaches; nay, he exclaims—

"Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside!"

Let us, if possible, not misjudge this bewildering passion. Stronger it seems to grow as the danger of loss comes nearer. In this woman, whoever she was, he seems to have fancied that he worshipped at least the image of a better nature; and if it is permitted us to find, in this unexpected view we have of Shakspeare in his fondest, and most passionate, and most despairing moments, that, divinely intellectual as he was, he was at heart also one of the most affectionate and sensitive of beings—we may forgive the weakness of our nature it betrays, for the strength with which it reassures us. Viewed for the purposes, and in sustinment of the hopes, of humanity, it is not a loss to know that "he who, in the omnipotence of genius, wielded the two worlds of reality and imagination in either hand—who was, in conception and in act, scarce less than a god, was in passion and suffering not more than a MAN."*

She would seem to have granted his last bitter request in all the triumphant recklessness of her nature. The poet is dissatisfied. We cannot dictate any mode of torture, and then thank the torturer for compliance. There is something touchingly *dechantant* in the natural and piteous contradiction the following gives to what he had before solicited:—

"Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love to tell me so."

And yet he feels that these requests are needless,—and implores at last for "patience, tame to sufferance." That is his only resource. Rousseau proposed in his "Emilius," to educate a perfectly reasonable being, one who should "LOVE AND BE WISE." Behold one of the wisest of men! There must be contradiction in these terms. LOVE AND SUFFER!! Try as he will to escape, he cannot. Wisdom does not help him. The same exquisite and delicious sensibility which had made his pleasure a transport, makes his disappointments agonies indescribable,—yet he endures them, and loves on. "Whence," he passionately asks—

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?"

Was it the very wonderful power of his imagination that did this? Was he able, as it were, to abstract evil from itself by combining it with all the forms of imagination? There was still in this woman, through all her successive sins and shames, a power of amazing fascination and beauty. This his fancy clung to. But her beauty she

* Sonnet 136. "Will" was the name by which Shakspeare always passed among his friends at the theatre. The older and more serious gentlemen were invariably addressed with dignity, such as "Mr. Bryan," "Mr. Pope," &c. But

"Marlow, renowned for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit.
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth and passion, was but Will!"

made common! Not the less was that beauty. Some one (the late Mr Hazlitt, I believe) said of Peg Woffington that she flung away the gem of her beauty, but its value was not destroyed. So for the beauty of this woman (*quasi* beauty and for its power of fascination)—that even at last remained for the poet. In the very dirt of London streets she may have flung that diamond, but still the poet could again for his imagination reclaim it, a diamond as it was lost. To all else he was obliged desperately to shut his eye, and to cheat himself into the fancy that "then do mine eyes best see." For this he was content that they should "behold and see not what they see,"—that they should "what the best is, take the worst to be,"—and so "keep anchor'd in the bay where all men ride." The "wide world's common-place" she might have become, but yet for him she existed still,—so all-redeeming and all-powerful was the action of her beauty!

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!

Oh! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,

Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:

Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,

Which for their habitation choose out thee!"

Her accomplishments, too, must have been great,—her powers of entertainment, her fancies to adorn her beauty, must have made it indeed triumphant! She was certainly a sweet musician, and played Elizabeth's music, the virginals:—

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,

Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,

Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand!"

And he adds an exquisite line—

"——— with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait."

It will have been seen, by many of the recent passages I have quoted, that Shakspeare's persuasion not only of her faithlessness, but almost of her "commonness," now fully existed.* She had given him, indeed, too many fatal proofs of it. The last and bitterest seems to have been the betrayal of his young and passionately beloved friend into her power. Of this strange passage in the "story of this woman's days," and of the re-

*The descent was, as I have already remarked, a matter of course. "A woman, when she has once stepped astray, seldom pauses in her downward career till 'guilt grows fate, that was but choice before.'" There is a remarkable exception to this, however, in the case of Nell Gwynn—a most delightful account of whose life may be seen in the book from which the above observation is taken, "The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second," by Mrs. Jameson. There, too, is Nell's glowing picture, among a set of loves and graces equally glowing, and only less bewitching. The book is a rich gallery. For the pleasantest and most characteristic sketches of them in the world, see Sir Ralph Esher.

markable men with whom she has managed to associate herself for ever, I shall speak at greater length in the next chapter of these confessions, on THE FRIEND OF SHAKSPEARE. It had the deepest effect of all upon the poet, though at first he struggles to contest with it. He thinks he must hate her: he tries all the excuses he can for that he still loves her. Cruel is the agitation with which the passions of this love act and react upon each other! But he submits again!—

"Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,

Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes!"

So difficult was it in Shakspeare to surrender even this habit of loving. But that seldom fails to remain in affectionate hearts, though the reason for it has been discovered imaginary, and to exist no more. Love has everlasting memories, and memories still carry in their train the possibility of having, what has been too sweet to part with utterly, again restored.

I may close here for the present the story of the mistress of Shakspeare. I shall have other occasions to render it more complete, but they occur in the subjects to which my succeeding chapters will be devoted, and must be treated of there. I may say here, however, before quitting it, that after her intrigue with his friend, the bitterness of their intercourse would seem to have been great on both sides. She has wronged him so deeply that nothing remains for her but to complete it by adding dislike to her injury, and thus visiting upon him in the last effectual shape the sin of her own injustice. This would seem to have been the end. This rankles in his breast, till it leaves him no more vain excuses for his passion. It becomes a raging "fever," and he calls on "death to end it."

"Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

And frantic mad with evermore unrest;

My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,

At random from the truth vainly express'd;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night."

Tragedy, it has been said, opens the chambers of the human heart, by leaving nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. "It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination, or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others." How often has Shakspeare illustrated this in his amazing writings; behold him illustrating it in himself! See the chambers of his own heart open, "a sphere of humanity." It is this which has induced me to endeavour to take advantage of the "key" with which he had himself "unlocked" that mighty heart. It is for others to determine whether I have succeeded.* Here, at least, is sufficient in these confessions to balance their

*I have at least had the honour of suggesting an article on the sonnets of Shakspeare to an accomplished French writer; and I have to thank an able critic in the "Morning Herald," for an admirable notice of the subject.

evil with good; the greatness of the one may serve to illustrate only an extreme desire for the other, and a determination to sustain that desire, at all events, through every shape of suffering. We have endured a DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY.

The concluding chapters of these confessions will be devoted to the "Friend of Shakspeare," to the "Melancholy and Discontent of Shakspeare," and to "Shakspeare's Sense of his own Genius," and the "Value he set upon Posthumous Fame."

From the Monthly Review.

A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the Advantages of its Study. By Henry Lord Brougham. London: Knight. 1835.

We verily believe that Lord Brougham is at any time, at a week's warning, able to undertake any one of some dozen or so of professorships, in any one of our universities. It would matter little what were the duties of the chair, whether belonging to classical learning, to moral or the exact sciences. In one week, at least, whatever rust may have gathered over past acquirements would be rubbed off, and with a heartiness in the employment, approaching to a passion, would he proceed in the work of renewal and polish, wherein the vast variety and riches of his knowledge would be made to shine with a pristine light. His lordship is assuredly one of the most remarkable men of the age; not that he is the greatest in any thing, but that he is great, and not less than second, in very many things. We take another striking view of his eminence; we think, if his genius were to be shortly and most accurately described, it would be by calling it the genius of activity. We cannot figure to ourselves such a phenomenon as that of Lord Brougham, so long as life and health are spared, becoming indolent. His lordship and laziness are irreconcilable enemies. We have heard the suggestion, that at an era such as the present, when so many are daily beating their brains in quest of a happy subject for a literary work, in the shape of a heroic tale, nothing could afford a finer scope for variety, activity, and splendour, than to make the learned lord's history and career the ground-work of such a book. There would be nothing common-place in it; there would be enough of stir—of vagaries and extravagances—but still more of brilliant achievement in the service of virtue and mankind, to gain the highest interest that any hero can ever claim. We know of no public man who could be beheld in so many different positions to such advantage; there is no one farther removed from insipidity: one thing we may be sure of, when his race has been finished on earth, (and distant may that period be,) he will furnish to some biographer a splendid theme. The mere enumeration of his literary works, their character and history, will alone be matter enough for a charming volume. It appears, indeed, from what his lordship, not long ago announced publicly, that the world does not know one half of his writings; and that, for many years, he has been constantly sending

forth works on a variety of subjects, and to a variety of classes. We need not tell how remarkable it is for a man whose professional and public career has been so multifarious as his, to do this, when we have the matter so forcibly put by himself in the dedication of the volume before us; a dedication not more beautiful in respect of its language, than of its precise and forcible thought, and eloquent sentiment.

The discourse is dedicated to Earl Spencer, from which we learn, among other things, that it was, with some exceptions, written at the end of 1830, in 1831, and the latter part of 1833, a portion being added in the autumn of 1834. "In those days," says his lordship, "I held the great seal of this kingdom; and it was impossible to finish the work while many cares of another kind pressed upon me. But the first leisure that could be obtained was devoted to this subject, and to a careful revision of what had been written in a season less auspicious for such speculations."

One great object which the author has had in view, was to define more precisely than had been done before, the place and claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge, and to show that it is a kind of knowledge not different from either physical or moral science. It would appear that at one time the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, over which he has taken a great charge, contemplated publishing a new edition of Dr. Paley's popular work, with copious and scientific illustrations, but afterwards abandoned the scheme. His lordship, however, regarded it as expedient to carry the plan into execution by individual exertion, Sir C. Bell agreeing to share the labour of the illustrations. The present volume is the preliminary discourse in this undertaking. Our opinion of the performance we shall at once, and in a few sentences, give, and next proceed to exhibit some of its details.

There is to us little originality in the work, taking the word in its highest or most usual application, as consisting in important inventions or discoveries. It might, perhaps, be characterised as a matchless display of genius, were any great argument of a decidedly new order brought to bear on natural theology—a field that has so variously and ably been cultivated. But there is another species of originality, which is often not less valuable than that of creating: this consists in forming a new combination of what already exists, or in exhibiting with greater force, clearness, and simplicity, what many hands have previously been employed upon. This last excellence belongs in a remarkable degree to the work before us. The author, by a luminous arrangement, and the application of a mind of uncommon precision and power, has, within a narrow compass, brought the subject of which he treats before the reader so plainly, and delightfully, that we venture to declare it was never before so popularly treated, unless by Dr. Paley, while it possesses a philosophical character for which that able writer's work is not remarkable. We hesitate not to say, that Lord Brougham's style of treating natural theology as a science, and showing that it is no less, just as truly as physical or moral knowledge can be

called by such a name, is not only original, but perfectly satisfactory. Another striking feature in the work, consists in the riches which a mind of uncommon activity, acquisitions, and penetration, has taken delight in lavishing upon his subject. We need scarcely add, that the style of language employed throughout the discourse is close and energetic. It is also as calm and dignified as philosophy can require. Neither sarcasm nor indignant irony were necessary; so that, as a dispassionate piece of reasoning, it seems to us a model not unworthy to be classed with the highest human efforts on the subject discussed—confessedly one of surpassing magnitude and value; for natural theology is essential even to the support of revelation.

In proceeding to the contents of this volume, it would be wrong to pass unnoticed the accuracy and ease with which certain terms are explained, upon a close and perfect understanding of which the discourse alone can be properly understood: such as those of theology and religion—the former being the science, the latter its subject. The terms *moral, intellectual, ethical, mental, natural and material*, with others, are put upon a footing of easy acceptance, so as to be employed throughout the performance always in the same sense. It is necessary, also, for the reader to remember particularly, as told by its author, that this is not a treatise of natural theology; that it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof natural theology consists. Its object is, first, to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests, to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of natural and moral philosophy, partaking of the nature of each. The second object of the discourse is, to explain the advantages attending the study of natural theology.

The former part is divided again into seven sections. The first is introductory, and treats, says the author, of the kind of evidence by which the truths of physical and psychological science (that which belongs to the existence of mind), are investigated, and shows that there is as great an appearance of diversity between the manner in which we arrive at the knowledge of different truths in those inductive sciences, as there is between the nature of any such inductive investigation, and the proofs of the ontological (that which treats of the existence and attributes of the Creator) branches of natural theology. But that diversity is proved to be only apparent; and hence it is inferred, that the supposed difference of the proofs of natural theology may also be only apparent.

"The careless enquirer into physical truth would certainly think he had seized on a sound principle of classification, if he should divide the objects with which philosophy, natural and mental, is conversant, into two classes—those objects of which we know the existence by our senses or our consciousness; that is, external objects which we see, touch, taste, and smell, internal ideas which we conceive or remember, or emotions which we feel—and those objects of which we only know the existence by a process of reasoning, founded upon something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness. This superficial reasoner would range under the first of these heads the members of the animal, vegetable,

and mineral kingdoms; the heavenly bodies; the mind—for we are supposing him to be so far capable of reflection, as to know that the proof of the mind's separate existence is, at the least, as short, plain, and direct, as that of the body, or of external objects. Under the second head he would range generally whatever objects of examination are not directly perceived by the senses, or felt by consciousness.

"But a moment's reflection will show both how very short a way this classification would carry our inaccurate logician, and how entirely his principle fails to support him even during that little part of the journey. Thus the examination of certain visible objects and appearances enables us to ascertain the laws of light and of vision. Our senses teach us that colours differ, and that their mixture forms other hues; that their absence is black, their combination in certain proportions white. We are in the same way enabled to understand that the organ of vision performs its functions by a natural apparatus, resembling, though far surpassing, certain instruments of our own constructing, and that therefore it works on the same principles. But that light, which can be perceived directly by none of our senses, exists, as a separate body, we only infer by a process of reasoning from things which our senses do perceive. So we are acquainted with the effects of heat; we know that it extends the dimensions of whatever matter it penetrates; we feel its effects upon our own nerves when subjected to its operation; and we see its effects in augmenting, liquefying, and decomposing other bodies; but its existence as a separate substance we do not know, except by reasoning and by analogy. Again, to which of the two classes must we refer the air? Its existence is not made known by the sight, the smell, the taste; but is it by the touch? Assuredly a stream of it blown upon the nerves of touch produces a certain effect; but to infer from thence the existence of a rare, light, invisible, and impalpable fluid, is clearly an operation of reasoning, as much as that which enables us to infer the existence of light or heat from their perceptible effects. But furthermore, we are accustomed to speak of seeing motion; and the reasoner whom we are supposing would certainly class the phenomena of mechanics, and possibly of dynamics generally, including astronomy, under his first head, of things known immediately by the senses. Yet assuredly nothing can be more certain than that the knowledge of motion is a deduction of reasoning, not a perception of sense; it is derived from the comparison of two positions; the idea of a change of place is the result of that comparison attained by a short process of reasoning; and the estimate of velocity is the result of another process of reasoning and of recollection. Thus, then, there is at once excluded from the first class almost the whole range of natural philosophy."—pp. 20—23.

But, continues the author, are we quite sure that any thing remains, which, when severely examined, will stand the test? The existence of light is only certainly known by seeing objects variously illuminated: and while the diversity of colour is an object of sense, the existence of light is an inference of reason.

"But the very idea of diversity implies reasoning, for it is the result of a comparison, and when we affirm that white light is composed of the seven primary colours in certain proportions, we state a proposition which is the result of much reasoning—reasoning, it is true, founded upon sensations or impressions upon the senses; but not less founded upon such sensations is the reasoning which makes us believe in the existence of a body called light. The same may be said of heat, and the phenomena of heated bodies. The existence of heat is an inference from certain phenomena, that is, certain effects produced on

our external senses by certain bodies or certain changes which those senses undergo in the neighbourhood of those bodies; but it is not more an inference of reason than the proposition that heat extends or liquefies bodies, for that is merely a conclusion drawn from comparing our sensations occasioned by the external objects placed in varying circumstances.

"But can we say that there is no process of reasoning even in the simplest case which we have supposed our reasoner to put—the existence of the three kingdoms, of nature, of the heavenly bodies, of the mind? It is certain that there is in every one of these cases a process of reasoning. A certain sensation is excited in the mind through the sense of vision; it is an inference of reason that this must have been excited by something, or must have had a cause. That the cause must have been external, may possibly be allowed to be another inference which reason could make unaided by the evidence of any other sense. But to discover that the cause was at any the least distance from the organ of vision, clearly required a new process of reasoning, considerable experience, and the indications of other senses; for the young man whom Mr. Cheselden couched for a cataract at first believed that every thing he saw touched his eye. Experience and reasoning, therefore, are required to teach us the existence of external objects; and all that relates to their relations of size, colour, motion, habits, in a word, the whole philosophy of them, must of course be the result of still longer and more complicated processes of reasoning. So of the existence of the mind; although undoubtedly the process of reasoning is here the shortest of all, and the least liable to deception, yet so connected are all its phenomena with those of the body, that it requires a process of abstraction alien from the ordinary habits of most men, to be persuaded that we have a more undeniable evidence of its separate existence than we even have of the separate existence of the body."—pp. 23–25.

The second section of the discourse continues the application of the same argument, and compares the physical branch of natural theology with physics, wherein is shown that they are not only closely allied one to the other, but are to a very considerable extent identical; for it is fairly argued that the same induction of facts which leads us to a knowledge of the structure of the eye, and its functions in the animal economy, leads us to the knowledge of its adaptation to the properties of light, which if not a truth in natural theology, is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a theological truth—namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service by means of this curious structure, must have been formed with the knowledge of the properties of light. Of the numberless instances that have been advanced by writers on this subject, of design and knowledge being evinced in the works and functions of nature, we cannot remember any more accurately and beautifully detailed than the following:—

"When a bird's egg is examined, it is found to consist of three parts; the chick, the yolk in which the chick is placed, and the white in which the yolk swims. The yolk is lighter than the white; and it is attached to it at two points, joined by a line, or rather plane, below the centre of gravity of the yolk. From this arrangement it must follow that the chick is always uppermost, roll the egg how you will; consequently, the chick is always kept nearest to the breast or belly of the mother while she is setting. Suppose, then, that any one acquainted with the laws of motion had to contrive things

so as to secure this position for the little speck or sac in question, in order to its receiving the necessary heat from the hen—could he proceed otherwise than by placing it in the lighter liquid, and suspending that liquor in the heavier, so that its centre of gravity should be above the line or plane of suspension? Assuredly not; for in no other way could his purpose be accomplished. This position is attained by a strict induction; it is supported by the same kind of evidence on which all physical truths rest. But it leads by a single step to another truth in natural theology; that the egg must have been formed by some hand skilful in mechanism, and acting under the knowledge of dynamics."—pp. 33, 34.

The third section under the first part of the discourse, compares the psychological branch of natural theology with psychological science, and shows that both rest alike upon induction. The author here complains, and not without cause, of the modern writers upon the subject in hand, having confined themselves to the proofs afforded by the visible and sensible works of nature, while the evidence furnished by the mind and its operations have been overlooked; and attributes this omission to the doubts which men are prone to entertain of the mind's existence independent of matter. By modern writers must certainly be meant those of an established fame in these speculations, such as Smith, Reid, Clarke, and Paley; for within these late years there have been some first-rate works in which the evidence has been detected and explained. But not to cavil on this point, our author declares the existence of mind to be evidenced more certainly and irrefragably than the existence of matter. Many of the perceptions of matter which we derive through the senses are deceitful: the inferences drawn concerning it are sometimes erroneous. Indeed, it is, perhaps possible that matter should have no existence, since all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world may be only ideas in our minds. But that the thing or the being which we call "I" and "we," should have no existence, he considers to be a contradiction in terms, and that of the two existences, that of mind as independent of matter is more certain than that of matter independent of mind. This is a part of the work of unsurpassed power.

The fourth section shows that the *argumentum à priori* is unsound in a great degree—that is, it is insufficient to the purpose to which it is applied, that it serves only to a limited extent, and that to this extent it is in reality not distinguishable from induction, or the *argumentum à posteriori*, which has previously been considered.

The fifth section treats of the second or moral deontological (that which belongs to the doctrine of the Creator's will respecting the duty of his creatures) branch of natural theology, and shows that it rests upon the same kind of evidence which moral science does, and is, strictly speaking, as much a branch of inductive knowledge. The means of investigating the probable designs of the Deity are by the author stated to be—the nature of the human mind, and the attributes of the Creator. The subject treated of in the third section, viz. the existence of the sentient principle in man, is naturally resumed, and the doctrine of the immateriality, and consequently the immortality of the soul, are considered. Through this entangling

field he walks steadily, carrying with him the minds of all such, we should think, who have not been accustomed to a species of scepticism that is only indulged in when on this and kindred topics. We shall merely here quote part of the author's proofs of the disconnection of mind and matter as illustrated in the phenomena of dreams.

"Another experiment is still more striking, and affords a more remarkable proof both of the velocity of thought, and of the quickness with which its course is moulded to suit any external impression made on the senses. But this experiment is not so easily tried. A puncture made will immediately produce a long dream, which seems to terminate in some such accident as that the sleeper has been wandering through a wood, and received a severe wound from a spear, or the tooth of a wild animal, which at the same instant awakens him. A gun fired in one instance, during the alarm of invasion, made a military man at once dream the enemy had landed, so that he ran to his post, and repairing to the scene of action, was present when the first discharge took place, which also the same moment awakened him.

"Now these facts show the infinite rapidity of thought; for the puncture and the discharge of the gun took place in an instant, and their impression on the senses was as instantaneous; and yet, during that instant, the mind went through a long operation of fancy, suggested by the first part of the impression, and terminated, as the sleep itself was, by the continuation—the last portion of the same impression. Mark what was done in an instant—in a mere point of time. The sensation of the pain or noise beginning is conveyed to the mind, and sets it a thinking of many things connected with such sensations. But that sensation is lost or forgotten for a portion of the short instant during which the impression lasts; for the conclusion of the same impression gives rise to a new set of ideas. The walk in the wood, and the hurrying to the post, are suggested by the sensation beginning. Then follow many things unconnected with that sensation, except that they grew out of it; and, lastly, comes the wound and the broadside, suggested by the continuance of the sensation, while, all the time, this continuance has been producing an effect on the mind wholly different from the train of ideas the dream consists of, nay, destructive of that train—namely, the effect of rousing it from the state of sleep, and restoring its dominion over the body. Nay, there may be said to be a third operation of the mind going on at the same time with these two—a looking forward to the *dénouement* of the plot—for the fancy is all along so contriving as to fit that, by terminating in some event, some result consistent with the impression made on the senses, and which has given rise to the whole train of ideas.

"There seems every reason to conclude, from these facts, that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep. That instant is quite enough to account for the whole of what appears a night's dream. It is quite certain we remember no more than ought, according to these experiments, to fill an instant of time; and there can be no reason why we should only recollect this one portion, if we had dreamt much more. The fact that we never dream so much as when our rest is frequently broken proves the same proposition almost to demonstration. An uneasy and restless night passed in bed is always a night studded full with dreams. So, too, a night passed on the road in traveling, by such as sleep well in a carriage, is a night of constant dreams. Every jolt that awakens or half-awakens us seems to be the cause of a dream. If it be said that we always or generally dream when asleep, but only recollect a portion of our dream, then the question arises, why we recollect a dream each time we fall asleep, or are awakened, and no more? If we can recall twenty dreams in a night, of

interrupted sleep, how is it that we can only recall one or two when our sleep is continued? The length of time occupied by the dream we recollect is the only reason that can be given for our forgetting the rest; but this reason fails, if, each time we are roused, we remember separate dreams.

"Nothing can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material substances or actions; nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from the body."—pp. 115—118.

We cannot touch on the moral arguments, or evidence of the Deity's designs drawn from his attributes in connection with the condition of the species, which together with those drawn from the nature of mind are as truly parts of legitimate inductive science as any branch of moral philosophy. The sixth and seventh sections of the discourse we must also leave to the careful study of all who wish to have a feast of earnest and convincing reasoning on abstruse points; the one treating of the doctrines of Lord Bacon respecting final causes—the other examining the true nature of inductive analysis and synthesis.

We come now to the second part of this volume, which treats of the advantages of the study; and though by much the shortest portion of the work, is to the general reader the most instructive. Here the first section goes to show that the precise kind of pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths is derived from this study. After taking notice of the fact that there is a positive pleasure in the investigation and contemplation of scientific truth, independent of any regard to practical ends, but that a susceptibility of this practical application increases the pleasure, the author goes on in the following delightful strain of reasoning and sentiment.

"The branch of science which we are here particularly considering differs in no respect from the other parts of philosophy in the kind of gratification which it affords to those who cultivate it. Natural theology, like the other sciences, whether physical or mental, bestows upon the student the pleasures of contemplation—of generalisation; and it bestows this pleasure in an eminent degree. To trace design in the productions and in the operations of nature, or in those of the human understanding, is, in the strictest sense of the word, generalisation, and consequently produces the same pleasure with the generalisations of physical and of psychological science. Every part of the foregoing reasoning, therefore, applies closely and rigorously to the study of natural theology. Thus, if it is pleasing to find that the properties of two curves so exceedingly unlike as the ellipse and the hyperbola closely resemble each other, or that appearances so dissimilar as the motion of the moon and the fall of an apple from the tree are different forms of the same fact, it affords a pleasure of the same kind to discover that the light of the glow-worm and the song of the nightingale are both provisions of nature for the same end of attracting the animal's mate, and continuing its kind—that the peculiar law of attraction pervading all matter, the magnitude of the heavenly bodies, the planets they move in, and the directions of their courses, are all so contrived as to make their mutual actions, and the countless disturbances thence arising, all secure a perpetual stability to the system which no other arrangement could attain. It is a highly pleasing contemplation of the self-same kind with those of the other sciences to perceive every where design and adaptation—to discover uses even in things

apparently the most accidental—to trace this so constantly, that where, peradventure, we cannot find the purpose of nature, we never for a moment suppose there was none, but only that we have hitherto failed in finding it out—and to arrive at the intimate persuasion that all seeming disorder is harmony—all chance, design—and that nothing is made in vain; nay, things which in our ignorance we had overlooked as unimportant, or even complained of as evils, fill us afterwards with contentment and delight, when we find that they are subservient to the most important and beneficial uses. Thus inflammation and the generation of matter in a wound we find to be the effort which nature makes to produce new flesh, and effect the cure; the opposite hinges of the valves in the veins and arteries are the means of enabling the blood to circulate; and so of innumerable other arrangements of the animal economy. So, too, there is the highest gratification derived from observing that there is a perfect unity, or, as it has been called, a *personality*, in the kind of the contrivances in which the universe abounds; and truly this peculiarity of character, or of manner, as other writers have termed it, affords the same species of pleasure which we derive from contemplating general resemblances in the other sciences.”—pp. 182—184.

Had we no other proof of the pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths, than what is to be found in the above extract, wherein the riches and sustained elevation of one human mind are so finely displayed, we should be converts to the truth. One cannot but become a partaker in some degree in the ardour and joy with which the author must have treasured up such a wealth of illustrations, and cultivated such habits of reflection. But let us follow him in what he has to say of the pleasures peculiar to natural theology. There is first the nature of the truths with which the study is conversant, viz. the evidences of design, contrivance, power, wisdom, and goodness. Secondly, the universal recurrence of the facts on which natural theology rests, is mentioned as increasing the interest of this source. But there are other peculiar pleasures.

“*Thirdly*, and chiefly. Natural theology stands far above all other sciences from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things—of the mighty power that fashioned and that sustains the universe—of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beak, and feet of insects invisible to the naked eye—and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets a thousand times larger than the earth, whirling a million of times swifter than a cannon ball, and burning with a heat which a thousand centuries could not quench. It exceeds the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of nature. Its office is, not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvelous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets—the number of grains that a piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces—and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis; it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly, but confidently, to ascend from the universe to its great first cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the immanence, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of him who made and sustains and moves those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them.

“Now, all the gratification of which we have been treating is purely scientific, and wholly independent of any views of practical benefit resulting from the science of natural theology. The pleasure in question is merely that double gratification which every science bestows—namely, the contemplation of truth, in tracing resemblances and differences, and the perception of the evidence by which that truth is established. Natural theology gives this double pleasure, like all other branches of science—like the mathematics—like physics—and would give it if we were beings of an order different from man, and whose destinies never could be affected by the truth or the falsehood of the doctrines in question. Nay, we may put a still stronger case, one analogous to the instance given above of the pleasure derived from contemplating some fine invention of a surgical instrument. Persons of such lives as should make it extremely desirable to them that there was no God, and no future state, might very well, as philosophers, derive gratification from contemplating the truths of natural theology, and from following the chain of evidence by which these are established, and might, in such sublime meditation, find some solace to the pain which reflection upon the past, and fears of the future are calculated to inflict upon them.

“But it is equally certain that the science derives an interest incomparably greater than the consideration that we ourselves, who cultivate it, are most of all concerned in its truth—that our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation. This, indeed, makes it, beyond all doubt, the most interesting of the sciences, and sheds on the other branches of philosophy an interest beyond that which otherwise belongs to them, rendering them more attractive in proportion as they connect themselves with this grand branch of human knowledge, and are capable of being made subservient to its uses. See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime enquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes after piercing the thickest veil that envelops nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the Great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of his existence, and the dispensations of his power and of his wisdom, better understood by men.”—pp. 192—194.

The last section of the work treats of the connection between natural and revealed religion; and although the persuasion was strong upon us from the commencement of the discourse, that Lord Brougham, from his name, his status, and talents, was therein adding great strength to a precious cause, we have in this last portion of the work found the conviction complete, and we rejoice in the contemplation, that many who have thought it manful and philosophical, to neglect or scoff at the subjects he has discussed, and the opinions advocated, will now at least feel it dangerous to their reputation as men of mind, to volunteer a crude and sceptical doctrine in the presence of those they may have esteemed simple or fanatical. A number of ways are shown in which natural theology is accounted serviceable to the believer in revelation; but we shall only quote the last names, which consists in the keeping alive the feelings of piety and devotion.

“It may be observed, then, that even the inspired penmen have constant recourse to the views which are derived from the contemplation of nature when they would

exalt the Deity by a description of his attributes, or inculcate sentiments of devotion towards him. 'How excellent,' says the psalmist, 'is thy name in all the earth; thou hast set thy glory above the heavens. I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.' See also that singularly beautiful poem, the 139th psalm; and the book of Job, from the 38th to the 41st chapter.

"It is remarkable how little is to be found of particularity and precision in any thing that has been revealed to us respecting the nature of the Godhead. For the wisest purposes it has pleased Providence to veil in awful mystery almost all the attributes of the Ancient of Days beyond what natural reason teaches. By direct interposition, through miraculous agency, we become acquainted with his will, and are made more certain of his existence; but his peculiar attributes are nearly the same in the volume of nature and in that of his revealed word."—pp. 212, 213.

The notes, which are copiously appended to the discourse, are not less valuable than the text, and not less severe in several parts upon modern sceptics. For example, in reference to Cuvier and Buckland's speculations in osteology, the author says, that "far from impugning the testimony to the great fact of a deluge, borne by the Mosaic writings, they rather fortify it, and bring additional proofs of the fallacy which, for some time, had led philosophers to ascribe a very high antiquity to the world we live in." Hume's atheistic doctrines are also closely pursued and strongly impugned, while the French "*Système de la Nature*," notwithstanding his lordship's known predilections in favour of France, is exposed in a manner becoming the champion of sacred truth, and to whom that cause is far dearer than either the works of genius or the ties of friendship among men. Take the opening of the grave and becoming criticism which the system of materialism referred to, receives.

"It is impossible to deny the merits of the *Système de la Nature*. The work of a great writer it unquestionably is; but its merit lies in the extraordinary eloquence of the composition, and the skill with which words substituted for ideas, and assumptions for proofs, are made to pass current, not only for arguments against existing beliefs, but for a new system planted in their stead. As a piece of reasoning, it never rises above a set of plausible sophisms—plausible only as long as the ear of the reader being filled with sounds, his attention is directed away from the sense. The chief resource of the writer is to take for granted the thing to be proved, and then to refer back to his assumption as a step in the demonstration, while he builds various conclusions upon it, as if it were complete. Then he declaims against a doctrine seen from one point of view only, and erects another for our assent, which, besides being liable to the very same objections, has also no foundation whatever to rest upon. The grand secret, indeed, of the author goes even further in *petitioe principii* than this; for we oftentimes find, that in the very substitute which he has provided for the notions of belief he would destroy, there lurks the very idea which he is combating, and that his idol is our own faith in a new form, but masked under different words and phrases.

"The truth of these statements we are now to examine; but first, it may be fitting to state, why so much attention is bestowed upon this work. The reason is, that its bold character has imposed on multitudes of readers, seducing some by its tone of confidence, but intimidating others by its extreme audacity. It is the only work, of any

consideration, wherein atheism is openly avowed and preached—avowed, indeed, and preached in terms. (See particularly, part ii, chap. 2.) The effect of its hardihood was certainly anticipated by its author; for the supposed editor, in his advertisement, describes it, somewhat complacently, if not boastingly, as '*l'ouvrage le plus hardi et le plus extraordinaire que l'esprit humain ait osé produire jusqu'à présent.*'"—pp. 233, 234.

From the London Eclectic Review.

The Fossil Flora of Great Britain; or, Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this Country. By John Lindley and William Hutton. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. li. 218. Plates 79. London, 1831—3.

The study of geology, like that of most fashionable sciences, may be pursued at marvelously small expense of time and labour. Nothing can be easier than to acquire the simple elements of mineralogy, and to become familiar with the more obvious phenomena and the less complicated generalisations of geological science; nor are we at all disposed to discourage this rudimental acquisition considered either as an important auxiliary to general reading, or as enabling the possessor even of this small stock of knowledge, to avail himself advantageously of circumstances and situations, where his means of observation might otherwise be tantalising to himself, and unprofitable to others. There are seasons and localities when it is desirable to know how to pick up pebbles with discrimination; and an easily obtained acquaintance with the common varieties of rock, may sometimes enable an observer to ascertain facts of the highest scientific nature, where he must otherwise waste his opportunities in vague and unavailable description. But all this, and much more than this, will give but small aid towards a clear and comprehensive view of a science which deals, not accidentally, but essentially, with the vast and the minute; which ascends from the analysis of the air we breathe, and of the dust that rises in the breeze, to the laws which regulate the construction of the "great globe itself," and to the mighty revolutions which have fitted it, successively, for a primeval solitude of rank and gloomy vegetation—for an abode of "all monstrous, all prodigious things," creatures strange and enormous, baffling every conclusion drawn from the forms and systems that surround us—for the place where *mind* was to display its dominating power, to fulfil the conditions of its moral being, and to unfold the elements of its immortality.

No one can fairly congratulate himself on having obtained a satisfactory knowledge of the principles of geology, who has not given attention to the characters, distribution, and geological succession of the organic remains which distinguish the different strata of the globe. Yet is this knowledge by no means of easy acquisition to that very large class of general students, which is excluded by circumstances or by situation from the use of an extensive collection. To the residents in some of our more important towns, well supplied museums are freely opened, but this indispensable advantage is unattainable by the far greater number who dwell in less favoured localities. Description

is but an imperfect substitute for inspection; and, although drawings or engravings might supply the absence of specimens, there is not, so far as we know, any readily accessible work of this kind on a comprehensive plan. There are distinct publications, illustrative of various departments, highly meritorious indeed, but of prohibitory expense; and few greater services could be rendered to the great and increasing body of enquirers, than by the publication of manuals, well illustrated by xylographic diagrams, of the three departments of fossil remains—plants, shells, and animals. In the mean time, the admirably conducted publication, now in our hands, although of a more costly kind than that which we have just recommended, has been most seasonably undertaken by men, thoroughly fitted for their task, by sound and extensive knowledge of their subject both practically and in theory. And it is, in truth, a subject demanding no small portion of skill and experience for its adequate treatment.

"Fossil botany is beset with difficulties of a peculiar character. The materials that the enquirer has to work upon, are not only disfigured by those accidents to which all fossil remains are exposed in common, but they are also those which would, in recent vegetation, be considered of the smallest degree of importance. There is, in most cases, an almost total want of that evidence by which the botanist is guided in the examination of recent plants; and not only the total destruction of the parts of fructification, and of the internal organisation of the stem, but what contributes still more to the perplexity of the subject, a frequent separation of one part from another, of leaves from branches, of branches from trunks, and, if fructification be present, of even it from the parts of the plant on which it grew, so that no man can tell how to collect the fragments that remain into a perfect whole. For it must be remembered, that it is not in botany as in zoology, where a skilful anatomist has no difficulty in combining the scattered bones of a broken skeleton. In botany, on the contrary, the component parts of both foliage and fructification are often so much alike in outline, which is all that the fossil botanist can judge from, as to indicate almost nothing when separated from each other, and from the axis to which they appertain. It is only by the various combinations of these parts that the genera and species of plants are to be recognised, and it is precisely these combinations that in fossils are destroyed."

Much, however, has been of late effected by skilful and persevering experimentalists in despite of all these difficulties. Mr. Witham has given a new aspect to some of the most inaccessible of these peculiarities, by subjecting to microscopic observation, very thin plates of various fossils; and the investigations of Sternberg, Buckland, and Brongniart, have extended and systematised the science. But it should always, in these matters, be kept in mind, that, with all deference to great names, the humblest student may be enabled by activity and vigilance to throw light on the most difficult enquiries. Geology, in all its departments, is emphatically a science of observation, calling eye, foot, and hand into constant exertion, and every one who wishes well to its interests, may serve it, perhaps essentially, by keeping what is familiarly called a sharp look out. The fragments of a quarry, the *ejecta* of a mine or a tunnel, the refuse of a coal-pit, the debris of a precipice,

the accumulations of the strand, may furnish unexpected illustrations or suggest new trains of exploration. That singular fossil, *Polyporites Boumanni*, was found among the rubbish at the mouth of a Welsh coal-mine.

From the London Metropolitan.

DIARY OF A BLASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL,"
"THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Showing why and wherefore I decided upon a renewal of locomotion.

Reader, did you ever feel in that peculiarly distressing state of mind in which one oppressing idea displaces or colours every other, absorbing, mixing up with, empoisoning, and, like the filth of the harpy, turning every thing into disgust—when a certain incubus rides upon the brain, as the Old Man of the Mountain did upon the shoulders of Sinbad, burthening, irritating, and rendering existence a misery—when looking around, you see but one object perched every where and grinning at you—when even what you put into your mouth tastes of but that one something, and the fancied taste is so unpleasant as almost to prevent deglutition—when every sound which vibrates in your ear appears to strike the same discordant note, and all and every thing will remind you of the one only thing which you would fain forget; have you ever felt any thing like this, reader? If you have not, then thank God, by way of grace, before you out with your knife and fork, and begin to cut up the contents of these pages.

I have; and am now suffering under one of these varieties of "Phobias," and my disease is a Politicophobia. I will describe the symptoms.

I am now in the metropolis of England; and when I walk out, every common house appears to me to be the house of commons—every lordly mansion the house of lords—every man I meet, instead of being a member of society, is transformed by imagination into a member of the senate—every chimney-sweep into a bishop, and a Bavarian girl, with her "Py a proom," into an ex-chancellor. If I return home, the ring at the bell reminds me of a Peel—as I mount the stairs, I think of the "lobby"—I throw myself on the sofa, and the cushion is transformed into a wool-sack—if a solitary visiter calls in, I imagine a public meeting, and call out Chair! chair!—and I as often address my wife as Mr. Speaker, as I do with the usual appellative of "my dear."

This incubus, like the catholic anathema, pursues me every where—at breakfast, the dry toast reminds of the toasts at public dinners—tea, of the East India charter—sugar, of the West India question—the loaf, of agricultural distress—and, as every one knows that London eggs are a lottery, according as they prove bad or good, so am I reminded of a whig or tory measure. When the newspaper is brought in, I walk round and round it as a dog will do around the spot he is about to lie down upon. I would fain not touch it; but at last, like a fascinated bird who falls per force into the reptile's mouth, so do I plunge into its columns, read it with desperation, and when the poison has circulated, throw it away in despair. If I am reminded to say grace at dinner, I commence "My lords and gentlemen;" and when I seek my bed, as I light my taper, I move "that the house do now adjourn." The tradesmen's bills are swelled by my disease into the budget, and the cheeks upon my banker into supplies. Even my children laugh and wonder at the answers which they receive. Yesterday one brought me her book of animals, and pointing to a boa constrictor, asked its name, and I told her it was

an O'Connell. I am told that I mentioned the names of half the members of the upper and lower house, and at the time really believed that I was calling the beasts by their right names. Such are the effects of my unfortunate disease.

Abroad I feel it even worse than at home. Society is unheing, and every one is afraid to offer an opinion. If I dine out, I find that no one will speak first—he knows not whether he accosts a friend or foe, or whether he may not be pledging his bitter enemy. Every man looks at his neighbour's countenance to discover if he is whig or tory; they appear to be examining one another like the dogs who meet in the street, and it is impossible to conjecture whether the mutual scenting will be followed up by a growl or a wag of the tail; but one remark will soon discover the political sentiments of the whole. Should they all agree, they are so busy in abuse that they rail at their adversaries with their mouths full—should they disagree, they dispute so vehemently that they forget that they were invited to dinner, and the dishes are removed untasted, and the duties of the Amphitryon become a sinecure. Go to an evening party or a ball, and it is even worse, for young ladies talk politics, prefer discussion to flirtation, and will rather win a partner over to their political opinions than to their personal charms. If you, as a tory, happen to stand up in a cotillion with a pretty whig, she taps you with her fan that she may tap your politics; if you agree, it is "*En avant deux*," if not, a "*Chasses croisées*." Every thing goes wrong—she may set to you indeed, but hers is the set of defiance, and she shakes her *weig* against your tory. To turn your partner is impossible, and the only part of the figure which is executed *con amore* is *dos à dos*. The dance is over, and the lady's looks at once tell you that you may save your "oaths," while she "takes her seat."

I have tried change of scene—posted to watering places; but the deep, deep sea will not drown politics. Even the ocean, in its roaring and commotion, reminded me of a political union.

I have buried myself in the country, but it has been all in vain. I cannot look at the cattle peacefully grazing, without thinking of O'Connell's tail, Stanley's tail, and a short-docked pony reminded me of the boasted little tail of Colonel Peel. The farm-yard, with its noisy occupants, what was it but the reality so well imitated by the members of the lower house, who would drown argument in discord? I thought I was in the lobby at the close of a long debate. Every tenth field, every tenth furrow, (and I could not help counting,) every tenth animal, and every tenth step, reminded me of the Irish tithes; and when I saw a hawk swoop over a chicken, I thought of the appropriation bill—so I left the country.

I have tried every thing—I have been every where, but in vain. In the country there was no relaxation—in society no pleasure—at home no relief. England was disjointed, never to be united until it was dismembered—and there was no repose. I had my choice, either to go abroad, or to go mad; and, upon mature deliberation, I decided upon the former, as the lesser evil of the two. So I gave, I sold, I discharged, I paid, I packed up, and I planned. The last was the only portion of my multifarious duties not satisfactorily arranged. I looked at the maps, plied my compasses that I might compass my wishes, measured distances that I might decide upon my measures—planned, looked over the maps, and planned again.

CHAPTER II.

Showing that, although one may decide upon not saying at home, it is not quite so easy to decide upon where you are to go.

Well, as I said in my last chapter, I planned—and planned—but I might as well conjugate it, as my better half, and many others, assisted—it was I planned, thou

plannedst, he planned, we planned, ye planned, and they planned—and what annoyed me was, that I could not help considering that "the whole house was in a committee," and without being able "to report progress." At first it was decided upon that we should proceed up the Rhine, and not leave off paddling until we had arrived at Manheim, at which town I fancied that I should at least be out of political distance. We read all about Manheim, found out that it was a regular-built town, with a certain number of inhabitants—with promenades, gardens, and a fine view of the Rhine. "So you're going abroad—where?" Manheim, was the reply, and all the world knew that we were bound to Manheim; and every one had something to say, or something that they had heard said, about Manheim. "Very nice place—Duchess Dowager Stephanie—very cheap—gay in winter—Sir John Sinclair—Captain Greville—masters excellent"—were the variety of changes rung, and all was settled; but at last one unlucky observation raised a doubt—another increased—a third confirmed it. "A very dull place—German cookery bad for children—steamboats from Rotterdam very bad, and often obliged to pass two nights on deck." A very influential member of the committee took alarm about the children being two nights on deck, and it was at last decided that to go up to Manheim by steamboat at 4*l.* 9*s.* a head, and children at half-price, was not to be thought of.

"I wonder you don't go to Bruges," observed a committee man; "nice quiet place—excellent masters—every thing so cheap—I once bought eighty large peaches there for two francs."

And all the children clapped their little hands, and cried out for Bruges and cheap peaches.

It was further submitted that it was convenient; you might go the whole of the way by water; and Bruges was immediately under consideration.

"If you go to Bruges, you will find it very dull," observed another; "but you'll meet Mrs. Trollope there; now Brussels is very little farther, and is a delightful place;" and Brussels was also referred to the committee.

"You won't like Brussels, but you'll meet Grattan there—there is such a mixture, and house rent is dear. Now I should recommend Spa for the summer; it is a most beautiful spot, and excellent company." And Spa was added to the list.

Then after a day or two came an Anti-Teutonic, who railed against Germany and Germans—German towns, German traveling, and German French, which was detestable—German cookery, which was nothing but grease. "You may imagine," said he, "and so have many more, that Germany is more pleasant and less expensive than France; but they have been disappointed, and so will you be. Now, for a quiet place, I should recommend St. Omer's, only thirty miles from Calais, so convenient, and very pretty."

St. Omer's—humph—very quiet—and retired—and no politics—and St. Omer's was occasionally canvassed.

"St. Omer's!" said another, who called the next day; "you'll die of ennui. Go to Boulogne—it is delightful—you may be there as retired or as gay as you please."

Boulogne to be taken into consideration—many enquiries made, and all very satisfactory—good sands and excellent jackasses for the children.

"My dear friend, Boulogne is something like the king's bench—at least most of the people only go there in preference. Every body will suppose that you've levanted. Pray don't go to Boulogne."

"Why don't you go by Southampton to Havre; there you'll have quiet and amusement; beautiful country about Honfleur—scenery up the Seine splendid; and then you can go up to Rouen by water, if you intend to go on to Paris."

Havre and Honfleur submitted to the committee.

And then came Dieppe, and Brest, and the environs of

Paris, Versailles, St. Germain, Passy, and other recommendations, in which every one particular place was proved incontestably to be more particularly suited to us than any other, and the committee sat for three weeks, at the end of which, upon examining the matured opinions of the last seven days, I found them to have fluctuated as follows:—

Monday morning, Manheim. Evening, Spa.

Tuesday morning, Bruges. Evening, Brussels.

Wednesday morning, St. Omer's. Evening, Boulogne.

Thursday morning, Havre. Evening, Honfleur.

Friday morning, Dieppe. Evening, Passy.

Saturday morning, Versailles. Evening, St. Germain.

Sunday morning, Spa. Evening, Brussels.

The fact was, that there was a trifling difference of opinion in the committee; the great object appeared to be, and the great difficulty at the same time, to find a place which would suit all parties, that is to say, a place where there were no politics, plenty of gaiety, and cheap peaches.

CHAPTER III.

In which the reader will find the author on board of a smoker.

Paddle, paddle—splash, splash—bump, thump, bump. What a leveller is sea-sickness—almost as great a radical as death. All grades, all respect, all consideration, are lost. The master may summon John to his assistance, but John will see his master d—d before he'll go to him; he has taken possession of his master's great coat, and he intends to keep it; he don't care for warning.

The nurses no longer look after the infant or the children, they may tumble overboard; even the fond yearnings of the mother at last yield to the overwhelming sensation, and if it were not for the mercenary or kind-hearted assistance of those who have become habituated to the motion of the vessel, there is no saying how tragical might be the commencement of many a party of pleasure to the Continent.

"O look, Mary, do just hold this child," says the upper nurse to her assistant; "I do feel such a sinking in my stomach."

"Carn't, indeed, nurse, I've such a rising."

Away hurried both the women at once to the side of the vessel, leaning over and groaning heavily. As for the children, they would soon have been past caring for, had it not been for my protecting arms.

Decorum and modesty, next to maternal tenderness the strongest feelings in woman, fall before the dire prostration of this malady. A young lady will recline unwittingly in the arms of a perfect stranger; and the bride of three months, deserted by her husband, will offer no resistance to the uncouth seaman, who, in his kindness, would loosen the laces that confine her heaving bosom.

As for politeness, even the ancient regime of the noblesse of France put it in their pockets as if there were a general chaos—self is the only feeling; not but that I have seen occasional traits of good-will towards others. I once witnessed a young lady smelling to a bottle of Eau de Cologne, as if her existence depended upon it, hand it over to another whose state was even more pitiable, and I was reminded of Sir Philip Sidney and the cup of water, as he lay wounded on the field of battle, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." And if I might have judged from her trembling lips and pallid countenance, it was almost an equal act of heroism. Paddle, paddle, splash, splash, bump, thump, bump—one would really imagine that the passengers were so many pumps, all worked at once with the vessel by the same hundred horse power, for there were an hundred of

them about me, each as sick as a horse. "*Sic omnes*," thought I.

I have long past the ordeal, and even steam, and smoke, and washing basins, and all the various discordant and revolting noises from those who suffer, have no effect upon my nervous system—still was I doomed to torment, and was very sick indeed. For some time I had been watched by the evil eyes of one, whom the Yankees would designate as *almighty ugly*. He was a thin, spare man, whose aspect I could well have spared, for he had the look of a demon, and, as I soon found, was possessed with the demon of politics. Imagine what I must have suffered when I found out that he was a button-holder to boot. Observing that I was the only one who was in a state to listen, he seized upon me as his victim. I, who had fled from politics with as much horror as others have done from the cholera—I, who had encountered all the miseries of steam navigation, and all the steam and effluvia of close cabins, to find myself condemned with others "alike to groan"—what with King Leopold, and William of Nassau, and the Belgian share of the debt, and the French and Antwerp, and his pertinacious holding of my button. "Shall I knock him down," thought I; "he insists upon laying his hands upon me, why should I not lay my hands upon him?" But, on second consideration, that would not have been polite, so I made other attempts to get rid of him, but in vain; I turned the subject to far countries—the rascal had been every where; at one moment he would be at Vienna, and discuss the German confederation—at another, in South America, canvassing the merits of Bolivar and St. Martin. There was no stopping him; his tongue was like the paddle of a steamboat, and almost threw as much spray in my face. At last I threw off my coat, which he continued to hold in his hand by the third button, and threw myself into one of the cribs appropriated to passengers, wishing him a good night. He put my coat down in the crib beneath, and, as he could no longer hold the button, he laid hold of the side of the crib, and continued his incessant clack. At last I turned my back to him, and made no answer, upon which he made a retreat, and when I awoke the next morning, I found that he was too ill to spout politics, although as he progressed, he spouted what was quite as bad.

Par parenthèse, he was a great liar, and as he drew a long bow when he was able to talk, so did he prove a long shot when he was sea-sick. Confound the fellow, I think I see him now—there he stood, a tall gaunt misery, about the height of a work-house pump, and the basin was on the floor of the cabin, nearly three feet from his two feet; without condescending to stoop, or to sit down, or to lift up the basin, so as to lessen the distance, he poured forth a parabola, "*quod nunc describere*" had just as well be omitted. I shall dismiss this persecuting demon, by stating, that he called himself a baron, the truth of which I doubted much; that he was employed by crowned heads, which I doubted still more. On one point, however, I had little doubt, although he did not enter upon the subject, (and his tongue to a great degree confirmed it,) that he was a Chevalier d'Industrie.

"I am rid of him, thank God," exclaimed I, as I went on deck to breathe a little fresh air, having lighted my cigar in the steward's berth as I ascended. The first objects which attracted my attention, were a young gentleman and lady, the former standing by the latter, who was sitting in a pensive position, with her elbow leaning on the gunnel. She was in deep mourning, and closely veiled.

"And how does the beautiful Maria find herself this morning?" said the young gentleman, leaning over her with his hand on the rail to support himself.

The beautiful Maria? How was it possible not to be

attracted by such a distinguishing appellation? The beautiful Maria! I thought of Sterne's Maria, and the little dog with a string, and I trimmed my ear like a windsail in the tropics to catch the soft responding, and most, assuredly, in my imagination, melodious vibration of the air which would succeed.

At last there was a reply. "Oh! *tol, tol!*" And that in any thing but a melodious voice. "Oh! *tol, tol!*" What a bathos! The beautiful Maria, whom, in my imagination, I had clothed with all the attributes of sentiment and delicacy, whom I had conjured up as a beau ideal of perfection, replies in a hoarse voice with, "Oh! *tol, tol!*" Down she went like the English funds in a panic—down she went to the zero of a Doll Tearsheet, and down I went again into the cabin. Surely this is a world of disappointment.

Perhaps I was wrong—she might have been very beautiful, with the voice of a peacock; she might also have the plumage; but no, that is impossible; she must, from her sex, have been a peahen. At all events, if not very beautiful, she was very sick. I left the beautiful Maria screeching over the gunnel. If the young gentleman were to repeat the same question now, thought I, the beautiful Maria will hardly answer, "Oh! *tol, tol!*"

It was very cold on deck, blowing fresh from the east. I never heard any one give a satisfactory reason why a west wind should be warm, and an east wind cold, in latitude 50° N. It is not so in the tropics, when the east wind follows the rarefaction occasioned by the sun. Yet does not Byron say,

"'Tis the land of the east, 'tis the clime of the sun?" Certainly our east winds are not at all poetical.

"Very cold, sir," said I, addressing a round-faced gentleman in a white great coat, who rested his chin and his two hands upon a thick cane. "You are fortunate in not being sea-sick."

"I beg your pardon, I am not fortunate. I am worse than sea-sick, for I want to be sea-sick, and I can't. I do believe that every thing is changed now a days, since that confounded reform bill."

Politics again, thought I; what the devil has sea-sickness to do with the reform bill? Mercy on me, when shall I be at peace? "There certainly has been some change," observed I.

"Change, sir! yes, every thing changed. England of 1835 is no more like merry England of olden time, than I am like Louis the Fourteenth—ruined, sir—every class suffering, sir—badly ruled, sir."

"Things are much cheaper."

"Much cheaper! Yes, sir, but what's the good of things being cheap when nobody has any money to purchase with? They might just as well be dear. It's a melancholy discovery, sir, this steam."

"Melancholy just now to those who are on board, and suffering, I grant."

"Pooh, nonsense! melancholy to those on shore, sir; the engines work while man looks on and starves. Country ruined, sir—people miserable—thrown out of employment, while foreigners reap the benefit; we sell them our manufactures at a cheaper rate; we clothe them well, sir, at the expense of our own suffering population. But is this all, sir? Oh, no!"

And here the gentleman dropped his chin again upon his hands, and looked very woful indeed. After a few seconds, he resumed.

"We are dismembered, sir—ruined by faction. Society is disintegrated by political animosities; thousands have retreated from the scene of violence and excitement, to find peace and repose in a foreign land."

I groaned an assent. "Ay, sir, and thousands will follow, withdrawing from the country its resources, circulating millions which enrich other nations, and avoiding their own share of the national burdens, which fall

still heavier upon those who remain. But is that all, sir? Oh, no!"

This second "oh, no!" was pronounced in a more lugubrious note; he shook his head, and after a pause he recommenced. "England is no longer priest-ridden, sir; but she is worse, she is *law*-ridden. Litigation and law expenses have, like locusts, devoured up the produce of industry. No man is safe without a lawyer at his elbow, making over to him a part of his annual income to secure the remainder. And then there's Brougham. But, sir, is that all? Oh, no!"

Another pause, and he continued. "I never grumble—I hate grumblers; I never talk of politics—I hate politics; but, sir, is it not the case, that madmen and fools have united to ruin the country? is it not true, sir, that unable to rise by their talents, and urged by a wicked ambition, they have summoned main force, and the power of numbers to their assistance, and have raised a spirit which they cannot put down again? Is it not true, sir, that treason walks barefaced through the land, pointing to general destruction—to a violation of all rights, to anarchy, confusion, and the shedding of blood? is not reason borne down by faction, sir? Madmen throw about fire, and cry, it is only in sport; but, sir, is that all? Oh, no!"

This last "oh, no!" was more melancholy than the preceding, but I considered that my companion must have nearly exhausted his budget of miseries, and was curious to ascertain what would come next.

"What, is there more, sir?" enquired I.

"More, sir. Yes, sir, plenty more. I ask you whether even the seasons have not changed in our unhappy country; have we not summer with unusual, unexampled heat, and winters without cold; when shall we ever see the mercury down below sixty degrees again? never, sir. What is summer but a season of alarm and dread? Does not the cholera come in as regularly as green peas—terrifying us to death, whether we die of it or not? Of what advantage are the fruits of the earth so bountifully bestowed—have they not all been converted into poisons? Who dares to drink a light summer wine now? Are not all vegetables abjured, peaches thrown to the pigs, and strawberries ventured upon only by little boys who sweep the streets, with the broom in one hand and the pottle in the other? Are not melons rank poison, and cucumbers sudden death? And, in the winter, sir, are we better off? Instead of the wholesome frosts of olden days, purifying the air and the soil, and bracing up our nerves, what have we but the influenza, which lasts us for four months, and the spasmodic cough which fills up the remainder of the year? I am no grumbler, sir, I hate and abhor any thing like complaining, but this I will say, that the world has been turned upside down—that every thing has gone wrong—that peace has come to us unattended by plenty—that every body is miserable; and that vaccination and steam, which have been lauded as blessings, have proved the greatest of all possible curses, and that there is no chance of a return to our former prosperity; unless we can set fire to our coal mines, and re-introduce the small-pox. But, sir, the will of Heaven be done, I shall say no more, I don't wish to make other people unhappy; but pray don't think, sir, I've told you all. Oh, no!"

At this last "oh, no!" my companion laid his face down upon his knuckles, and was silent. I once more sought the deck, and preferred to encounter the east wind. "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind, thou art not so unkind," soliloquised I, as I looked over the bows, and perceived that we were close to the pile entrance of the harbour of Ostend. Ten minutes afterwards there was a cessation of paddle, paddle, thump, thump, the stern-fast was thrown on the quay, there was a rush on board of commissaires, with their reiterated cries, accom-

panied with cards thrust into your hands, "Hotel des Bains, Monsieur." "Hotel Waterloo, Monsieur." "Hotel Belle-vue." "Hotel Bedford, Monsieur." "Hotel d'Angleterre," *ad infinitum*—and then there was the pouring out of the Noah's ark, with their countenances wearing a most paradoxical appearance, for they evidently showed that they had quite enough of water, and, at the same time, that they required a great deal more. I looked at my children, as they were hoisted up from the ladies' cabin, one after another, and, upon examination, I decided that the Hotel des Bains would be the most appropriate to their condition, so there we went.

CHAPTER IV.

Showing what passed at Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent.

Ostend, April 18, 1835.

I was confoundedly taken in by a rascal of a commissionaire, and aware how the feelings of travellers are affected by the weather or the treatment they receive at any place they may pass through, I shall display the heroism of saying nothing about the place, except that I believe Ostend to be the most rascally hole in the world, and the sooner the traveller is out of it so much the better will it be for his purse and for his temper.

April 19.

It has been assumed as an axiom that every one in this world is fond of power. During our passage in the track-schuyt I had an evidence to the contrary, for as we glided noiselessly and almost imperceptibly along, a lady told me that she infinitely preferred the three-horse power of the schuyt to the hundred-horse power of the steam-packet. We arrived at Bruges, escaping all the horrors and difficulties of steam navigation.

House rent at Bruges is cheap, because one half of the houses are empty—at least that was the cause assigned to me, although I will not vouch for its being the true one. The reader may remember that this was the site of cheap peaches, but none met our sight, the trees not being yet in blossom. I ought to observe, for the satisfaction of the Foreign Bible Society, that at the hotel at Bruges I saw a book of their exportation lying on the chimney piece in excellent preservation.

April 21.

As to what passed in our journey to Ghent, I can only say that every thing passed us—for the roads were very heavy, the horses very lazy, and the postboys still lazier—they rode their horses listlessly, sitting on them sideways, as I have seen boys in the country swinging on a gate—whereby the gait of the track-schuyt could not be styled a swinging pace. We did arrive at last, and thus ended our water carriage. At Ghent we went to the Hotel Royal, from out of the windows of which I had a fine view of the belfry surmounted by the Brazen Dragon from Constantinople; and as I conjured up times past, and I thought how the belfry was built, and how the dragon got there, I found myself at last wandering in the Apocrypha of "Bel and the Dragon."

We went to see the picture by Van Eck, in the cathedral of St. Bavin. The reader will probably wish to know who was St. Bavin—so did I—and I asked the question of the sacristan: the reader shall have the benefit of the answer, "St. Bavin, monsieur, il etait un saint."

That picture of Van Eck's is worth a van full of most of the pictures we see: it was Van Eck who invented, and was indeed the father of painting in oil. It is a wonderful production.

Mrs. Trollope says that people run through Belgium as if it were a mere rail-road to other countries. That is very true—we did the same—for who would stop at Ostend to be swindled, or at Bruges to look at empty houses, or at Ghent, which is nothing but a Flanders Birmingham, when Brussels and King Leopold, and the

anticipation of something more agreeable, were only thirty miles off? Not one day was our departure postponed; with post-horses and postilions we posted post haste to Brussels.

CHAPTER V.

Kabobs at Brussels, April 22.

The Queen of Belgium "a fait un enfant." On the continent it is always the wife who is considered as the *faisceuse*; the husband is supposed, and very often with justice, to have had nothing to do in the matter—it certainly does appear to be optional on the part of the ladies, for they limit their family to their exact wishes or means of support. How different is it in England, where children will be born whether it is convenient or not!

I think that the good people of Paris would do well, as they appear just now to have left religion in abeyance, to take up the manners and customs of the empire of the Nahira, a Mahratta nation, which I once read about. In that country, as in heaven, there is no marrying, nor giving in marriage. All are free, and all inheritance is through the children of the sister; for although it is impossible to know who may be the father of any of the children, they are very certain that the sisters' children must have the blood on the maternal side. What a good arrangement this would be for the Parisians—how many *péchés mortels* would they get rid of—such as adultery, fornication, &c.—by passing one simple law of the land. By-the-by, what an admirable idea for reforming a nation—they say that laws, now-a-days, are made to prevent crime: but if laws were enacted by which crime should no longer be considered as crime, what a deal of trouble might be saved.

The theatre is closed, owing to the want of funds; the want of funds is owing to the want of honesty on the part of the manager, having run away with the strong box, which was decidedly the very best box in the theatre.

April 26.

I went to see a species of Franconi, or Astley's; there is little variety in these performances, as there are only a certain quantity of feats, which can be performed either by the horses or the riders, nevertheless we had some novelty. We had the very best feminine rider I ever saw; she was a perfect female Centaur, looking part and parcel of the animal upon which she stood; and then we had a regularly Dutch-built lady, who amused us with a tumble off her horse, coming down on the loose saw-dust, in a sitting posture, and making a hole in it as large as if a covey of partridges had been basking in it for a whole day. An American black (there always is a black fellow in these companies, for, as Cooper says, they learn to ride well in America by stealing their masters' horses) rode furiously well and sprained his ankle—the attempt of a man in extreme pain to smile is very horrible—yet he did grin as he bowed and limped away. After that we had a performer who had little chance of spraining her ankle, a Miss Betsey, that is a female of good proportions, who was, however, not a little sulky that evening, and very often refused to perform her task, and as for forcing the combined will of a female and an elephant to boot, there was no man rash enough to attempt it, so she did as little as she pleased, and it pleased her to do very little; one feat, however, was novel, she took a musket in her mouth and fired it off with her trunk.

When I was in India I was very partial to these animals; there was a most splendid elephant, which had been captured by the expedition sent to Martaban; he stood four or five feet higher than elephants usually do, and was a great favourite of his master, the rajah. When this animal was captured there was a great difficulty in getting him on board of the transport. A raft was made, and he was very unwillingly persuaded to trust his huge

carcass upon it; he was then towed off with about thirty of the natives on the raft, attending him; the largest purchases and blocks were procured to hoist him in, the main yards doubly secured, and the fall brought to the capstern. The elephant had been properly slung, the capstern was manned, and his huge bulk was lifted in the air, but he had not risen a foot before the ropes gave way, and down he came again on the raft with a heavy surge, a novelty which he did not appear to approve of. A new fall was rove, and they again manned the capstern; this time the tackle held, and up went the gentleman in the air; but he had not forgotten the previous accident, and upon what ground it is impossible to say, he ascribed his treatment to the natives, who were assisting him on the raft. As he slowly mounted in the air, he looked about him very wrath, his eyes and his trunk being the only portions of his frame at liberty. These he turned about in every direction as he ascended—at last, as he passed by the main channels, he perceived the half of a maintop-mill yard, which had been carried away in the slings, lying on the goose-necks; it was a weapon that suited him admirably; he seized hold of it, and whirling it once round with his trunk, directed the piece of wood with such good aim, that he swept about twenty of the natives off the raft, to take their chance with a strong tide and plenty of alligators. It was the self-possession of the animal which I admired so much, swinging in the air in so unusual a position for an elephant, he was as collected as if he had been roaming in his own wild forests. He arrived and was disembarked at Rangoon, and it was an amusement to me, whenever I could find time to watch this animal, and two others much smaller in size who were with him; but he was my particular pet. Perhaps the reader will like to have the diary of an elephant when not on active service. At what time animals get up, who never lie down without being ordered, it is not very easy to say. The elephants are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the extreme heat of the sun; they stand under this tree, to which they are chained by their hind legs. Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the respective keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, cast themselves loose, and in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper; they then march off with him to the nearest forest, and on their arrival commence breaking down the branches of the trees, selecting those which are most agreeable to their palates, and arranging them in two enormous faggots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make witheys and bind up their two faggots, and then twist another to connect the two, so as to hang them over their backs down on each side, and having thus made their provision, they return home: the keeper may or may not be present during this performance. All depends upon whether the elephants are well trained, and have been long in servitude. Upon their return, the elephants pass the chains again round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before; they then amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the others. Now when an elephant has had enough to eat, he generally selects a long bough, and pulling off all the lateral branches, leaves a bush at the end forming a sort of whisk to keep off the flies and mosquitoes; for although the hide of the elephant is very thick, still it is broken into crannies and cracks, into which the vermin insert themselves. Sometimes they have the following ingenious method of defending themselves against these tormentors—they put the end of their trunk down in the dust, draw up as large a quantity as they can, and turning their trunks up over their heads, pour it out over their skin, powdering and filling up the interstices, after which they take the long branch I have before mentioned, and amuse themselves

by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about their bodies, wherever the insects may settle.

And now for an instance of self-denial, which I have often witnessed on the part of my friend the large elephant. I have observed him very busy, flapping right and flapping left, evidently much annoyed by the persecution of the mosquitoes; by-the-by, no one can have an idea how hard the tiger-mosquito can bite. I will, however, give an instance of it, for the truth of which I cannot positively vouch; but I remember that once, when it rained torrents, and we were on a boating expedition, a marine who, to keep his charge dry, had his fore-finger inserted in the barrel of his musket, pulled it out in a great hurry, exclaiming to his comrade, "May I be shot, Bill, if one of them beggars ha'n't bit me right through the barrel of my musket." This *par parenthèse*, and now to proceed. As I said before, the elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his person, that he was much annoyed by his persecutors, and just at that time the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindostanee—"Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of Indian ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it; this he continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, and causing much reflection. Here was a monster, whose bulk exceeded that of the infant by at least ten thousand times, acknowledging that the image of his Maker, even in its lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently proving the truth of the sacred announcement, that God had "given to man dominion over the beasts of the field." And here too was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial, which but few Christians, none indeed but a mother, could have practised. Would Fowell Buxton, surrounded by a host of mosquitoes, have done as much for a fellow-creature, white or black? not he; he would have flapped his own thighs, his own ears, his own face, and his own every thing, and have left his neighbours to take care of themselves; nor should we blame him.

As I am on the subject, I may as well inform my readers how and in which way this elephant and I parted company, for it was equally characteristic of the animal. The army was ordered to march, and the elephants were called into requisition to carry the tents. The quarter-master general, the man with four eyes, as the natives called him, because he wore spectacles, superintended the loading of the animals—tent upon tent was heaped upon my friend, who said nothing, till at last he found they were overdoing the thing, and then he roared out his complaints, which the keeper explained, but there was still one more tent to be carried, and, therefore, as one more or less could make no difference, it was ordered to be put upon his back. The elephant said no more, but he turned sulky—enough was as good as a feast with him, and he considered this treatment as no joke. Now it so happened that at the time the main street, and the only street of the town, which was at least half a mile long, was crowded to suffocation with tattoos, or little ponies, and small oxen, every one of them loaded with a couple of cases of claret, or brandy, or something else, slung on each side of them, attended by coolies, who, with their hooting, and pushing, and beating, and screaming, created a very bustling and lively scene. When the last tent was put on the elephant he was like a mountain, with canvases on each side of him, bulging out to a width equal to his own; there was just room for him to pass through the two rows of houses on each side of the street, and not ten inches to spare: he was ordered by the keeper to go

on—he obeyed the order certainly, but in what way—he threw his trunk up in the air, screamed a loud shriek of indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse's gallop, right down the street, mowing down before him every pony, bullock, and cooley that barred his passage; the confusion was indescribable, all the little animals were with their legs in the air, claret and brandy poured in rivulets down the street, coolies screamed as they threw themselves into the doors and windows, and at one fell swoop the angry gentleman demolished the major part of the comforts of the officers, who were little aware how much they were to sacrifice for the sake of an extra tent. With my eyes I followed my friend in his reckless career, until he was enveloped and hid from my view in a cloud of dust, and that was my farewell of him. I turned round, and observed close to me the quarter-master-general, looking with all his four eyes at the effects of his inhumanity. But I have wandered some twenty thousand miles from Brussels, and must return.

CHAPTER VI.

Brussels, May 5th.

His Belgian majesty, the Belgian ministers, Belgian ambassadors, Belgian authorities, and all the Belgian nobility and gentry, all the English who reside in Brussels for economy and quiet, and all the exiles and propaganda who reside here to kick up a row, have all left Brussels by the Porte d'Anvers. And all the Belgians who live at Brussels have shut up their shops, and gone out at the Porte d'Anvers. And the whole populace, men, women, and children, have gone out of the Porte d'Anvers. And all the infants have also gone, because the mothers could not leave them at home. And the generals, and their staffs, and the officers, and all the troops, and all the artillery, have also left Brussels, and gone out at the Porte d'Anvers, to keep the said populace quiet and in good order. So that there is no one left at Brussels, and Brussels must for one day take care of itself.

And now you of course wish to know why they have all left Brussels, and further, why they have gone through the Porte d'Anvers.

Because there is this day the commemoration of the inauguration of the *Chemin de Fer*, which has just been completed from Brussels to Malines, and is on this day to be opened, that is to say, that three steam tugs, whose names are the Stephenson, the Arrow, and the Elephant, are to drag to Malines and back again, in the presence of his majesty, all his majesty's ministers, all the ambassadors who choose to go, all the heads of the departments, and every body else who can produce a satisfactory yellow ticket, which will warrant their getting into one of the thirty-three omnibuses, diligences, or cars, which are attached to the said three steam tugs, the Arrow, the Stephenson, and the Elephant. I shall go and see it—I will not remain at Brussels by myself, the "last man."

May 6th.

It was a brilliant affair, and went off well, because the trains went on well. We were tugged through twelve miles of the most fertile pasture in the universe, the whole line of road so crowded with spectators, as to make evident the extreme populousness of the country. For the first mile it was one mass of people—and a Belgian crowd has a very agreeable effect, from the prevailing colours being blue and white, which are very refreshing, and contrast pleasantly with the green back-ground. Every man had his blouse, and every woman her cap and straw bonnet; but if the Belgians look well *en masse*, I cannot say that they do so in detail; the men we do not expect much from, but the women are certainly the ugliest race in the whole world—I will not except the Africans. In some of our men-of-war it was formerly

the custom to have an old knife, which was passed from one to the other, as the men joined the ship, being handed to the ugliest man they could find; he held the knife until another came, more unfortunate in physiognomy than himself, when it was immediately made over to the last, who was obliged in his turn to retain it until he could discover some one even more unprepossessing. Following up this principle with the ladies of Belgium, and comparing them with those of other European states, they are most unequivocally entitled to hold the knife, and unless they improve by crossing the breed, I am afraid they will have it in their possession for centuries.

We arrived safe at Malines, and I was infinitely amused at the variety of astonishment in the five hundred thousand faces which we passed. In one rich meadow I beheld a herd of fat priests, who looked at the trains in such a manner as to say that they were "heretical and damnable," and that the *Chemin de Fer* was nothing but the *Chemin d'Enfer*. At Malines we all got out, walked to a stone pillar, where a speech was made to the sound of martial music, and we all got in again. And then to show the power of his engines, Mr. Stephenson attached all the cars, omnibuses, and diligences together, and directed the Elephant to take us back without assistance from the other two engines. So the Elephant took us all in tow, and away we went, at a very fair pace. It must have been a very beautiful sight to those who were looking on the whole train in one line, covered with red cloth and garlands of roses, with white canopies over head, and decorated with about three hundred Belgian flags, of yellow, red, and black. However, the huge animal who dragged this weight of eighty tons became thirsty at Ville Vorde, and cast us off—it took him half an hour to drink—that is to say, to take in water, and then he set off again, and we arrived safely at Brussels, much to the delight of those who were in the cars, and also of his majesty, and all his ministers, and all his authorities, and all the mercantile classes, who consider that the millennium is come, but very much to the disappointment of the lower classes, who have formed the idea that the *Chemin de Fer* will take away their bread, and who longed for a blow up. And Mr. Stephenson having succeeded in bringing back in safety his decorated cars, has been *decoré* himself, and is now a Chevalier de l'Ordre Leopold. Would not the Iron order of the Belgian patriots have been more appropriate—it was given to many whose only claims were *accelerated motion*, at the celebrated battle of Louvain.

It is impossible to contemplate any steam-engine, without feeling wonder and admiration at the ingenuity of man; but this feeling is raised to a degree of awe when you look at a steam tug—there is such enormous power compressed into so small a space—I never can divest myself of the idea that it is possessed of *vitality*—that it is a living as well as a moving being—and that idea, joined with its immense power, conjures up in my mind that it is some spitting, fizzing, terrific demon, ready and happy to drag us by thousands to destruction.

And will this powerful invention prove to mankind a *blessing* or a *curse*?—like the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven to vivify his statue, may it not be followed by the evils of Pandora's fatal casket?

The lower classes of Belgium have formed an idea that the introduction of steam is to take away their bread. Let us examine whether there is not in this idea a degree of instinctive and prophetic truth.

The axiom of our political economists is, that the grand object to be sought and obtained is to produce the greatest possible results by the smallest possible means. The axiom, as an axiom by itself, is good; but the axiom to be opposed to it is, that the well-being and happiness of any state depends upon obtaining full employment for the whole industry of the people.

The population of Belgium is enormous. In England

we calculate about eighteen hundred souls to the square league. In Belgium it amounts to three thousand eight hundred souls to the square league. Now it would be impossible for Belgium to support this population, were it not, in the first place, for her extensive manufactories, (for upon the cotton manufactories alone, in which steam is as yet but partially introduced, two hundred and fifty thousand souls depend for their existence,) and in the second place, from the subdivision of the land in small portions, arising from the laws of inheritance, which bar the right of primogeniture; the consequence of which is, that the major part of Belgium is cultivated by spade husbandry, and is in the very highest state of fertility. Nevertheless the proportion of those who receive relief in Belgium from public institutions and private charities of all descriptions, amounts even at present, to *one in eight persons*. Now, allowing that a steam-engine should be generally introduced into this country, the consequence must be, that machinery will supply the place, and do the work of man. And what will be the result? that thousands will be thrown out of employment, and must be supported by the nation. When the population is so dense that there is not room for the labour of its present inhabitants, it is clear that the introduction of machinery can have but one effect—that of increasing pauperism. Are not, then, the Belgians right in thinking that it will deprive them of their bread?

That machinery has already had that effect to a certain degree in England cannot be denied; and not only our manufacturing, but our agricultural population, have been distressed from an adherence to the same principle, of obtaining the greatest possible results from the smallest possible means. The subdivision of land will do more to relieve the agricultural distress than any thing else. At present large farms are preferred both by landlord and tenant, because a large farm can be cultivated with a fewer number of men and horses; but how does this act? It throws a certain quantity of labourers out of employ, who are supported in idleness. Is the sum gained by farmers by employing fewer men on large farms, more than their proportion of the poor's rates paid for unproductive industry? That it may be more to the farmers is possible, as they shift a great part of the onus upon others; but to the nation it certainly is not—for the man who does not work must still be fed. May we not then consider the following propositions as correct?

That, producing the greatest possible results from the least possible means, is an axiom which can only hold good when it does not interfere with the industry of the people. That, as long as the whole population are employed, such powers become a benefit, and a source of extra wealth. But that, in proportion as it throws the population out of employment, so much the more does it prove an injury, and must finally cause the ruin of that state. *Quod est demonstrandum*—which I hope it will not be in our time.

(To be continued.)

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

By the publication of the VIIIth, IXth, and Xth parts, Martin has at length completed his large and splendid series of "Illustrations of the Bible," engraved in mezzotint by himself, from his own masterly designs. To attempt the slightest criticism on these subjects, is not within our limits, but the mere enumeration of the latest plates will suffice to mark their interest: Joshua commanding the sun to stand still—David apareth Saul at Hachilah—the Daughters of Zion at the Rivers of Babylon—Balshazzar's Feast—the Fall of Babylon—and the Fall of Nineveh. These are subjects in the delineation of which Martin stands alone and unapproachable.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR MODERN POETRY.—NO. II.

ONEIZA—IN THALABA. SOUTHEY.

Thousands of thanks have been showered on us by boys and virgins, and communicants of riper age, for the exquisite poetry which, a month or two ago, we stole for their delight from Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. None of them had ever had the poem itself in their hands—say, so much as seen its outside; some had been told that it was so extravagant and unnatural, that it would be worse than a loss of time to young people to read it; others had been assured that it was what critics call "a splendid failure;" the more philosophical among them had been convinced by various dissertations in our periodicals, that no genius could reconcile to European imaginations the monstrosities of the Hindu mythology; and all had more or less partaken of the general regret, often expressed, less in sorrow than in anger, by haughty editors and coxcombical contributors, that Mr. Southey should so miserably abuse and misuse the gifts which those authorities were good enough to allow God had given him; attributing such conduct of the understanding partly to an unaccountable infatuation, but chiefly to his living at Keswick.

Have we not reason then—we shall not say to be proud, for pride was not made for man—but to be glad of our paper on that poem? We have only to request that all those enthusiastic young creatures will transfer all their gratitude, except a warm little piece which we shall wear as a comforter, from Christopher North to Robert Southey. No other merit is ours than that of having afforded them an opportunity of enlarging the domain of their imagination by the addition of a province peopled with new forms of life. What before had been the sum of their knowledge about the Hindoos? That they were mild, and lived on rice. Now they know that "we have all one human heart;" that God in his mercy is kind even to his idolatrous children—that our fallen nature, even when worshiping images, which it has set up in ignorance of Him who is a spirit and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth, is even then obeying an instinct that separates it from the beasts that perish; and that, inasmuch as they who fall on their faces before such supposed sanctities are sincere and humble, such prostrations, and such services, and such sacrifices—rueful though they sometimes be and ghastly—shall be accepted at the Throne of Grace, and the names of millions who knew not Christ, for Christ's sake written in the book of life. That this our doctrine is orthodox—that it is the catholic faith—we have no more fear—in other words, we do as humbly and firmly believe as that we see the sun in heaven—as that we feel the soul to be immortal—as that we know there is a God—as that we believe He sent his Son on earth to save sinners.

All highest poetry, we have often said, is sacred poetry; in all Southey's great poems there is a religious spirit; its presence is constantly

felt, even as we are made to look on the most foul or fearful forms of superstition. Therefore we have not hesitated for a moment to speak of what too many would call a profane poem in language taken from the Bible. In Coleridge's *Table Talk*—two delightful volumes which, after having been reviewed in all the *Quarterlies* years ago—so the time seems to us—has been published at last—we were happy to see an opinion of this poem expressed almost in the very words we used—"He admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that Kehama went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, while Kailyal gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the Almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden.

We have been asked by an intelligent young writer in a print which for many reasons we regard with respect and kindness, why we commenced this series with Kailyal in Southey's poem, the *Curse of Kehama*? Because the character is one of the most beautiful in our modern poetry; because it was drawn many years ago, and takes precedence on that score alone of many others whom the world have since perhaps unduly admired; because though known well to all who know our highest literature, it was unknown to very many who are now seeking to soar into those ethereal regions which every pure spirit may reach, for to all hath nature given wings; because we have had but few opportunities of speaking, as we have often desired to speak of Southey's delightful genius, and rejoiced to commence our series with some of the holiest of his inspirations.

We learn from the same enlightened young friend that Scott, who we know admired Southey the poet as much as he loved Southey the man, in praising highly the power and genius displayed in the *Curse of Kehama*, expressed his wonder that Kailyal should have been represented as in love with a Glendoveer. Our young friend seems to partake in that wonder, and thereby shows that he has not read what we said about their affection, than which nothing can be more perfectly natural, more perfectly beautiful; for Kailyal is not in love with the Glendoveer; nor is the Glendoveer in love with Kailyal; *they love*, and their love is a light in the darkness—it tranquilises divinely the human trouble of that tale of tears. We have all heard of the Loves of the Angels—and the Glendoveer is an angel. But no passion dims or brightens his celestial wings, he folds them round his Kailyal, as we imagine its guardian angel does round an infant asleep. The Glendoveer came not down in the ship of heaven to woo a mortal maid for her love, willing to forsake for her earthly bowers, the bowers of Sweiga. He was with her on her destiny strange and high—for her sake he suffered—for sake of her father—and why, then, should Sir Walter have wondered that Kailyal loved the Glendoveer, and

that the Glendoveer loved Kailyal? He said so once, and never thought so afterwards—for all that we have said now and formerly he must have felt and known as well or better than we; and he needed not to be told, that in the Hindu Mythology, the humans loved the Apsaras or nymphs of heaven, who languished in return—and that the Devetas and the rest of celestial seed mingled with the humans; but never in the poetry of the orientals—and their dramatic is delightful, as may be known in the translations by the Sanscrit professor at Oxford—was such love so tender and so true as in the hearts of Southey's Kailyal and Southey's Glendoveer.

"But is there not much sameness in all Southey's female characters?" Much; and there is as much and more in Shakspeare's—we mean in all the good ones, and in all the wicked ones—for we grant that there is no sameness in Cordelia and Lady Macbeth. Bless Heaven, that there is a sameness in filial piety, in conjugal affection, in virgin love. Let the poets then, to whom are given "the vision and the faculty divine," show us virtue, which is for ever the same, "doing and suffering" in different shapes and in different trials; but all who ever wore on earth any of its shapes, all beautiful, because of the spirit within—victorious at last, though their triumph may, to shortsighted mortals, almost blinded with tears, seem so very woful, that they shall knock at the gates of the grave, and demand back the dead!

Oneiza, whom we are about to look on, and accompany on her way from her tent to her tomb, is merely a repetition, it has been said of Kailyal. We shall see, but not till over Thalaba's head tumble the Domdaniel caves, and there is a meeting of the divided in heaven.

Who wanders, and on what quest, through the sands of the desert? Abdaldar, the sorcerer, in search of Thalaba, the son of Hodeirah. Eight of that dreaded line have been murdered by the evil magicians, and while one remains there is fear in Domdaniel. His blood alone "can quench that dreaded fire—the fire that threatens the masters of the spell." And how shall the sorcerer know the destroyer? On his hand is a ring in which is set a gem that burns "like a living eye of fire."

"When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destined boy,
Then shall that eye be quenched,
And the freed clement
Fly to its sacred and remembered spring."

From tribe to tribe, from town to town, from tent to tent, had passed Abdaldar; and

"Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the ring,
And still the imprisoned fire
Within its crystal socket lay compressed,
Impatient to be free!"

He hid him over the sands of the scorching Tehama; he had sought him over the waterless mountains of Nayd; in Yemen the happy, and in Hejaz, the country beloved by believers; over all Arabia, the servant of Eblis had sought, but found not, the destroyer. What sees he now?

"At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretched by an island of palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemingly traveller came,
Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And look'd towards a boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd dates.
"The wizard approach'd the tree,
He lean'd on his staff, like a way-faring man,
And the sweat of his travel was seen on his brow.
He ask'd for food, and lo!
The damsel proffers him her lap of dates;
And the stripling descends, and runs to the tent,
And brings him forth water, the draught of delight.

"Anon the master of the tent,
The father of the family,
Came forth, a man in years, of aspect mild.
To the stranger approaching he gave
The friendly saluting of peace,
And bade the skin be spread.
Before the tent they spread the skin,
Under a tamarind's shade,
That, bending forward, stretch'd
Its boughs of beauty far.
They brought the traveller rice,
With no false colours tinged to tempt the eye,
But white as the new-fallen snow,
When never yet the sul'ying sun
Hath seen its purity,
Nor the warm zephyr touch'd and tainted it.
The dates of the grove before their guest
They laid, and the luscious fig,
And water from the well.
The damsel from the tamarind tree
Had pluck'd its acid fruit,
And steep'd it in water long;
And whose drank of the cooling draught,
He would not wish for wine.
This to the guest the damsel brought,
And a modest pleasure kindled her cheek,
When raising from the cup his moisten'd lips,
The stranger smil'd, and prais'd, and drank again.

"Whither is gone the boy?
He had pierced the melon's pulp,
And clos'd with wax the wound,
And he had duly gone at morn
And watch'd its ripening rind,
And now all joyfully he brings
The treasure now matur'd.
His dark eyes sparkle with a boy's delight,
As out he pours its liquid lusciousness,
And proffers to the guest.

"Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied:
And now his tongue discours'd
Of regions far remote,
As one whose busy feet had travel'd long.
The father of the family,
With a calm eye, and quiet smile,
Sate pleased to hearken him.
The damsel who remov'd the meal,
She loitered on the way,
And listened with full hands
A moment motionless.
All eagerly the boy
Watches the traveller's lips;
And still the wily man
With seemingly kindness to the eager boy
Directs his winning tale.

Ah, cursed one! if this be he,
If thou hast found the object of thy search,
Thy hate, thy bloody aim,—
Into what deep damnation wilt thou plunge
Thy miserable soul!—
Look! how his eye delighted watches thine!—
Look! how his open lips
Gasp at the winning tale!—
And nearer now he comes,
To lose no word of that delightful talk.
Then as in familiar mood,
Upon the stripling's arm
The sorcerer laid his hand,
And the fire of the crystal fled.

"While the sudden shoot of joy
Made pale Abdaldar's cheek,
The master's voice was heard:
'It is the hour of prayer,—
My children, let us purify ourselves,
And praise the Lord our God!
The boy the water brought;
After the law they purified themselves,
And bent their faces to the earth in prayer.

"All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba
He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.
Before his lifted arm receiv'd
Its impulse to descend,
The blast of the desert came.
Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
Felt not the simoom pass.
They rose, and lo! the sorcerer lying dead,
Holding the dagger in his blasted hand."

We already love Oneiza. The picture of one evening in that tent reveals to us the character of the Arab family, and of the desert life. Peace, innocence, and piety! The interposition of Heaven at the hour of prayer, sending the simoom to blast the sorcerer, is not felt as a sublime thought in the genius of the bard, but as a sacred thought in the faith of the believer. The conversation that ensues between Thalaba and Oneiza is but of few words, but very illustrative of their respective characters—

"THALABA.

Oneiza! look! the dead man has a ring—
Should it be buried with him?

ONEIZA.

O yes—yes!
A wicked man! whate'er is his must needs
Be wicked too!

THALABA.

But see,—the sparkling stone!
How it hath caught the glory of the sun,
And streams it back again in lines of light!

ONEIZA.

Why do you take it from him, Thalaba?—
And look at it so near?—it may have charms
To bind or poison; throw it in the grave!
I would not touch it!

THALABA.

And round its rim
Strange letters—

ONEIZA.

Bury it—oh! bury it!"

Moath comes from the tent, and that moment
Oneiza is mute. Arabian daughters speak not

in presence of their fathers, till asked by eye or hand readier than voice; and the more than gentleness of the maid, her silence and her stillness, we have always felt to be charmingly characteristic contrasted with the lightness and alacrity of all her motions, when engaged in her tenthousand affairs and ordinary domestic duties. She is timid—as well she may be—even standing by the side of Thalaba—so near that unhallowed corse. But her fears are for him more than for herself; she shudders to see the sorcerer's ring in his hand. "Bury it—bury it!" Moath, too, prudent in age, counsels him to heap the sand over it, saying,—

"This wretched man
Whom God hath smitten in the very purpose
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the demons use!"

ONEIZA.

Bury it! bury it! dear Thalaba!"

But Thalaba ponders on all that Moath says about the virtue of rings and stones, and moved by one of those unaccountable impulses that often urge men on to their destiny of good or evil, wondering why the strange man should have attempted his life, and connecting the ring and "its living eye of fire" with himself more than he knew, he disregards Moath's counsel—though youth be obedient to age—and says—

"My father, I will wear it.

MOATH.

Thalaba!

THALABA.

In God's name, and the prophet's! be its power
God, let it serve the righteous: if for evil,
God, and my trust in Him shall hallow it.

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse,
And leveled over him the desert dust."

But the place is polluted, and they must go to some other oasis. In the following six short lines what power of picturing to the eye!

"Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cord;
And Moath furled the tent;
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The camels, ready to receive their load."

The tent is again pitched, and at midnight an evil spirit—visible but to him—tries to draw the ring from Thalaba's finger. Commanded by the chosen youth, in the name of the prophet, the spirit tells him the name of his father's murderer—Okba, the wise magician—and the destroyer bids him bring the bow and arrows of Hodeirah.

"Distinctly Moath heard his voice; and she,
Who, through the veil of separation, watched
All sounds in listening terror, whose suspense
Forbidden the aid of prayer."

There is some poetry so very beautiful, and the beauty, though exquisite, is at the same time

so patent to every eye that communicates with a human heart, that what in this world can a critic do with it—yet Christopher North is not a critic—but print the whole of it, without leaving out a single syllable, and then simply say, "Read that, my beloved! and whilst thou art reading let me gaze into thine eyes; and, dearest! never mind though they should be first dimmed a little, then wet, then filled, and then drowned with tears!" It is even so with this tent in the Arabian wilderness. The evil spirit had laid Hodeirah's bow and arrows at the feet of the Thalaba!

"Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel spirit on the tent intrude,
Such virtue had the spell.
Thus peacefully had the vernal years
Of Thalaba past on,
Till now, without an effort, he could bend
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.
Black were his eyes and bright,
The sunny hue of health
Glow'd on his tawny cheek.
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his stature tall;
Peerless among Arabian youths was he."

Whence had he come to the tent of Moath? Moath met him in the wilderness where he had been left alone, when Azrael released his mother from her woes. "Me too, me too!" had then exclaimed young Thalaba; but

"Son of Hodeirah! the death-angel said,
It is not yet the hour.
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth
To do the will of Heaven;
To avenge thy father's death,
The murder of thy race;
To work the mightiest enterprise
That mortal man hath wrought,
Live! and REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARKED THEE FROM MANKIND!"

So told he his tale to Moath—and Oneiza had heard it—but in her perfect happiness, as she and Thalaba grew up together, she had forgotten it; if a tear sometimes overshadowed her, and lay like a gloom on the tent, shall she suffer some few strange words, uttered long ago, to distract her—

"Oneiza called him brother; and the youth
More fondly than a brother loved the maid;
The loveliest of Arabian maidens she!
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!"

We said, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" and why said we so, seeing there never was and never will be perfect happiness on earth—not even in a tent inhabited by love, beauty, innocence, and piety, struck and pitched at will in one oasis beyond another oasis in the Arabian deserts? Oneiza weeps. Yet in spite of her tears, and in spite of our own, and in spite of all the lessons life has read us, and all the knowledge that experience has hoarded up, we say again, "Oneiza in her perfect happiness;" for all it wants of perfection is, that it should endure for ever; but that want is only known to us, it was not known to Oneiza, or if it were known, but momentarily, and at these moments only did she let fall a tear!

"But ever round his station he beheld
Camels that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Onciza's call,
And goats that, morn and eve,
Came with full udders to the damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues;
And he had seen his robe
Grow in Onciza's loom.
How often, with a memory-mingled joy
Which made her mother live before his sight,
He watch'd her nimble fingers thread the woof!
Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and toil'd,
Tost the thin cake on spreading palm,
Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

"Tis the cool evening hour:
The tamarind from the dew
Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their tent the mat is spread,
The old man's awful voice
Intones the holy book.
What if beneath no lamp-illum'd dome,
Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
Azure and gold adornment? sinks the word
With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
Where, in the day of congregation, crowds
Perform the duty-task?
Their father is their priest,
The stars of heaven their point of prayer,
And the blue firmament
The glorious temple, where they feel
The present Deity!

"Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the tent.
Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
The dark-eyed damsel sits;
The old man tranquilly
Up his curl'd pipe inhales
The tranquilizing herb.
So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
While his skill'd fingers modulate
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.
Or if he strung the pearls of poetry,
Singing with agitated face
And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
A tale of love and woe;
Then, if the brightening moon, that lit his face,
In darkness favoured here,
Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
The mother ostrich fixes on her egg,
Till that intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tenderness
Onciza's soul is centered on the youth,
So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,
Save when from her full eyes
Quickly she wipes away the swelling tears
That dim his image there.

"She call'd him brother! was it sister-love
Which made the silver rings
Round her smooth ancles and her tawny arms,
Shine daily brighten'd? for a brother's eye
Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimm'd the lamp,
And through the veins and delicate skin
The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd

Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreath'd the red flower-crown round
Their waves of glossy jet?
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!"

Onciza knows that Thalaba must ere long leave
the tent. But to return! She knows he is com-
missioned, and she has ceased to tremble at the
name, Destroyer.

"When will the hour arrive?" exclaimed the youth;
'Impatient boy,' quoth Moath, with a smile;
'Impatient Thalaba!' Onciza cried,
And she too smiled; but in her smile
A mild, reproachful melancholy mixed."

He waits but for a sign from heaven to go, and
lo! a cloud of locusts from the desolated fields of
Syria.

"While thus he spake, Onciza's eye looks up
Where one towards her flew,
Satiated, for so it seem'd, with sport and food.
The bird flew over her,
And as he pass'd above,
From his relaxing grasp a locust fell.
It fell upon the maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

"The admiring girl survey'd
His out-spread sails of green;
His gauzy underwings,
One closely to the grass-green body furl'd,
One ruffled in the fall, and half uncol'd.
She view'd his jet-orb'd eyes;
His glossy gorget bright,
Green glittering in the sun;
His plummy pliant horns,
That, nearer as she gaz'd,
Bent tremblingly before her breath.
She view'd his yellow-circled front
With lines mysterious vein'd;
'And know'st thou what is written here,
My father?' said the maid.
'Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
Are in the letters of the ring,
Nature's own language written here.'

"The youth bent down, and suddenly
He started, and his heart
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,
For these mysterious lines were legible,
WHEN THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED AT NOON,
SON OF HODEIRAH, DEPART.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines aloud;
The locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.
'Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?
Who then was troubled but the Arabian maid?
And Moath sad of heart,
Though with a grief suppress, beheld the youth
Sharpen his arrows now,
And now new-plume their shafts,
Now to beguile impatient hope,
Feel every sharpen'd point.

"Why is that anxious look?" Onciza cried,
'Still upward cast at noon?
'Is Thalaba weary of our tent?'
'I would be gone,' the youth replied,
'That I might do my task,
And full of glory to the tent return,
Whence I should part no more.'

"But on the noontide sun,
As anxious and as oft Onciza's eye

Was upward glanced in fear.
 And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek
 Lost its fresh and lively hue;
 For in the sun's bright edge
 She saw, or thought she saw, a little speck,
 The sage astronomer
 Who, with the love of science full,
 Trembled that day at every passing cloud,
 He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so small.

"Alas! Oneiza sees the spot increase!
 And lo! the ready youth
 Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,
 And grasps the slacken'd bow.
 It spreads, and spreads, and now
 Hath shadowed half the sun,
 Whose crescent-pointed horns
 Now momentarily decrease.

"The day grows dark, the birds retire to rest;
 Forth from her shadowy haunt
 Flies the large-headed screamer of the night.
 Far off the affrighted African,
 Deeming his god deceas'd,
 Falls on his knees in prayer,
 And trembles as he sees
 The fierce hyena's eyes
 Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon.

"Then Thalaba exclaim'd, 'farewell,
 My father! my Oneiza!' the old man
 Felt his throat swell with grief.
 'Where wilt thou go, my child?' he cried,
 'Wilt thou not wait a sign
 To point thy destin'd way?'
 'God will conduct me!' said the noble youth.
 He said, and from the tent,
 In the depth of the darkness, departed.
 They heard his parting steps,
 The quiver rattling as he past away."

Which makes you happiest—you know in what spirit we ask—the picture of Ladurlad and Kailyal in their cane cottage, within the shadow of that wondrous banyan tree—in the rich fields of Hindostan—or of Moath, and Oneiza, and Thalaba in their tent in the Arabian desert? They have been accused, as you know, of the sin of sameness—dwellings and inmates—and would that some other poet were inspired by the spirit of sympathy and imitation, to give us a third picture, as like either of the other two as they are to one another! Will the critic try? Moath is a widower, and so is Ladurlad—and each has one daughter, who loves her father. In neither case would it have been advisable that there should be two, or a larger number. Though no Malthusians, we cannot help thinking there is something very interesting in an only child. Oneiza and Kailyal are both pious, and therefore "beautiful exceedingly;" but with Oneiza filial duty is a pure delight, that has no other knowledge of itself than that it is love; with Kailyal it assumes the aspect rather of a profoundest pity and an awful sorrow; and if joy at any time be hers, it is in the thought—or, more blessed still—the sight of the solace or the support that her joy yields to her father's misery—therefore it is that she dances before him—and therefore, like the bird of night, she sings. And then Thalaba! had he been some ordinary young Arab, to whom Oneiza was engaged; and had they been waiting with a natural impatient patience for the time when they might pitch a

tent of their own, and leave old Moath to manage his own camels—even then the picture would have been a pleasant one; nor should we have been entitled to find fault with such a betrothed. But being what he is—that tent is not only beautiful but glorious in the desert—and what other poet could have pitched it there at nature's bidding, and let it for her to such tenants at will or for life?

Where now is Thalaba? In the paradise of sin—Aloadin's enchantment—among mountains that belong to earth—yet seem not of it—swimming with all voluptuousness—where souls seem but senses, and desire no other heaven. Thither had he been led to be tried and to triumph—after having overcome perils strange and manifold—and can it be that he has forgot Oneiza?

"With earnest eyes the banqueters
 Fed on the sight impure;
 And Thalaba, he gazed,
 But in his heart he bore a talisman,
 Whose blessed alchymy
 To virtuous thoughts refin'd
 The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
 Oneiza's image swam before his sight,
 His own Arabian maid.
 He rose, and from the banquet room he rush'd,
 And tears ran down his burning cheek;
 And nature for a moment woke the thought,
 And murmured, that from all domestic joys
 Estranged, he wandered o'er the world
 A lonely being, far from all he loved.
 Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
 That momentary murmur shall be written!

"From tents of revelry,
 From festal bowers to solitude he ran;
 And now he reach'd where all the rills
 Of that well-watered garden in one tide
 Roll'd their collected waves.
 A straight and stately bridge
 Stretched its long arches o'er the ample stream.
 Strong in the evening, and distinct its shade
 Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
 Saw it united with its parent pile,
 One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
 Loud from the chambers of the bridge below,
 Sounds of carousal came, and song,
 And unweild women bade the advancing youth
 Come merry-make with them!
 Unhearing, or unheeding, Thalaba
 Past o'er with hurried pace,
 And plunged amid the forest solitude.

"Deserts of Araby!
 His soul returned to you.
 He cast himself upon the earth,
 And clos'd his eyes, and call'd
 The voluntary vision up.
 A cry, as of distress,
 Arous'd him; loud it came and near!
 He started up, he strung his bow,
 He pluck'd the arrow forth.
 Again a shriek—a woman's shriek!
 And lo! she rushes through the trees,
 Her veil all rent, her garments torn!
 He follows close, the ravisher—
 Even on the unechoing grass
 She hears his tread, so near!
 'Prophet save me! save me, God!
 Help! help!' she cried to Thalaba;
 Thalaba drew the bow.

The unerring arrow did its work of death.

He turned him to the woman, and beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian maid."

"My father, O my father!" Oneiza tells Thalaba how she was seized in sleep—and torn from their tent now sunk in the sand—and that her father is a wanderer in the wilderness. And who hath prepared this garden of delight, and wherefore are its snares?

"The Arabian maid replied,
"The women, when I entered, welcomed me
To Paradise, by Aloudin's will
Chosen, like themselves, a houri of the earth.
They told me, credulous of his blasphemies,
That Aloudin placed them to reward
His faithful servants with the joys of heaven.
O Thalaba! and all are ready here
To wreak his wicked will, and work all crimes!
How then shall we escape?"

"Wo to him!" cried the appointed, a stern smile
Darkening with stronger shades his countenance;
"Wo to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope,
The lion is come in."

No wonder that Oneiza is fear-stricken, and despairs of escape from the paradise of sin. Kail-yal had no fears—for they were all swallowed up in love and pity for her miserable father—his persecutions more than her own wrongs awoke a spirit within her that scorned the Man-almighty as if he had been but a slave. Oneiza had been torn far away from her father—and found herself suddenly surrounded with unimagined evil in the realms of sin. She looked in the face of Thalaba—and the appointed

"Raised his hand to heaven.

"Is there not God, Oneiza?

I have a talisman, that, whoso bears,
Him, nor the earthly, nor the infernal powers
Of evil, can cast down.

Remember destiny

Hath mark'd me from mankind!
Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy sleep."

"So on a violet bank
The Arabian maid laid down,
Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and flowers.

She lay in silent prayer,
Till prayer had tranquilised her fears,
And sleep fell on her. By her side

Silent sate Thalaba,
And gazed upon the maid,
And as he gazed, drew in
New courage and intenser faith,
And waited calmly for the eventful day.

"Loud sung the lark, the awaken'd maid
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.

The flush of fear inflam'd her cheek,
But Thalaba was calm of soul,
Collected for the work.
He ponder'd in his mind
How from Lobaba's breast
His blunted arrow fell.
Aloudin too might wear
Spell perchance of equal power
To blunt the weapon's edge!
Beside the river-brink

Rose a young poplar whose unsteady leaves
Varying their verdure to the gale,

With silver glitter caught
His meditating eye.

Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
And gave his father's bow,
And o'er her shoulder's slung
The quiver arrow-stor'd.

"Me other weapon suits," said he
"Bear thou the bow: dear maid,
The days return upon me, when these shafts,
True to thy guidance, from the lofty palm
Brought down the cluster, and thy gladden'd eye,
Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of praise.

Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert joys!" So saying, to the bank
He mov'd, and stooping low,
With double grasp, hand below hand, he clench'd
And from its watery soil
Uptore the poplar trunk.
Then off he shook the clotted earth,
And broke away the head
And boughs, and lesser roots;
And lifting it aloft

Wielded with able away the massy club.
"Now for this child of hell!" quoth Thalaba;
"Belike he shall exchange to-day
His dainty paradise
For other dwelling, and the fruit
Of zaccoun, cursed tree."

"With that the youth and Arab maid
Toward the centre of the garden past.
It chanced that Aloudin had convok'd
The garden-habitants.

And with the assembled throng
Oneiza mingled, and the appointed youth.
Unmark'd they mingled, or if one
With busier finger to his neighbour notes
The quiver'd maid, 'haply,' he says,
"Some daughter of the Homerites,
Or one who yet remembers with delight
Her native tents of Himiar!" "Nay!" rejoins
His comrade, "a love-pageant! for the man
Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty club
Some savage lion-tamer, she forsooth
Must play the heroine of the years of old!"

"Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sat Aloudin; o'er the sorcerer's head
Hover'd a bird, and in the fragrant air
Waved his wide winnowing wings,
A living canopy.
Large as the hairy cassowar
Was that o'ershadowing bird;
So huge his talons, in their grasp
The eagle would have hung a helpless prey.
His beak was iron, and his plumes
Glittered like burnished gold,
And his eyes glow'd, as though an inward fire
Shone through a diamond orb.

"The blinded multitude

Ador'd the sorcerer,
And bent the knee before him,
And shouted out his praise;
"Mighty art thou, the bestower of joy,
The Lord of Paradise!"
Then Aloudin rose and waved his hand,
And they stood mute, and moveless,
In idolising awe.

"Children of earth," he cried,
"Whom I have guided here
By easier passage than the gate of death;
The infidel sultan, to whose lands
My mountains reach their roots,

Blasphemes and threatens me.
 Strong are his armies, many are his guards,
 Yet may a dagger find him.
 Children of earth, I tempt ye not
 With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
 With tales of a hereafter Heaven
 Whence never traveller hath returned!
 Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy,
 That in these groves of happiness
 For ever over-mantling, tempts
 The ever thirsty lip?
 Who is there here that by a deed
 Of danger will deserve
 The eternal joys of actual paradise?"

"I!" Thalaba exclaim'd,
 And springing forward, on the sorcerer's head
 He dash'd the knotty club.

"He fell not, though the force
 Shattered his skull; nor flow'd the blood,
 For by some hellish talisman
 His life imprison'd still
 Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd crowd
 Stand motionless with fear, and wait
 Immediate vengeance from the wrath of Heaven.
 And lo! the bird . . the monster bird,
 Soars up . . then pounces down
 To seize on Thalaba!
 Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
 Now draw the arrow home! . . .
 True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand;
 It pierc'd the monster bird,
 It broke the talisman, . . .
 Then darkness cover'd all, . . .
 Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells
 Of spirits accurs'd, destroy'd
 The Paradise of Sin."

Southey and Scott have, each of them, more than once, or twice either, spoken of their master Spenser. Both moderns are great poets—and Southey's genius—in as far as it is moral, imaginative, and picturesque, bears a resemblance—with a difference—to the ancient's; but Scott's none at all. Read *Marion* and then the *Fairy Queen*! Spenser wantons—revels—and riots in palaces of pleasure, and gardens of delight, and bowers of bliss, and isles of joy, and his voluptuousness would be sensuality, were it not that as his soul seems to languish, and almost to die away in the delirium of the senses, his love and genius for the ideal as well as the beautiful (for surely these two are sometimes different) come to her aid, and by showing a crowd of fair images not unallied to pleasure, yet seeming superior to pleasure, tempt her, it may be said, away from temptation, till, as if rousing herself from a dangerous dream, till then too delightful to be resisted, she has power given her to break its silken chains, and rise up unstained from what had else soon been pollution. Southey, as Spenser was, is a man of a tender spirit—but not only is he inferior to his "master" in warmth of passion, but he is superior to him in austerity of moral thought—if we might say it without wrong to the gentle Edmund—in the purity of self respect. A licentious image in Southey's poetry would be something shocking—monstrous; perhaps in it passion is too cold—true it is that no where else are to be seen so sincere the affections. Spenser would have subjected Oneiza to no unhallowed touch in

the Paradise of Sin, but we think he would have brought before our eyes how she was endangered; while it is certain that he would have subjected Thalaba to some perilous allurements, which would have been painted *con amore*, and with a prodigality of passion. Which would have been best? Both. For at this moment the memory of Thalaba's education in Moath's tent assures us that the appointed indeed acted according to his character in dealing as he did—dashing it into dust—with the Paradise of Sin.

"It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
 That, in a lonely tent, had cast
 The lot of Thalaba.
 There might his soul develop best
 Its strengthening energies;
 There might he from the world
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminated,
 Till at the written hour he should be found
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot."

Pleasure could not tempt Thalaba, but pride could, and the appointed was to free for the guilt of that sin a ghastly punishment.

"O Sultan, live for ever! be thy foes
 Like Aloudin all!
 The wrath of God hath smitten him."

The sultan of the land bids the victorious Arab "stand next to himself," and Thalaba, clad in purple, and crowned with a diadem, is led on the royal steed through the city, while heralds go before and cry

"Thus shall the sultan reward
 The man who serves him well!"

And Thalaba shall espouse the sultan's daughter, and be a prince of the land. Where is Oneiza? From her bow had flown the shaft that slew the monster bird and saved Thalaba, and broke the talisman that held together the Paradise of Sin, at that breaking, in a moment dust. Far aloof she thinks of her father searching for her in vain through the wilderness; she thinks of Thalaba with the diadem on his forehead, and her soul is sad. But what do we mean by jotting down words like these? Read here "the consummation and the final woe!"

"When from the pomp of triumph
 And presence of the king
 Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
 Thoughtful the Arabian maid beheld
 His animated eye,
 His cheek inflam'd with pride.
 'Oneiza!' cried the youth,
 'The king hath done according to his word,
 And made me in the land
 Next to himself be nam'd! . . .
 But why that serious, melancholy smile? . . .
 Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me
 Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought
 Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st hear
 The tidings, and be happy.'

ONEIZA.—Thalaba,
 Thou would'st not have me mirthful! am I not
 An orphan, . . among strangers?

THALABA.—But with me!

ONEIZA.—My father, . .

THALABA.—Nay, be comforted! last night

To what wert thou expos'd ! in what a peril
The morning found us ! . . . safety, honour, wealth,
These now are ours. This instant who thou wert
The sultan ask'd. I told him from our childhood
We had been plighted ; . . . was I wrong, Oneiza ?
And when he said with bounties he would heap
Our nuptials, . . . wilt thou blame me if I blest
His will, that made me fix the marriage day ! . . .
In tears, my love ? . . .

ONEIZA.—REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND !

THALABA.—Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd,
The mission ceas'd ; else would wise Providence
With its rewards and blessings strew my path
Thus for accomplish'd service ?

ONEIZA.—Thalaba !

THALABA.—Or if haply not, yet whither should I go ?
Is it not prudent to abide in peace
Till I am summon'd ? . . .

ONEIZA.—Take me to the deserts !

THALABA.—But Moath is not there ; and would'st
thou dwell

In a stranger's tent ? thy father then might seek
In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

ONEIZA.—Take me then to Mecca !
There let me dwell a servant of the temple.
Bind thou thyself my veil, . . . to human eye
It never shall be lifted. There, whilst thou
Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my prayers,
Dear Thalaba ! shall rise to succour thee,
And I shall live, . . . if not in happiness,
Surely in hope.

THALABA.—Oh, think of better things !
The will of Heaven is plain : by wondrous ways
It led us here, and soon the common voice
Will tell what we have done, and how we dwell
Under the shadow of the sultan's wing ;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and find us
What he hath wish'd us ever. . . Still in tears !
Still that unwilling eye ! nay . . . nay . . . Oneiza, . . .
I dare not leave thee other than my own, . . .
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the sultan from all thoughts
That sin against thee ; but so sure as Heaven
Hath gifted thee above all other maids
With loveliness, so surely would those thoughts
Of wrong arise within the heart of power
If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
But else, there is no sanctuary could save.

ONEIZA.—Thalaba ! Thalaba !

"With song, with music, and with dance,
The bridal pomp proceeds.
Following, on the veiled bride
Fifty female slaves attend
In costly robes, that gleam
With interwoven gold,
And sparkle far with gems.
An hundred slaves behind them bear
Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,
And many a gorgeous garment gay,
The presents that the sultan gave.
On either hand the pages go
With torches flaring through the gloom,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanies their way ;
And multitudes with loud acclaim
Shout blessings on the bride.
And now they reach the palace pile,
The palace home of Thalaba,
And now the marriage feast is spread,

And from the finish'd banquet now
The wedding guests are gone.

"Who comes from the bridal chamber ? . .
It is Azrael, the angel of death."

In the course of no other poem we know, does any calamity, at all to be compared with this, befall the chief actor and sufferer ; on recovering from pity and terror, we feel as if it were not in nature that the poem could proceed—impossible that the appointed can drag himself up from his despair—and yet be the destroyer. The poet must have had a noble confidence in the power of his genius—of something within him even greater than his genius—who dared thus ; and his triumph has overthrown a law laid down by the wise in the mysteries of our being, which would have seemed, but for that triumph, to be inexorable, and not to be violated without extinction of the very vital spirit of a poem—which would then cease to be a poem but in name. Oneiza dead—Thalaba alive ! She buried—he conquering on an earth that holds her dust ! Revenge pursuing its object—love objectless ! But where and what now is Thalaba ?

WOMAN.—"Go not among the tombs, old man !
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.—Will he harm me if I go ?

WOMAN.—Not he, poor miserable man !

But 'tis a wretched sight to see
His utter wretchedness.

For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan ;
Nor ever at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee or moves his lips.

I have taken him food for charity,

And never a word he spake ;

But yet so ghastly he look'd,

That I have awaken'd at night

With the dream of his ghastly eyes.

Now go not among the tombs, old man !

OLD MAN.—Wherefore has the wrath of God

So sorely stricken him ?

WOMAN.—He came a stranger to the land,

And did good service to the sultan,

And well his service was rewarded.

The sultan nam'd him next himself,

And gave a palace for his dwelling,

And dower'd his bride with rich domains.

But on his wedding night

There came the angel of death.

Since that hour, a man distracted

Among the sepulchres he wanders.

The sultan, when he heard the tale,

Said, that for some untold crime

Judgment thus had stricken him,

And, asking Heaven forgiveness

That he had shown him favour,

Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN.—A stranger did you say ?

WOMAN.—An Arab born, like you.

But go not among the tombs,

For the sight of his wretchedness

Might make a hard heart ache !

OLD MAN.—Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd

A countryman in distress :

And the sound of his dear native tongue

May be like the voice of a friend.

"Then to the sepulchre
The women pointed out,
Old Moath bent his way,
By the tomb lay Thalaba,
In the light of the setting eve;
The sun, and the wind, and the rain,
Had rusted his raven locks;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent;
By the tomb he lay along,
AND HIS LEAN FINGERS PLAY'D,
UNWITTING, WITH THE GRASS THAT GREW BESIDE.

"The old man knew him not,
And, drawing near him, cried,
'Countryman, peace be with thee!'
The sound of his dear native tongue
Awaken'd Thalaba;
He rais'd his countenance,
And saw the good old man,
And he arose, and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the youth,
And fear'd that he was childless; and he turn'd
His eyes, and pointed to the tomb.
'Old man!' cried Thalaba,
'Thy search is ended there!'

"The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quivered with the misery;
Howbeit, collecting, with a painful voice
He answered, 'God is good! his will be done!'

"The woe in which he spake,
The resignation that inspir'd his speech,
They soften'd Thalaba.
'Thou hast a solace in thy grief,' he cried,
'A comforter within!
Moath! thou seest me here,
Deliver'd to the evil powers,
A God-abandon'd wretch!'

"The old man look'd at him incredulous.
'Nightly,' the youth pursued,
'Thy daughter comes to drive me to despair.
Moath, thou think'st me mad, . . .
But when the cryer from the minaret
Proclaims the midnight hour,
Hast thou a heart to see her?'

"In the Meidan now
The clang of clarions and of drums
Accompanied the sun's descent.
'Dost thou not pray, my son?'
Said Moath, as he saw
The white flag waving on the neighbouring mosque:
Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,
'Pray!' echoed he; 'I must not pray!'
And the hollow groan he gave
Went to the old man's heart,
And, bowing down his face to earth,
In fervent agony he call'd on God.

"A night of darkness and of storms!
Into the chamber of the tomb
Thalaba led the old man,
To roof him from the rain.
A night of storms! the wind
Swept through the moonless sky,
And moan'd among the pillar'd sepulchres;
And, in the pauses of its sweep,
They heard the heavy rain
Beat on the monument above.
In silence on Oneiza's grave
The father and the husband sat.

"The cryer from the minaret
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
'Now, now!' cried Thalaba;
And o'er the chamber of the tomb
There spread a lurid gleam,
Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;
And in that hideous light
Oneiza stood before them. It was she, . . .
Her very lineaments, . . . and such as death
Had changed them, livid cheeks, and lips of blue;
But in her eyes there dwelt
Brightness more terrible
Than all the loathsomeness of death.
'Still art thou living, wretch?'
In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba;
'And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon'd thee?'

"This is not she!' the old man exclaim'd;
'A fiend! a manifest fiend!'
And to the youth he held his lance;
'Strike and deliver thyself!'
'Strike HER!' cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all powers,
Gaz'd fixedly upon the dreadful form.
'Yea, strike her!' cried a voice, whose tones
Flow'd with such sudden healing through his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him;
But, unobedient to that well-known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And, howling with the wound,
Its demon tenant fled.
A sapphire light fell on them,
And, garmented with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's spirit stood.

"O Thalaba!' she cried,
'Abandon not thyself!
Would'st thou for ever lose me? . . . go, fulfil
Thy quest, that in the bowers of paradise
In vain I may not wait thee, O my husband!'
To Moath then the spirit
Turn'd the dark lustre of her angel eyes;
'Short is thy destin'd path,
O my dear father! to the abode of bliss.
Return to Araby,
There with the thought of death
Comfort thy lonely age,
And Azrael, the deliverer, soon
Shall visit thee in peace.' "

What mental insanity is, in any case, the wisest physician knows not; it is his duty to prescribe for it nevertheless; and Sir Henry Hallford, that he might be enabled to do so judiciously, studied Shakspeare. The brain, we believe, is always affected; but how and where? Thalaba had no medical man to attend him among the tombs. Perhaps he was not insane—though a woman said to Moath,

"Go not among the tombs, old man!
There is a madman there."

He harmed no one—"not he, poor miserable man"—but he was haunted, it seems, by a fiend. Not a phantom but a vampire fiend, "a manifest fiend" to the eyes of old Moath. What if it had been a phantom—a phantom of Thalaba's brain? It wore the form, the face of Oneiza, and conscience

must have told him, for insanity is not utterly deaf to the still small voice—his was not so—that he, the appointed destroyer, had impiously forced Oneiza to be his bride. But the poet, with that wonderful faculty of adaptation with which he is gifted beyond every other, avails himself of the belief of those nations in vampires, and foul as the superstition is, he brings it into the service of poetry, and philosophy, and religion. An evil spirit entering into the dead body of Oneiza, torments him who caused her death by an offence to Heaven. How can he help believing it Oneiza? He bids her father wait for the hour and he will see, with his own eyes, his daughter come from the grave to curse him—and cry

"Still art thou living, wretch?
And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon'd thee?"

But no sin dimm'd Moath's eyes, and they see through the horrid semblance. But not at Moath's bidding would Thalaba—though all distraught—strike what seemed to him the ghost of Oneiza—changed towards him as the spirit was that glared in it—not even when a voice commanded that he knew to be the voice of the tent in the desert. Oneiza's spirit alone could make him whole—an angel stood before him as the demon fled—and disease, with all its troubles, was cured by words from lips that could not lie, assuring him that he should meet his Oneiza in the bowers of Paradise, if her husband obeyed the will and command of heaven. Such resignation as now became his, could only have followed such despair—and by it the appointed is again endowed with the power of the destroyer.

"But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd."

And in the light of that hope, never again to be darkened, Thalaba resumes the quest of his father's murderers—nor once fails his heart, nor faints, till his work is done—then

"IN THE SAME MOMENT, AT THE GATE
OF PARADISE, ONEIZA'S HOURI FORM
WELCOM'D HER HUSBAND TO ETERNAL BLISS."

From the London Athenæum.

Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha. By the Author of "Vathek." 8vo. London: Bentley.*

This is another of Mr. Beckford's delightful volumes—as fresh and graphic as ever, but hardly so full of human interest. With the life he represents, the scenes he describes, we have not the same sympathy; they do not come home to our personal experience; our feelings do not testify to their truth. His work reads like a romance—scenes out of Boccaccio—the actors are indeed real, and brought vividly before us; but the great revolution which has since taken place has divested life of its variety, reduced princes and potentates, feudality and privilege, the pomp of courts

and the splendour of the church, to a common standard—has ransacked the high altar for its jewels, and the sacristy for its rich garments, stripped the court of its exclusiveness, and life of its romance; to us, therefore, who are to the modern manners born, Portugal in 1794, untouched by this great revolution, is a dream, as unreal as the life Watteau painted; we may admire the skill of the artist, but his picture to us represents mere masking scenes of court revellers, not life with its universal truth.

As if to heighten the illusion, the work is not divided into chapters, after the current fashion, but into days. We have twelve days described, and "twelfth night" itself should have been got up by the *infanta*, worthily to conclude the romance. We are perplexed to know where to begin our extracts, for the work is perfect in its unity, and, to be *felt* and understood, requires to be read continuously and throughout at a sitting. Let us observe the bustle of preparation. The grand prior of Aviz, and the prior of St. Vincent's are about to visit the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, accompanied by Mr. Beckford:—

"As my right reverend companions had arranged not to renounce one atom of their habitual comforts and conveniences, and to take with them their confidential acolytes and secretaries, as well as some of their favourite quadrupeds, we had in the train of the latter mentioned animals, a rare rabble of grooms, ferradors, and mule drivers. To these, my usual followers being added, we formed altogether a caravan which, camels and dromedaries excepted, would have cut no despicable figure even on the route of Mecca or Mesched Ali!

"The rallying point, the general rendezvous for the whole of this heterogeneous assemblage, was my quinta of San José. * * *

"Here I am, my dear friend," said the grand prior to me as I handed him out of his brother, the old marquis of Marialva's, most sleepifying dormeuse, which had been lent him expressly for this *trying* occasion. 'Behold me at last,' (at last, indeed, this being the third put-off I had experienced,) 'ever delighted with your company, but not so much so with the expedition we were going to undertake.' * * *

"Why the grand prior should have dreaded the journey so much, I really could not imagine, every pains having been taken to make it so easy and smooth. It was settled he should loll in his dormeuse or in my chaise just as he best pleased, and look at nothing calculated to excite the fatigue of reflection; topographical enquiries were to be waived completely, and no questions asked about who endowed such a church or raised such a palace. We were to proceed, or rather creep along, by short and facile stages; stopping to dine, and sup, and repose, as delectably as in the most commodious of homes. Every thing that could be thought of, or even dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was to be carried in our train, and nothing left behind but Care and Sorrow; two spectres, who had they dared to mount on our shoulders, would have been driven off with a high hand by the prior of St. Vincent's, than whom a more delightful companion never existed since the days of those polished and gifted canons and cardinals who formed such a galaxy of talent and facetiousness round Leo the Tenth.

"We were absolutely roused from our repast, over which, the prior of St. Vincent's gay animated conversation was throwing its usual brilliance, by a racket and hubbub on the sea shore, that was perfectly distracting. The space between my villa and the sea was entirely

* Republished in Waldie's "Journal of Belles Lettres," entire.

blocked up, half the population of Belem having poured forth to witness our departure. The lubberly drivers of the baggage carts were fighting and squabbling amongst themselves for the precedence. One of the most lumbering of these ill-constructed vehicles, laden with a large heavy marquee, had its hind wheels already well buffeted by the waves. At length it moved off; and then burst forth such vociferation and such deafening shouts of 'long live our prince!' and long live the Marialvas, and all their friends into the bargain!—the Englishmen of course included—as I expected, would have fixed a headache for life upon the unhappy grand prior.

"Amongst other noises which gave him no small annoyance, might be reckoned the outrageous snortings and neighings of both his favourite high-pampered chaise horses, out of compliment to one of my delicate English mares, who was trying to get through the crowd with a most engaging air of sentimental retiring modesty."

"This," says Mr. Beckford, "was the result of a surfeit of superfluities; had we been setting forth to explore the kingdom of Prester John, we could scarcely have gotten together a greater array of incumbrances."

We regret that it is not possible for us to accompany the travellers on their delightful journey. Here is an account of their arrival at Alcobaca:—

"We had no sooner hove in sight, and we loomed large, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power, announced our speedy arrival. A special aviso, or broad hint from the secretary of state, recommending these magnificent monks to receive the grand prior and his companions with peculiar graciousness, the whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least four hundred strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery, to bid us welcome. At their head, the abbot himself, in his costume of high almoner of Portugal, advanced to give us a cordial embrace.

"It was quite delectable to witness with what ecstasies and comfortings the lord abbot of Alcobaca greeted his right reverend brethren of Aviz and St. Vincent!—turtle doves were never more fondlesome, at least in outward appearance. Preceded by these three graces of holiness, I entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat austere Saxon looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious—(inferior twinkles from side chapels, and charities are not worth mentioning.) To this altar, my high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real presence.

"Whilst these devout prostrations were performing, I lost not a moment in visiting the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light which reached this solemn recess of a most solemn edifice was so subdued and hazy, that I could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded me, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fret-work and imagery.

"Just as I was giving way to the affecting reveries which such an object could not fail of exciting in a bosom the least susceptible of romantic impressions, in came the grand priors hand in hand, all three together. 'To the kitchen,' said they in perfect unison, 'to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you.'

"Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What

Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly grained hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves, extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.

"My servants, and those of their reverend excellencies the two priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flushed, as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. 'There,' said the lord abbot, 'we shall not starve: God's bounties are great,—it is fit we should enjoy them.'—(By the by, I thought this allegro, contrasted with the pensive of scarecrow convents, quite delightful.)"

Of the monastery itself the account is but brief:

"I rose early, (says Mr. Beckford,) slipped out of my pompous apartment, strayed about endless corridors—not a soul stirring. Looked into a gloomy hall, much encumbered with gilded ornaments, and grim with the ill-sculptured effigies of kings; and another immense chamber, with white walls covered with pictures in black lacquered frames, most hideously unharmonious.

"One portrait, the full size of life, by a very ancient Portuguese artist, named Vaquez, attracted my minute attention. It represented no less interesting a personage than St. Thomas a Becket, and looked the character in perfection;—lofty in stature and expression of countenance; pale, but resolute, like one devoted to death in his great cause; the very being Dr. Lingard has portrayed in his admirable history.

"From this chamber I wandered down several flights of stairs to a cloister of the earliest Norman architecture, having in the centre a fountain of very primitive form, spouting forth clear water abundantly into a marble basin. Twisting and straggling over this uncouth mass of sculpture, are several orange trees, gnarled and crabbed, but covered with fruit and flowers, their branches grotesque and fantastic, exactly such as a Japanese would delight in, and copy on his caskets and screens; their age most venerable, for the traditions of the convent assured me that they were the very first imported from China into Portugal. There was some comfort in these objects; every other in the place looked dingy and dismal, and steeped in a green and yellow melancholy.

"On the damp, stained, and mossy walls, I noticed vast numbers of sepulchral inscriptions (some nearly effaced) to the memory of the knights slain at the battle of Aljubarota: I gave myself no trouble to make them out; but, continuing my solitary ramble, visited the refectory, a square of seventy or eighty feet, begloomed by dark coloured painted windows, and disgraced by tables covered with not the cleanest or least unctuous linen in the world."

On the same day the party set out for Batalha. "The convent is poor and destitute, unworthy, nay, incapable of accommodating such guests as my lords the grand priors and yourself," said one of the dignitaries of the chapter, "but I hope we have provided against the chill of a meagre re-

ception;" and he spoke truly, as appeared on their arrival:—

"My eyes being fairly open, I beheld a quiet solitary vale, bordered by shrubby hills; a few huts, and but a few, peeping out of dense masses of foliage; and high above their almost level surface, the great church, with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, and pinnacles, and fretted spires, towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable, so far and so wide were they stretched along. Lights glimmered here and there in various parts of the edifice; but a strong glare of torches pointed out its principal entrance, where stood the whole community waiting to receive us.

"While our sumpter mules were unlading, and ham, and pies, and sausages were rolling out of plethoric hampers, I thought these poor monks looked on rather enviously. My more fortunate companions—no wretched cadets of the mortification family, but the true elder sons of fat mother church—could hardly conceal their sneers of conscious superiority. A contrast so strongly marked, amused me not a little.

"The space before the entrance being narrow, there was some difficulty in threading our way through a labyrinth of panniers, and coffers, and baggage,—and mules, as obstinate as their drunken drivers, which is saying a great deal,—and all our grooms, lackeys, and attendants, half asleep, half muddled.

"The Batalha prior and his assistants looked quite astounded when they saw a gauze curtained bed, and the grand prior's fringed pillow, and the prior of St. Vincent's superb coverlid, and basins, and ewers, and other utensils of glittering silver, being carried in. Poor souls! they hardly knew what to do, to say, or be at—one running to the right, another to the left—one tucking up his flowing garments to run faster, and another rebuking him for such a deviation from monastic decorum.

"At length, order being somewhat re-established, and some fine painted wax tapers, which were just unpacked, lighted, we were ushered into a large plain chamber, and the heads of the order presented by the humble prior of Batalha to their superior mightinesses of San Vicente and Aviz. Then followed a good deal of gossiping chat, endless compliments, still longer litanies, and an enormous supper."

We pass by the strange and stirring incidents of that night to come to the description of the monastery. The next morning, says Mr. Beckford, "a sky of intense azure, tempered by fleecy clouds, discovered itself between the tracery of innumerable arches; the summer airs (*aure estive*) fanned us as we sat; the fountain bubbled on; the perfume of orange and citron flowers was wafted to us from an orchard not far off; but, in spite of all these soft appliances, we remained silent and abstracted.

"A sacristan, who came to announce that high mass was on the point of celebration, interrupted our reveries. We all rose up—a solemn grace was said, and the prior of Batalha taking me most benignantly by the hand, the prelates and their attendants followed. We advanced in procession through courts, and cloisters, and porches, all constructed with admirable skill, of a beautiful gray stone, approaching in fineness of texture and apparent durability to marble. Young boys of dusky complexions, in long white tunics and with shaven heads, were busily employed dispelling every particle of dust. A stork and a flamingo seemed to keep most amicable company with them, following them wherever they went, and reminding me strongly of Egypt and the rites of Isis.

"We passed the refectory, a plain solid building, with a pierced parapet of the purest Gothic design and most precise execution, and traversing a garden-court divided into compartments, where grew the orange trees whose fragrance we had enjoyed, shading the fountain by whose murmurs we had been lulled, passed through a sculptured gateway into an irregular open space before the grand western facade of the great church—grand indeed—the portal full fifty feet in height, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it.

"As soon as we drew near, the valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and we entered the nave, which reminded me of Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. There is a greater plainness in the walls, less paneling, and fewer intersections in the vaulted roof; but the utmost richness of hue, at this time of day at least, was not wanting. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid—could equal the gorgeoussness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches awayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of these gorgeous tints—the white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise, and our whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours.

"I could not fail observing the admirable order in which every—the minutest nook and corner of this truly regal monastery is preserved: not a weed in any crevice, not a lichen on any stone, not a stain on the warm-coloured apparently marble walls, not a floating cress on the unsullied waters of the numerous fountains. The ventilation of all these spaces was most admirable; it was a luxury to breathe the temperate delicious air, blowing over the fresh herbs and flowers, which filled the compartments of a parterre in the centre of the cloister, from which you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of seventy feet, and the most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof, unsupported by console or column, is unequalled; it seems suspended by magic; indeed, human means failed twice in constructing this bold unembarrassed space. Perseverance, and the animating encouragement of the sovereign founder, at length conquered every difficulty, and the work remains to this hour secure and perfect."

There is a capital picture of a solitary visit, subsequently paid to the monastery, in which the scenery of the country is brought as vividly before the reader as in a picture; another, of a visit paid to "The Bird-Queen;" Mr. Beckford acknowledges that he was indebted rather to the fame of his Arabian than his own merit for the honour of the invitation, for the lady cared not one pip of an orange for strangers, unless they were blessed with four feet, or a natural mantle of feathers.

The place, says Mr. Beckford, "was without exception one of the strangest scenes of fairy-land ever conjured up by the wildest fancy.

"As far as the eye could stretch, extended a close bower of evergreens, myrtle, bay, and ilex, not to mention humble box, lofty, broad, and fragrant; on either side, arches of verdure most sprucely clipped, opened into large square plats of rare and curious flowers; and in the

midst of each of these trim parterres, a fountain enclosed within a richly-gilded cage containing birds of every variety of size, song, and plumage; parrots with pretty little flesh-coloured beaks, and parrots of the largest species, looking arch and cunning, as they kept cracking and grinding walnuts and filberts between their bills as black as ebony.

"In one of these inclosures I noticed an immense circular basin of variegated marble, surrounded by a gilt metal balustrade, on which were most solemnly perched a conclave of araras and cockatoos. Their united screechings and screamings, upon my approach, gave the alarm to a multitude of similar birds, which issued forth in such clouds from every leaf and spray of these vaulted walls of verdure, that I ran off as if I had committed sacrilege, or feared being transformed by art-magic into a biped, completely rigged out with beak, claws, and feathers. * *

"It was some time before any sounds, except the whirring and whizzing of enormous cockchafers, and the flitting of fans almost as large as the vans of a windmill, were audible. At length the great lady broke silence, by asking me whether we had any birds in England: to which, rising from my chair, I replied with a low obeisance, that, thanks be to God, we were blessed with an immense number.

"Indeed!" rejoined her excellency; 'I thought your country too cold to allow them, sweet dears, to build their nests and enjoy themselves.'

"Yes," observed the Jesuit, 'the climate of your island must be very bitter. Camoens, whose authority none can dispute, calls it

A grande Inglaterra che de neve
Boreal sempre abunda.

(Canto 6, stanz. 42.)

'which being undoubtedly the case,' continued the bird-queen, 'that great number you boast of must be imported: indeed, I understood as much from an old servant of my father's, who made a fortune by dealing in canary-birds, and taking them to your great town, where you can hardly distinguish night from day, as he told me. But what will not the lure of gain make us submit to? He was continually resorting to that black place with his living wares, (how I pity them!) and, to be sure, he gained sufficient, though he almost coughed his lungs out, to buy a nice quinta in my neighbourhood. * * But tell me fairly, most estimable Englishman, have you any native birds in your island?'

The closing scene of the volume is a fearful one. After an audience with the prince regent, the Marquis Anjeja took Mr. Beckford into a private apartment—

"You see, his royal highness is more gloomy than he used to be.

"Upon the whole," answered I, 'his spirits are less depressed than I was led to imagine.'

"Ah!" replied Anjeja, 'you little think, notwithstanding this apparent levity, what an accumulated weight of sorrows press him down: he is the most affectionate of sons, the most devoted; and being such, feels for his mother's sufferings with the acutest poignancy. Those sufferings were frightfully severe, more heart-rending than any words of mine can express. This very evening he knelt by the queen's couch above two hours, whilst, in a paroxysm of mental agony, she kept crying out for mercy, imagining that, in the midst of a raging flame which enveloped the whole chamber, she beheld her father's image a calcined mass of cinder,—a statue in form like that in the Terreiro do Paco, but in colour black and horrible,—erected on a pedestal of molten iron, which a crowd of ghastly phantoms—she named them, I shall not—were in the act of dragging down. This vision haunts her by night and by day.' * * *

"At this moment, the most terrible, the most agonising shrieks—shrieks such as I hardly conceived possible—shrieks more piercing than those which rung through the castle of Berkely, when Edward II. was put to the most cruel and torturing death—inflicted upon me a sensation of horror such as I never felt before. The queen herself, whose apartment was only two rooms off from the chamber in which we were sitting, uttered those dreadful sounds: 'Ai Jesus! Ai Jesus!' did she exclaim again and again in the bitterness of agony."

Here we conclude, but not without regret.

From the London Quarterly Review.

1. *Physiologie du Goût: ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique, et à l'Ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens.* Par Un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin), Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes. 5me édition. Paris. 1835.

2. *The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the Use of English Families, &c.* By Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. 12th edition. With Appendix, &c. London. 1833.

M. Henrion de Pensey, late president of the court of cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer Collard) of whom regenerated France has most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the institute." We may probably have been suspected of partially coinciding with the opinion of the president, from a recent article on the principles which ought to regulate the choice and preparation of food.* It is our present intention, in spite of any such surmises, to submit to our readers a sketch of the history, present state, and literature—for it has a literature—of cookery. As regards the historical part of the enquiry, indeed, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned—bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France; where only the art is generally understood and appreciated—where only it has ever yet received the smallest portion of the honours which M. de Pensey considers as its due.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *piece de resistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is not perhaps illogically inferred, that the Greeks had not as yet discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire. This discovery is supposed to have reached them from Egypt, and

they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly resembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance, that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy, by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. "This great writer," says Athenæus, "had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, enquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept."

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestrates succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's history of New York, who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all that was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks, was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens to bring back the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it would be ludicrous to suppose that they neglected the *cuisine*; and there can be little or no doubt whatever, that when, at a somewhat later period, the philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians flocked to Rome as the metropolis of civilisation, the cooks of Athens accompanied them. Yet concentrating, as they must have done, all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, the Roman banquets were much more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The only merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness; and if a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be the desideratum, commend us to Cleopatra's decoction of diamonds—though even this was fairly exceeded in originality and neatness of conception by the English sailor who placed a ten pound note between two slices of bread and butter, and made his "Black-eyed Susan" eat it as a sandwich. Captain Morris, in one of his unpublished songs, has set the proper value on such luxuries:—

"Old Lacellus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.
"At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes."

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite frightful to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks—for forks are clearly a modern discovery, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum—and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sat up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, though one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus—and bears the name of "Apicius," in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thousand pounds left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages, was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his capitularies, took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, a century or two later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect—but the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it there began to be cultivated with success, but it met with the most enlightened encouragement from the merchant princes of Florence, and the French received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris.* There is a remarkable passage in Montaigne, which shows that the Italian cooks had learnt to put a proper estimate on their vocation, and that their mode of viewing it was still new to the French.

"I have seen amongst us," says Montaigne, "one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffa. He discoursed to me of this *science de guéule*, with a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology. He expounded to me a difference of appetites: that which one has fasting; that which one has after the second or third course; the methods now of satisfying and then of exciting and piquing it; the *police* of sauces, first in general, and next, particularising the qualities of the ingredients and their effects; the differences of salads according to their season—that which should be warmed, and that which should

* It is clearly established that they introduced the use of ices into France. *Fricandeaus* were invented by the chef de Leo X.

be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations—

'Nec minime sane discrimine refert

Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.'

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man."

Now, the strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting, are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not the principles been understood and the effects in question been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner from the above passage, we infer, that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress, to enable Montaigne's acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good reason to believe that it had made some progress in England, as Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire, and for the especial use, of his holiness the pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.† The name of his celebrated *maitre d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maitre d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—

"I wrote to you yesterday," says Madame de Sevigné, "that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair

* This argument is well put in Webb's *Dialogues on Painting*.

† Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, when he could scarcely endure existence without a succession of artificial stimulants. His appetite in the prime of life was prodigious.

in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, 'I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.' He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him:—'Vatel, all is going on well, nothing could equal the supper of the king.' He replied—'Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me: I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'Nothing of the sort,' said the prince; 'do not distress yourself, all is going on well.' Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to every thing in person. He found every body asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea fish: he asks, 'Is that all?' 'Yes, sir.' The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, 'Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace.' Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigné has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self devotion recorded in history. "Enfin, Manette, voilà ce que c'était que Madame de Sevigné et Vatel! Ce sont les gens là qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis Quatorze."* We subjoin a few reflections taken from the epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands*:—

"Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands, than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé? who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciius.

Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maitre d'hôtel* of the following century; and in this philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends

* French Vaudeville.

of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maîtres d'hôtel* present and to come! and if they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care by all means human, that sea fish be never wanting at our tables."

The Prince de Soubise, also, rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with just and truly liberal notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *mênu*. The chef presented himself with his estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this: *fifty hams*—"Eh! what!" said he; "why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?" "No, Monseigneur! one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my—" "Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass." "Oh, my lord," replied the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of *Waverley* has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganleese, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

"We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons—wild fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivains*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month."—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Under Queen Anne again, the gouty queen of gourmonds, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apicius*, for her pet physician, and who in fact achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but soon after the accession of the Brunswicks a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art.

"The last branch of our fashion," says Horace Walpole, "into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our deserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley sugar; pigmy Nymphs in cars of cockle shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue. Women of the first quality came home from *Chenevix's*, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-

keeper. At last, even these puerile puppet shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. "*Imagines vous*," said he, "*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond*!"

"The intendant of Gascony," adds Walpole, "on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the nobles of the province with a dinner and dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy."—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the regent duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, "*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal*." There is a vague tradition that the chef of the regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*. Louis XV., amidst all his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonises with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye.

"At the *petits soupers* of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a sideboard, which descended and rose again, covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135—note.

Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson very properly observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. In the case of Louis XVI. such carelessness was utterly inexcusable, as, for a time at least, the great Ude was a member of his establishment. Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escars for his grand *maître d'hôtel*; a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel*. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French revolution was necessary—that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this

glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world!—he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him.*

The revolution bid fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously as almost to make gastronomic philosophers forgetful of their origin. What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *à la financière*! They were replaced, however, though slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, though they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this mushroom generation was Cambaceres, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately; then seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook: "*Sauvez les entremets—les entrées sont perdues.*" He risked, however, much less than may be supposed; for the well known anecdote of the Geneva trout goes far to show that his table was in reality an important state engine of Napoleon, to which all minor considerations were to succumb.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan, on Carême's authority, came in with the national convention,—potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the reign of terror,—and it was under the directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carême are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from the following sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher: Spenser waiting in Southampton's anteroom was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their inde-

pendence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were broken, lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the great manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now constitute the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her "Mitres," "Turks' heads" &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies*, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*) to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the *Almanach* as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution; "for the English," said the writer, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*." We are all aware that a somewhat similar inundation has been brought upon London by the reform bill; but it is to be hoped that our new representatives will not also finish by "setting the *ton*," and drawing all London to such pothouses as are at present frequented by the English tag-rag and the Irish tail. Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support. Robert, for instance, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was *ci-devant chef* of the *ci-devant* archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionnaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their epicurean inclinations at an eating house.* Be this as it may, at the com-

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. "What does ——— mean (said

mencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814, they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalise a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillion, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Lèda, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleux, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens, of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.*

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivaled Véry in the favour of "*nos amis les ennemis*." He made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had been two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a

a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?" "He means to join them at the proper season," replied an old Indian, who proved right.

* Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that composite beauty which is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!" —*Philosophical Essays*.

third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. "Beauvilliers," says the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, "made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs." Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which according to Lord Bacon every man owes to his profession, (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid,) by the publication of his *L'Art du Cuisinier*, in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carême, like his great rival, is an author; and an intrepid one, for in the preface to his *Maître d'Hotel Français*, he says, "I have proved incontestably that all the books, down to the present time, on our *cuisine* are *mediocre* and full of errors; and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated chef of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême*, (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by our Carême himself was a sauce for fast-diners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; though it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters are in one and the same category;—*on se fait cuisinier, mais on est ne rôti-seur*—poëta nascitur, non fit. He next placed himself under M. Richaut, "*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé*," as Carême terms him, to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the *belles parties des froids*; and took his finishing degree under Robert L'Ainé, a professor of *l'elegance moderne*.

The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was of course unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become chef to George IV., then regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois*. We have heard that, during the time he condescended to stay at Carlton house, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the regent's table. The emperors of Russia and Austria made new advances to him on this occasion—but in vain;—*mon ame* (says he) *toute Française, ne peut tiere qu'en France*;—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Roths-

child of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*.

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carême as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?—*nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum*. But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say; that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carême for invention,—that, if Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, Carême discovered a new one,—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carême snatched a grace beyond them,—that there was more *à plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers—more curious felicity in Carême's,—that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carême sublime in an *entremet*,—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *fricandeau*, but should wish Carême to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carême at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

"I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and in spite of venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and alspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

* On tepid clouds of rising steam—

formed the *fond all*. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of

* "Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle seroit manger un éléphant."—*Almanach des Gourmands*.

the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondus* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilisation. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism, were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such amphitryons as his employers!"—*France in 1829—30*, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have never denied Miladi's cleverness—and some parts of this description manifest no inconsiderable advance in taste since our last happy meeting in these pages. It was good taste in *M. le premier Baron Juif* to prefer porcelain; it was good taste in Lady Morgan to appreciate it; and the sentence which we have printed in capitals seems to indicate that she had some vague notions of the peculiar merit of Carême. But what means she by "no dark-brown gravies?" Does she really mean to say that Carême was guilty of that worst of modern heresies, a service made up of *entrées blondes*, a tasteless, soulless monotony of white? Then, "flavour of cayenne and alspice! tincture of catsup and walnut pickle!" To avoid such atrocities made a feature in the glory of a Carême!

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carême to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly: and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The leading restaurants of Paris at present are the Rocher de Cancale, Rue Mont Orgueil; Grignon's, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; Café de Paris, Boulevards Italiens; Lointier's, Rue Richelieu; Les Trois Frères Provençaux, Perigord's, and Véry's, all three in the Palais Royal.

We have a few historical particulars of most of them to set down, always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his agricultural chemistry, Sir Humphry Davy describes science as "extending with such rapidity, that even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary." Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat's* prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame;

"For they can conquer who believe they can;"

Confidence gives firmness, and a quick eye and

steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection, and infuse the last *soufflon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of the present year, 1835.

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order, at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game; and at length taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to, and attained the eminence, which the *Rocher* has ever since enjoyed without dispute. His fulness of reputation dates from November 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the "Almanach," exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses pièces*, four *plats de rôti*, and eight *entremets*. To dine, indeed, in perfection at the *Rocher*, the student should order a dinner of ten covers, a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a head, exclusive of wine; nor is this price by any means excessive, for three or four louis a head were ordinarily given at Tailleur's more than twenty years ago.† If you have not been able to make a party, or are compelled to improvise a dinner, you had better ask the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; provided always you can converse with him with *connaissance de cause*, for otherwise he will hardly condescend to communicativeness. When he does condescend, it is really delightful to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he dictates his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—*Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent dîner!* Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in our *ménù* by a tyro of the party, who had interpolated a *salmon* between the *potage à la bisque* and the *turbot à la crème et au gratin*. "*Messieurs,*" said he, as he brought in the turbot according to the preordained order of things, "*le poisson est naturellement le relevé du potage.*" Another instance of the zeal with which the whole establishment seems instinct, and we have done. A

report had got about in the autumn of 1834, that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, "*Messieurs, il vient se montrer;*" and sure enough the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief, but pregnant conversation with a man whose works are more frequently in the mouths of his most enlightened cotemporaries, than those of any other great artist that could be named. Fastidiousness itself has detected but a single fault in them, which it would be wrong, however—particularly as manifesting some distrust of the influence of his general character—to suppress. It has been thought, hypercritically, perhaps, that the *entrées* and *entremets* at the *Rocher*, have a shade too much of the appearance of elaboration, and that the classic adage, "*ars est celare artem,*" has escaped the attention of the master. This fault, it is to be observed, is characteristic of the old régime, as may be collected from one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record, that of the Count de Buthune's in Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel.*

We shall run counter to a great many judgments, by taking *Grignon's* next; but on the present subject, as indeed on most others, we may apply Dryden's character of Buckingham, with the change of a single syllable, to ourselves:

"Stiff in opinions, always in the right."

The time has been when *Grignon's* was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in, some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant*: two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish (the rarest of all things at Paris) is really fresh. Unfortunately, the recent diminution of visitors has superinduced a bad habit of carelessness on the *chef*, who should be specially advised of the presence of an amateur. The best person for this purpose is the head *garçon* in the first large room of the suite, who is animated by the most energetic zeal for the honour of the establishment, and impressed with due notions of the dignity of the art. On one occasion, to give an illustration of his taste, he was apologising for the length of time a particular dish would take in dressing. "*Mais, Monsieur ne s'ennuiera point,*" he added, presenting his neatly bound octavo volume of a *carte*, "*voilà une lecture très-agréable!*" on another occasion, to give an illustration of his good faith, a friend of ours resolved on finishing with the very best wine that could be had, and the *Clos de Vougeot* of 1819 was fixed on. The *garçon* took the order, but hesitated, and after moving a few paces as if to execute it, stood still. It was evident that conflicting emotions were struggling

* Apicius is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year.

† Cambachres was present at one of Tailleur's three louis a head dinners, given by M. des Androuins, and exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm: *M. Tailleur, on ne dine pas mieux que cela chez moi.*

* See "The Two Friends," (1835), vol. ii. page 42.

for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend's favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table, and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was very generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richembourg* instead. Now, *Richembourg* is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery. Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical *Richembourg* at this present writing; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheds; and in Paris, where even the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first rate wine of any sort may be described pretty nearly as a virtuous despot was by the late Emperor Alexander; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically: "Alas! Madam, I am nothing but a happy accident." When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is seldom, very seldom, that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret, until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again—pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it. Grignon's sherry (sherry being only taken as a *vin de liqueur* in France) will probably last our time, and we therefore do not hesitate to say that it is excellent. Another delicacy peculiar to the place, is *britsauce* (not *sauce de pain*) which, though no doubt imitated from the English composition called bread-sauce, will be found to bear no greater resemblance, than one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of an old woman, to the original; all the harsher points being mellowed down, and an indescribable shading of seductive softness infused.

The early fame of the *Véry*s was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation, till it embraced the whole known world of cookery. We have already mentioned a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the allied sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as the establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of *Véry* retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

"Whilst stands the coliseum, Rome shall stand;
And whilst Rome stands the world—"

But when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the

family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—and we seek in vain in their establishment in the Palais Royal, the charm which hung about its predecessor of the Tuileries. Death, too, had intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*, with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles*. The house was put under a new system of management at the beginning of the last year, and bids fair to be once again a favourite with the connoisseur; unless the ignorant English, attracted thither by its former notoriety, should persevere in ruining it.

The ignorance occasionally displayed there is enough to ruin any artist in the world. For example, a friend of ours, two or three summers ago, had forced on his attention the proceedings of some bank clerks, enjoying their fortnight's furlough in France, who were attempting to order a dinner without knowing a syllable of French. Their mode of indicating their wishes was by copying at random sundry items from the *carté*, to the no small astonishment of the *garçon*, who saw *entremets* taking precedence of *entrées*, and a *vol-au-vent* postponed to the game. At length they wrote down as follows: for our authority begged and retains their dinner-bill as one of the most Upcottian of autographs—"Fricandeau à l'oseille ou à la chicorée." This was a puzzler; the waiter begged for explanation, and was referred, as to an unimpeachable authority, to the *carté*, which had certainly been copied to the letter. "*Bien, Messieurs, mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez, à l'oseille ou à la chicorée?*" They stared by turns at one another, and at him, but the matter of delay was a mystery, and the waiter no doubt desired the *chef* to send up what he could do quickest and easiest for two *bêtes Anglois*.

We find we must hurry over the rest upon our list. The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by day-light; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of every thing is nearly a third higher than the average rate, even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode*. We have heard the cookery doubted by competent judges, and it is certainly exceedingly unequal; but some few of their dishes, as their *salmis* of game and *soles en matelotte Normande*, are allowed to be inimitable.

If you pass in front of *Périgord's*, a few doors from *Véry's*, in the palais royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherche*. But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground floor and an *entresol*, are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

Lointier's is an excellent house for a *dîner commande*, but we would recommend him to be

less prodigal of his *truffles*; the excessive use of which is quite destructive of the variety required in a well ordered *menu*.

The *Café Anglais*, on the Italian Boulevards, we recommend merely as the nearest good house to the *Variétés*, *Gymnase*, and *Porte St. Martin*; our own attention was first attracted to it by seeing a party, of which M. Thiers was the centre, in the constant habit of dining there. Now, M. Thiers is an hereditary judge of such matters; at least he was once described to us by another member of Louis Philippe's present cabinet, as "le fils aîné d'une très-mauvaise cuisinière," and we are willing to reject the invidious part of the description as a pleasantry or a bit of malice most peculiarly and particularly French. Or it may have been added out of kindness, for it is told of a wit of other days, that when a friend asked him if he was really married to an actress, he replied, "Yes, my dear fellow, but she was a . . . bad one"—meaning, evidently, that her vocation was for better things.

Les Trois Frères Provençaux gained their fame by *brandades de merluche*, *morue à l'ail*, and Provençal *ragouts*, but the best thing now to be tasted there is a *vol-au-vent*.

Hardy and Riche have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun—"Pour diner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi." We never were hardy enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*;

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite just at present, for a *déjeuner*; and *parfait-amour* is obsolete.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it—or rather of one of its great stages—which are most dramatically indicated by the author of the *Physiologie*.

"By the treaty of November, 1815," says M. Brillat Savarin, "France was bound to pay the sum of 50,000,000 francs within three years, besides claims for compensation and requisitions of various sorts, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue; the more particularly as all was to be paid in specie. 'Alas,' said the good people of France, as they saw the fatal tumbrel go by on its way to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, 'Alas, our money is emigrating; next year we shall go down on our knees before a five franc piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of all sorts will fail; there will be no such thing as borrowing; it will be weakness, exhaustion, civil death.' The event proved the apprehension to be false; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in finance matters, the payments were made with facility, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during the whole time this superpurgation lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France; which proves that more money came into than went out of it. What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that effected this miracle?—*Gourmandise*. When the Britons, Germans, Cim-

merians, and Seythians, broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

"The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they must come to Paris; when there, they must eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!"—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having more than doubled since then. M. Moët's cellars, be it said in passing, are peculiarly deserving of attention, and he is always happy to do the honours to travellers. We ourselves visited them last autumn, and were presented, at parting, with a bottle of the choicest wine—a custom, we understand, invariably observed in this munificent establishment.

In Italy, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. Thus there is a well known story in the Italian jest books about a bet between two cardinals. The bet was a *dinde aux truffes*. The loser postpones the payment till the very eve of the carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffes were worth nothing that year. "Bah, bah," says the other, "that is a false report, originating with the turkeys." So very bad, indeed, is the native Italian cookery, that even the Germans cry shame on it. In the late work of Professor Nicolai, *Italien wie es wirklich ist*, a complaint of the dinner forms a regular item in the journal of the day. The old world is not behind-hand with the new in this enthusiasm for the cookery of France; amongst the other special missions entrusted to M. Armand de Brémont by Bolivar, was that of bringing over the best French cook he could entice.

We have now cleared the way for England, but we shall experience a more than ordinary difficulty in treating of it, as we cannot well venture to illustrate by cotemporary instances, and we are fearful of affording materials to injurious detraction by criticism. Our notice must, therefore, deal mostly in generals, and be brief. It seems allowed on all hands that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude,*

* "I will venture to affirm that cookery in England,

we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of master of the buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art:—

"Premier Service."

"Potages."—Printannier: à la reine: turtle (*too tur-reens*.)

"Poissons."—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la Tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *white bait*.

"Relevés."—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine: dindon à la chipolata: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison*.

"Entrées."—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huîtres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux pois d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes aux faisanes: filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade: boudins à la Richelieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

"Côté"—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

"Second Service."

"Rots"—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, green goose.

"Entremets."—Asperges: haricot à la Française: mayonnaise d'homard: gelée Macedoine: aspics d'œufs de plovier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crème marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d'abricots: corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélatine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

"Relèves."—Soufflée à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montées, &c. &c.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes,—turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner, and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiriting success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York house (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York house in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of the different hotels and club houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the

when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world."—*Ude*, p. xliii.

artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lefevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer, ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle street some years ago, and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt *entrees* and *entremets*; and "better first in a village than second in Rome," is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor,—when he cannot get a better;" so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley—and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessories. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased baron of the exchequer,—“He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life.”

In Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, there are some statistical results which may be found useful in the selection of cooks. By dint of a profound and disinterested study of the subject, he has been enabled to classify them by provinces. "The best," he says "are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all." But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health.

But we must now apply ourselves a little more critically to the literature most appropriately represented by the works named at the head of this article.

Mirabeau used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat-Savarin as *our theory*, M. Ude as *our practice*; and we shall endeavour, by an account of their works, to justify the selection we have made. But we shall first give a short biographical sketch of the French author, whose life, conduct, and position in society did honour to gastronomy, and form an apt introduction to his work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, judge of the court of cassation, member of the legion of honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of

France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the constituent assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed president of the civil tribunal of the department of *L'Ain*, and on the establishment of the court of cassation was made a judge of it. During the reign of terror he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits. He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immortalise himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the *air distrait* of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: "My dear sir," said our gastronomer, recovering himself by a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey." He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he remarkably excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and after filling several employments of trust under the directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the court of cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published some time in the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular *melange* of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world—*bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories and instructive dissertations—which it presents; and if, as we are told and believe, Walton's Angler has made many of its readers turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the "Physiology of Taste" had converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The meditations (a term substituted for chapters) form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:—1, *the senses*; 2, *the taste*; 3, *gastronomy*; definition, origin, and use; 4, *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5, *alimentary substances in general*; 6, *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7, *frying*, its theory; 8, *thirst*; 9, *beverages*; 10, *episode on the end of the world*; 11, *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly as regards conjugal happiness; 12, *gourmands*, by predestination, education, profession, &c.; 13, *eprouvettes gastronomiques*; 14, *on the pleasures of the table*; 15, *the halts in sport-*

ing; 16, *digestion*; 17, *repose*; 18, *sleep*; 19, *dreams*; 20, *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams*; 21, *obesity*; 22, *treatment preventive or curative of obesity*; 23, *leanness*; 24, *fasts*; 25, *exhaustion*; 26, *death*; 27, *philosophical history of the kitchen*; 28, *restaurateurs*; 29, *classical gastronomy put in action*; 30, *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the menu of this book, and we pity the man whose reading appetite is not excited by it. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we will do our best to extract some of the most characteristic passages. The following, on the pleasures of the table, may serve to dissipate some portion of the existing prejudice against *gourmands*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness.

"The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

"Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal, to have the pleasure of swallowing a second The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognised by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas*. We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure data for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira* and the last glass of punch."

In this place it may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was naturally of a sober, moderate, easily satisfied disposition; so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. He continues as follows:—

"But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

1. "Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. "Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

3. "Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the

* The custom of taking parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand, who was an acquaintance of our excellent author.

cloth remarkably clean (!), and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

4. "Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.*

5. "Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

6. "Let the order of progression be, for the first, (the dishes,) from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines,) from the simplest to the most perfumed.

7. "Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

8. "Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs chosen by the master.

9. "Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may, notwithstanding, remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

10. "Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

11. "Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

12. "Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

"If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis."—vol. i. pp. 297-302.

M. Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very important requisite, which it may be as well to supply without delay from another section of his book.

"**APHORISM.**—Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.

"I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

"I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary; and at the appointed moment, half-past five, every body had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the court-yard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and enquired what had happened. 'Alas!' replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, 'Monsieur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return?' 'Is that all?' I answered, with an air of indifference, which was alien from my heart; 'that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast.' I spoke thus, but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour, some symptoms of

impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. 'When will he come back?' said one. 'What can he be thinking of?' said another. 'It is enough to give one one's death,' said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: 'Monsieur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return.' He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were acrimoniously inconvenienced by the delay."—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

The meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, who, since Lord Byron's† silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear our professor on this subject:—

"*Gourmandise* is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms: her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into every thing. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

"The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length

* "I write," says the author in a note, "between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d'Antin."

† No doubt Cambacères.

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* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

† It is a strange coincidence that Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *ceteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

"Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instruments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions, which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France, had not escaped the English novelist, Fielding; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of 'Pamela' the different manner in which two married couples finish their day.

"Does *gourmandise* become gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it loses its name, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist, who will deal with it by his precepts, or of the physician, who will cure it by his remedies. *Gourmandise*, characterised as in this article, has a name in French alone; it can be designated neither by the Latin *gula*, nor the English *gluttony*, nor the German *lüsternheit*; we, therefore, recommend to those who may be tempted to translate this instructive book, to preserve the substantive and simply change the article; it is what all nations have done for *coquetterie* and every thing relating to it."—vol. i. pp. 244-251.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, we are not surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next meditation accordingly is headed *N'est pas gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

"There are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognised the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unfortunates, badly provided with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard to objects of taste, what the blind are to light. The second is composed of *distraits*, chatter-boxes, persons engaged in business, the ambitious, and others, who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled. Such, for instance, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into every thing he did. The moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word."—vol. i. p. 252.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have con-

verted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Wear.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise* are thus described:—

"They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found; they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting.

"Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes: whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are, above all, deficient in *embonpoint*: it is they who invented trousers. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal."—vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *eprouvettes*:—

"We understand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organised, all the faculties of taste; so that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstacy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it."

A distinguished gastronome, refining on this invention, proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote which our author has forgotten to note.

Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous, but the cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*:—"be of good faith, your eminence," was the reply, "both shall appear: both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *eprouvette positive*. The maître d'hôtel advances: two attendants raise the monster and carry him off to cut him up; but one of

them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *épreuve négative*—but the *maître d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *épreuve positive* was gloriously renewed.

"You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make," said Dr. Johnson—"Women can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery.* I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles." What the great moralist contemplated, Ude has done. "The French Cook" is founded on the purest principles of practical philosophy, and comprises almost every thing that could be desired in a publication of the sort.

Receipts are ill adapted for quotation, and we shall therefore merely call attention to one contained in the body of the work, and involving no less a subject than the skinning of eels:—

"Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

"Several reviewers (he adds in a note to this edition) have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin."—Ude, p. 242.

The *argumentum ad glulam* is here very happily applied, but M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning, but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble endurance that has been attributed to the goose. "To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary," says a writer in the Almanach, "to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific paté, will, through the in-

strumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the conduct of M. Ude or M. Corcellet, as regards eels or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero,—

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

M. Ude has committed a few errors in judgment, however, which we defy his greatest admirers (and we profess ourselves to be of the number) to palliate. He has recommended *purée aux truffes*, the inherent impropriety of which has been already demonstrated; and he has entrusted the task of translating (perhaps of editing) his book to some person or persons equally ignorant of the French language and of the culinary art. The following instances are extracted from his vocabulary of terms:—

"*Entremets*—is the second course which comes between the roast meat and the dessert.

"*Sauter*—is to mix or unite all the parts of a ragout by shaking it about.

"*Piqué*—is to lard, with a needle, game, fowls, and all sorts of meat.

"*Farce*—This word is used in speaking of chopped meat, fish, or herbs, with which poultry and other things are stuffed before they are cooked."

This word, M. Ude may depend upon it, will be applied to something else, if he suffers such glaring ignorance to remain much longer a blot upon his book. Neither do we at all like the mode of translating the names of dishes, which are really untranslatable; as *Boudin à la Bourgeoise*, *Pudding Citizen's Wife's way*; *Matelotte à la Marinère*, *Sea-wife's Matelot*; *à la Maître d'Hôtel*, with *Steward's Sauce*, &c. In the index also we found "*Soup, au Lait d'Amant (the Lover's Soup)*." Being somewhat puzzled to know what this could be, we turned to the recipe, (p. 55,) which is headed "*Potage au Lait d'Almond—(the Lover's Soup)*." Whether it stood *Amant* or *Almond* seems to have been a matter of indifference to the translator; but he was resolved at all events, that the soup should be dedicated to love.

[Since this article was written, we have been informed that a general history of cookery, in ten portly volumes, octavo, has just appeared at Leipsic; but we regret that we have not as yet been able to procure a copy.]

MARBLE.—A very considerable quantity of fine statuary marble has been discovered in Dauphiné, department of L'Isère, by M. Breton, captain of engineers. The Chamois hunters have long said, that in the torrent which passes through the Val Senêtre lies a beautiful block, on which are written the following words:—"Si à Grenoble vous me portez, cent écus vous l'aurez." After several attempts to find this block, M. Breton, in the summer of 1834, reached it, and found it inscribed as above. The marble is very white and lustrous, and easily cut. The council for the department have voted funds for working quarries, and have given the superintendence of them to M. Gaynard.—*Athenæum*.

* See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 143.—Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr. Hunter; but we believe Mrs. Rundell's more recent *opus magnum* was entirely her own.

Literary Chit-Chat.

FROM ALL THE MAGAZINES, &c.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW, No. I. (Ridgway's).—Of a highly political character, this first No. of a new quarterly periodical has just appeared. It is said to owe its existence, and some of its parts, to Lord Brougham; but be that as it may, it is a production of much ability on the side it espouses. There are eleven papers; on Poland, Russia, Corporation Reform, the British Association, Taxes on Knowledge, Church Reform, Conservatism, &c. &c.; and whatever we may think of the general plot, we must acknowledge the talents displayed in getting up the performance.

We have heard a pleasant whisper, that Mary Howitt is engaged upon a prose work—fresh, natural, and full of talent, we are sure it will be. Mrs. Jameson, too, is said to be preparing a continuation of her delightful "Sketches of German Art."

The Vith volume of the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe's edition of the "Works of Cowper," will prove eminently acceptable to the admirers of the poet of Christianity, from its containing an "Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, A. M., Vicar of Harrow." The writer of this essay modestly pretends to little merit beyond that of collecting into a focus, and presenting at once to the eye of the reader, the numerous criticisms which have been produced on the same subject. This task, however, he has accomplished in a most able and effective manner, introducing much valuable original information of his own. The present volume, in which the poetical works of Cowper are commenced, is enriched with a portrait of the author, engraved by E. Finden, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known painting; and with a view of Cowper's summer-house, also engraved by E. Finden, from a design by Harding.

GEOLOGY.—M. Fournet has just published a geological work, entitled, "*Etudes sur les dépôts métallifères.*" He considers veins to have been generally produced by local dislocations, more or less violent, and then filled with metallic or other matters, either by sublimation or dissolution. He lays much stress on the successive modifications which mineral substances undergo in veins, modifications which have transformed the primitive matter even into a different species. M. Fournet throws great light on this obscure part of geology, and shows how important are these mineral decompositions and recompositions, and the immense influence they possess by their incessant action and re-action, and their infinite division into veins, rocks, and strata.

H. B. CARICATURES.—O'Connell as a Rock (ite) flying away with Sinbad, is one of the best yet seen. The same character as Orpheus playing to the advance of civilisation is also good; and Lord John Russell throwing sticks at the crown and peerage (as at country fairs for gingerbread and little boxes, &c.), after having knocked down the church, India company, and corporations, is a numerous and capital group.

GOVERNMENT LIBERALITY.—We are glad to hear that the present government has bestowed a handsome pecuniary reward on Mrs. Janet Taylor, for her abridged method of clearing the Lunar Distance, by which the process is reduced to an operation of less than five minutes duration.

The XVIIIth volume of "The Sacred Classics, or Cabinet Library of Divinity," is devoted to the Hon. Robert Boyle's Treatise on the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, On Things above Reason, and On the Style of the Holy Scriptures; with an able introductory Essay, from the pen of Henry Rogers. This publication increases in value and interest as it proceeds.

An agreeable "Sea-side Companion" is just now be-

coming very seasonable; and therefore we hail the appearance of Mary Roberts's "Recollections of Marine Natural History," as a most pleasing and highly instructive performance. Amongst other subjects, it treats very lucidly of corallines, and fungi, and the migrations of the finny tribes, showing forth the wisdom and the beneficence of the Creator in these portions of his works. In a delightfully attractive style, Miss Roberts conveys much scientific and general information. Her volume is neat and compact in form, and beautifully illustrated by several of Baxter's engravings in wood.

A new and cheaper edition of that delightful companion to the sea-shore, or green-fields, Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Indicator and Companion," is nearly ready for publication. Be it known to the uninitiated, that this delightful work is entitled *The Indicator* after a little bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of fairy-land, were they not well authenticated. This little creature indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and, on finding itself recognised, flies, and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food. This is the Cuculus Indicator of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroe, Bee-Cuckoo, or Honey-bird.

In the second volume of "The Poetical Works of Milton," edited by Sir E. Brydges, we find the first Six Books of Paradise Lost, with a copious selection of notes, and original introductory remarks on each book by Sir Egerton. In general, we consider those remarks to be just; but, occasionally, the editor seems to assume the office of an advocate rather than that of an impartial critic. The frontispiece to this volume is from Romney's well-known picture of Milton dictating to his daughters; in which, as it has always seemed to us, one of the poor girls looks half scared out of her wits, and the other almost fagged to death. One of Turner's "imaginative" designs constitutes the vignette title-page; subject—the expulsion from Paradise; and, so far as the landscape portion of the drawing is concerned, Eden, in all its loveliness, may indeed be said to smile upon our view; but, then, the regularly constructed, sculptured arch, and the metallic gates, and the cast-iron cannon pillars, or posts—such as we sometimes see at the entrance of a retired citizen's park of an acre—are any thing but ethereal.

BEATTIE'S SWITZERLAND.—Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland" has reached its twelfth division; and it would be withholding an act of justice from the literary talent of its author, and from the artist-like skill of his coadjutor, Mr. Bartlett, were we not to say that it ranks with the ablest productions of our time. The view of Mount Bernhardt, by moonlight, is one of extraordinary beauty and effect; nor can La Batia Castle, Martigny, Unterseen, or the Ponte Alto (Simplon), be deemed much, if at all, inferior.

PRESS OF CAIRO.—The following works have recently issued from the press at Cairo, being part of a series of elementary treatises, compiled by order of Mohammed Ali, for the use of the schools he has established: "The Book of Manners and Customs," by the Sheikh Refaa (one of the Egyptians who received his education at Paris); "A Geographical and Biographical Dictionary," by the same; "The Guide to the Preservation of Health," by Clot Bey; and "Introduction to Geography, Mineralogy, and the System of the Universe."

It is expected that the new edition of Lebean's "History of the Lower Empire," which has been now several years in the course of publication, will be completed in a few months. In the volume last published, there is a

erious account of the ravages committed by the descendants of Jenghiz Khan, extracted from Georgian and Armenian writers.

M. Schmidt has just completed his Mongolian Dictionary, undertaken by desire of the Emperor of Russia; it will be published in the course of this year at St. Petersburg. The Mongolian language and literature are very diligently studied in Russia, not only on account of the Mongol tribes subject to that empire, but rather in consequence of the increased activity in the investigation of the ancient connection between the Slavonian and Asiatic tribes, mainly produced by Professor Charmoy's lectures and dissertations. Nor is the aid to be derived from other oriental sources in elucidating the obscure portions of Russian history neglected; Professor Charmoy is about to publish the text and translations of all the passages in which the Slavonian tribes are noticed by Arabic or Persian writers.

SKETCHES OF BERMUDA.—We rarely meet with a pleasanter or more gracefully written volume than that of "Sketches of Bermuda," by Luette Harriet Lloyd. Besides a map of the Bermudas, or Summer's Islands, it contains some sweet views, in *aqua-tint*, from the pencil of the fair writer. Miss Lloyd, we observe, had the pleasure of being introduced to the family of Nea, celebrated in Moore's Odes. "Nea is no more, but she still lives in song, and in the fond recollection of her friends." We cannot refrain from transferring this very pretty little picture to one of our own columns:—"A wedding is quite a grand affair among the negroes, and the women are at infinite pains to dress themselves in the most becoming fashion. Poor Blanche, who, I must tell you, is as black as jet, was found by her mistress, on her bridal morning, standing before the glass, and reviewing the labours of her toilet with intense interest. She seemed pleased with the effect of a bunch of red coral flowers which were placed beneath her bonnet; and once more adjusting the folds of her long white veil, was about to retire, when, turning round, she exclaimed, with a desponding air—'Ah, how beautiful I should be if I were white!'"

THE BYRON BEAUTIES.—Had Finden's "Byron Beauties" been always as beautiful as they are this month, we should ever have been disposed to offer up our heart's incense at their shrine. Katinka (by Boetock), with her "great blue eyes," is, though not highly intellectual, very lovely; and Gulbeyaz, the favourite wife of the sultan, whose "very smile was haughty, though so sweet," is every inch a queen. This is by Meadows, and it evinces a surprising increase of power and of skill in that artist. Meadows, however, has still farther surpassed himself in Dudù, whom Byron described as "a kind of sleeping Venus!"

Yet very fit to murder sleep in those
Who gazed upon her cheeks' transcendent hue.

In this creature of loveliness, the very spirit of the bard is caught. Dudù is, beyond all comparison, the most fascinating of the Byron Beauties that have yet appeared.

The next two volumes of Colburn's Modern Novelists are to include Mr. Bulwer's novel, "The Disowned."

The following literary notices, respecting foreign works of interest to the English reader, are from the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The first tragedy ever written in the Finland language has been published by Fr. Lagerwall, by the title of "Bunulins Murhe Kurwans." It is a decided imitation of "Macbeth," adapted to the manners and scenery of Finland.

The Finland Literary Society at Helsingfors intends publishing a very large collection of ancient Finland songs and ballads, made by Dr. Lounot, physician at Kajana, during many pedestrian excursions, which extended into the government of Archangel.

M. Deiters, of Munster, has announced the speedy publication of a History of the Anabaptists, from their Origin to their Suppression, by Mr. J. Haast, in an 8vo. volume.

Duncker and Humbolt, of Berlin, have announced a German translation of "Baines's History of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain."

Accounts from Portugal state that, with the books found in the suppressed convents, a library of 300,000 volumes had been formed in the convent of San Francisco.

The total number of periodical works in Sweden is 103; 16 of which commenced during the last year, and 6 in the present. Of these, 27 are published in Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, and 5 at Upsal. Among the new works published since June 1, 1835, are: Atterbom's Works, vol. i.; The Scandinavian Fauna, by S. Nilsson, 2 vols., with plates; Travels in North America, by Gosselman; and several pamphlets on the approaching comet.

A young architect, M. Texier, after finishing his studies in Italy, has been sent by the French government to Constantinople and Asia Minor, to examine the antique monuments of that nearly unknown country. He has lately written from Phrygia, and communicated an interesting account of the town of Azan; of the antique monuments of which we have hitherto had neither description nor drawing. He has discovered there a magnificent temple, surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, which, he says, surpasses every thing of the kind that either Greece or Italy can boast, in regard to purity of style and preservation. Upon the outer walls there are still eight Greek and Latin inscriptions, relating to Panhellenic festivals and magisterial ordinances. Almost all the other public buildings of this ancient town are still extant—marble bridges and sepulchral monuments, quays, the theatre, and the circus. The theatre is in the highest state of preservation. The stage is yet entire, but the Ionic columns have been overthrown by an earthquake, and the orchestra is covered with rubbish. In the proscenium is a frieze with reliefs, representing hunting scenes: among the animals may be distinguished the zebu, or humped ox (an animal now found no where but in India), torn by a lion; stags and boars caught by dogs, horse-races, &c. The doors are still standing, with all their decorations. Opposite to the theatre is the circus, built of white marble. Near the temple is seen a large portico, probably the gymnasium, with columns of the Grecian Doric order. Amidst these remains are scattered the houses of a small village. M. Texier has caused several excavations to be made, and taken measurements and drawings of the buildings.

In the Press.—Scenes and Characters Illustrating Christian Truth: No. 1. Trial and Self-Discipline, by the author of "James Talbot," &c. A History of British India, from the Termination of the War with the Mahrattas in 1805, to the Renewal of the Company's Charter in 1833. By E. Thornton, Esq. A new and cheaper edition of "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside." By Leigh Hunt, accompanied by a portrait of the author.

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF ENGLISH POETS.—A magnificent project has been set on foot in Paris, by a Mr. O'Sullivan, who announces a Bibliothèque Anglo-Française, which is to contain translations of all our principal writers. According to the prospectus, the enterprise will be conducted by Mr. O'Sullivan himself, who is to make an analysis of several of the dramas of Shakspeare, and a translation of Macbeth; MM. Guizot, Jay, Mennechet, and Chasles, are to translate Othello, Julius Cæsar, and Romeo and Juliet; M. Paul Duport undertakes an analysis of the dramas cotemporary with Shakspeare. M. Coquerel has Spenser and Chatterton allotted to him; M. de Pongerville undertakes the Paradise

Lost; M. Mennechet, Butler and Addison; M. Jay, Dryden and Prior; M. Raudet, Buckingham; M. Laurent de Jassieu, Gay; M. Lepelletier d'Aulnay, Swift; M. O'Sullivan, Pope, Gray, and Thompson; M. Dubois, Akenside; M. D. Montigny, Goldsmith; M. Charles Nodier, Burns; M. de Chateaubriand, Beattie; M. Taillefier, Cowper; Mad. Belloc, MM. Paulin, Paris, and Panthier, Lord Byron; Mad. Belloc and M. Artaud, Walter Scott; M. de Maussion, Sheridan; M. Albert Montremont, Campbell and Rogers; M. Fontaney, Wordsworth; M. de Montalembert, Montgomery; Mad. Belloc, Thomas Moore; M. de Costines, Southey; M. Philarete Chasles, Crabbe; Mad. Constance Aubert, Miss Landon; Mad. Belloc, Miss Baillie; Mad. Pirey, Mrs. Robinson; Mad. Menessier, Mrs. Hemans! There are said to be already one thousand subscribers to this work, which, besides the above mentioned, is to contain a complete history of English literature. This part may doubtless be well executed, but we tremble for our immortal Shakespeare, who stands alone in the world of literature, after the satisfaction we have heard expressed at the literal translation of Othello. Burns, too—think of Tam O'Shanter and John Barleycorn in French! We would rather that other nations should remain in ignorance of our writers, than that those writers should be travestied.

Notabilia.

Chlorate of Sodium.—Dr. Munaret presented a manuscript to the Academy, on the treatment of intermittent fevers by chlorate of sodium. He says it is as prompt and certain a febrifuge as bark or quinine, and merits preference—first, because the latter is apt, in some constitutions, to confirm or to cause disorders, while the chlorate of sodium may be given in more powerful doses, without any of these results; secondly, because it is cheaper; thirdly, it may be taken as a preventative to these fevers when they are endemic; and, fourthly, because it may be administered even when the patient shows symptoms of gastric irritation.

Paris Theatres.—(Extract from a private letter, dated 29th June).—*Aprpos.* of theatres, they have created a row in the chamber of deputies. These deputies, you must know, are most economical folk, and have taken it into their head, some of them, to be monstrous jealous and annoyed, at finding that Monsieur Veron, who farms the French opera, has made a large fortune in three years; whilst, on the plea that the said opera cannot pay its expenses, it obtains from the public treasury a yearly allowance or *subvention* of nearly 30,000*l.* Accordingly, when the article of 50,000*l.* voted in the year's estimates, came before the chamber, M. Liadieres opened a broadside upon the theatres. The Great Opera with its solos had killed the national theatre of the *Comic Opera*, whilst the *Théâtre Français* with its subvention, merely gave *night mares* in five acts. "I tell you," quoth this politico-critic, "that in respect of theatricals, ministers do not see beyond their noses." This created some amusement; M. de Broglie at the moment making great efforts to look through his spy-glass, while Thiers was peering at the orator through his spectacles. Then M. Fulchiror got up and perorated on the fall of the drama. But every Frenchman talks of the drama; it is the national hobby-horse, so hardly ridden that one is not surprised to find it completely foundered, unfit to be harnessed in more honourable shafts than those of a *coucou*. The following are the actual sums paid by the French government to the theatrical establishments in the French capital:—The great French Opera, or Académie, gets, in all, 630,500 fr.; the Italian Opera 71,200 fr.; the *Comic Opera* 186,000 fr.; the *Théâtre Français* 206,000 fr.; there are pensions to the amount of 39,000

frances. Thus, the Parisian theatres and actors cost the government little short of 50,000*l.* sterling per annum.

Plate Glass.—A French paper states, that the largest piece of plate glass ever manufactured has just been finished at St. Gobin. It is 175 French inches high, by 125 wide. In 1789, the largest produced was from 110 to 115 inches in length, by from 72 to 75 in width; in 1815, from 125 to 130, by 75 to 80 wide; at the last exhibition at the Louvre, the largest was 155 inches, by 93; and now, by a great effort of skill, the size has been increased to 175 inches by 125.

Discovery of Antiquities.—Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the commune of St. Remi-Chaussée near Rheims. Some workmen, while digging, came to a Roman tomb; it contained a number of vases in good preservation, and several antique medals. The most curious thing discovered, was a statue of Apollo, on one side of which was engraved the words "*Memento mei*," and on the other, "*Si me amas, basia me*."

Ancient Science.—M. Paravey, who eagerly pursues his researches on this subject, thinks he has found, among the ancients, a knowledge of the conducting rod in case of lightning, and iodine as a remedy for goitres.

Falling in of the Soil.—A falling in of the soil lately took place about eight miles distance from St. Jean Pied-du-Port, in the territory of St. Jean le Vieux, between the road and the river Lansbihar, 500 paces from each. The pit thus formed, is 200 feet in circumference, 25 to 30 feet deep, and mud and water lie at the bottom. This sudden event was accompanied by a great noise, which was taken for the report of a cannon, and was repeated several times.

Fossil Dogs.—The remains of dogs in a fossil state are rare, but a lower jaw has been taken out of the Rhine by some fishermen, together with other fossils. Professor Kaup states, that it in size resembles that of the *Canis familiaris Scoticus*, and in shape that of the blood-hound, and considers it as coming from the primitive stock of our sporting dogs. He names it *Canis propagator*. Professor Kaup has also discovered a new fossil lizard, which he calls *Pisodon coleanus*.

Steam to India.—The *Forbes* steamer has at length arrived at Calcutta, after a very tedious voyage from Suex, which place she left on the 29th November, reached Juddah on the 5th of December, Mocha on the 16th, and Socotra on the 5th of January, where she experienced considerable difficulty in getting the coals on board, partly in consequence of the confusion which prevailed in the island, the British troops having just taken possession of it, and partly owing to strong winds and a heavy surf. She reached Madras the 18th of February, and Kedgerie on the 28th. She was detained about ten days at each depot for coals, and her sailing averaged about five miles an hour only.—*Times.*

Zincographic Drawings.—We recently paid a visit to Messrs. Chapman and Co.'s zinc plate establishment, in Cornhill; and, we confess, with a gratification which it is not often our lot to feel, even in this wonder-working age. Most of our readers are acquainted, more or less, with the advantages of lithography. These advantages Messrs. Chapman and Co. have, by a most ingenious process, transferred to their new art. The prints we have seen, have all the sharpness and firmness of the best specimens of stone-drawing; and have these additional advantages, that they do not require that immense labour from the artist in getting up, and that they are made on a plate scarcely thicker than a common Bristol board, instead of requiring a stone almost big enough to build a house with. Another branch of their valuable patent extends to the manufacture of a *transfer paper*, on which any person that can draw at all may make a sketch, and have it transferred to the zinc plate, and printed from, to the extent of six or seven thousand copies. We saw part

of a sheet of the *Times* newspaper thus transferred, the impression of which was as clear as the original print. The universality of its application, to maps, surveys, book-prints, &c., will make this, in a few years, one of the most extensively employed of the arts: and, in the mean time, we are glad to be among the first to call the attention of the public to a discovery, which will rank among the most wonderful of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Salt's Collection.—We have been highly gratified by a visit to Mr. Salt's collection of Egyptian antiquities; the vases of the age of Psammethichus are among the most beautiful specimens of Egyptian workmanship in alabaster; several of the *Scarabæi*, especially one bearing the head of Isis, are more exquisitely finished than any we have yet seen in cabinets; the models of the boats for the dead explain more of the funeral ceremonies than a volume of dissertations, while the various articles of furniture, found in the tombs, supply curious illustrations of the domestic manners of the Egyptians. The mummies are really splendid; on one of them we observed a peculiarity, which, we believe, has not yet been noticed: the figures of some Asiatic enemies are painted manacled, and bound on the feet of one of the mummies, as a symbol of treading down the national foe. It is a pity that this collection should be dispersed; it will be a greater pity if it be allowed to go out of the country.—*Athenæum*.

Greece.—Several learned men, among whom are MM. Savigny and Von Hammer, have undertaken new travels in Greece, for the sake of historical and geographical discoveries. They are first to visit Eubœa, and those parts of Asia Minor which may be accessible to them, especially the shores of the Propontis.

Champollion.—The first number of the MSS. left by Champollion, the younger, has been published, under the superintendence of a committee. Sylvestre de Sacy, Lefronne, Champollion-Figeac, Ch. Lenormand, Comte de Clarac, Biot, and Hergot, who form this committee, are names which vouch for the correct execution of the work.

King Otho.—This young sovereign, it appears, bestows much encouragement and protection on all those endeavours which tend to preserve the ancient monuments of Greece. M. Kleuze, appointed by him, has asked for and obtained guards for all those which are important, and the labours of this gentleman have been first directed towards the parthenon and propleæ, which he is trying to free from the surrounding edifices, but the progress is necessarily slow where there is no machinery to assist.

Curious test of a preacher's talents.—Two friends in the north were, a short time since, disputing about the comparative talents of their respective ministers. Both at last waxed wondrous hot upon the subject, till at last one of them settled the question by exclaiming, with all the consciousness of victory in the dispute, at the same time addressing his opponent—"Your minister, sir, is a perfect driveller—a downright squeaker. When he speaks of a certain gentleman, the monarch of the nether world, he calls him, in a weak, tremulous voice, as if afraid to pronounce his name, 'the deevil'—but our minister calls him 'the devil,' at once; and more than that, sir, he speaks as if he did not care a — for him."

Fine Arts.—The House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, has appointed a select committee to enquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and other principles of design, among the people (especially among the manufacturing population) of the country; and also to enquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it, i. e. the R. A.

The Monikins.—The London Literary Gazette says that it sent *The Monikins*, with a considerable fee, to one of the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, in order to have it reviewed in an authentic manner; but the volumes

were returned, accompanied by the following laconic note:—"D—d dull nonsense. Yours faithfully, J. Acoro!"

Ancient Astronomy.—In consequence of M. Paravey's assertion, that the ancients had observed some of the satellites of Jupiter, M. Arago tried to ascertain if it were possible for him to see them without a magnifying glass, using only one that was darkened, in order to obscure the radiations. The experiment failed, but is to be repeated, as the moon was at the time above the horizon. M. Amjère suggested that a peculiar organisation could alone enable an observer to see the satellites without a telescope.

New Comet.—The Journal of the Two Sicilies, of June 10th, states, that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patra; to which, if still visible, the attention of other astronomers is directed.

Tribute to the Landers.—The foundation stone of the column to commemorate the indefatigable exertions of the brothers, Richard and John Lander, and to record the untimely fate of the former, who was murdered by the natives in his recent expedition to the Quorra, was laid at Truro, with masonic honours, on Tuesday week. The ceremony was highly imposing.

Almack's Insulted.—An insult, sufficient to provoke a national war, has just been offered to our high and aristocratic association. The Paris journals contain an announcement, that a subscription ball will take place every fortnight at Ranelagh, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Passy; which "rendezvous of fashion is the *Almack's* of Paris, but in some respects superior;" and, oh, horror! "*Tickets, two francs, to be had at the door!*"

T. Campbell.—We see with gratification, from the Paris papers, that our valued poet has returned in safety from his African travels, and was being fêted by the Polish Literary Association in Paris. We have the pleasure of hoping, that these travels will furnish materials for his pen, both in prose and verse.

Forced Instruction: How to learn French!—A friend of ours, on a recent visit to Paris, thought it well to make a virtue of necessity; and, in order to practise only the language of the country, so as to acquire facility in speaking it, resolved to board in a house where no English resided. Being satisfied on his particular enquiries in this respect, he agreed for his "pension" for a month, sent in his luggage, and occupied his allotted apartment. The first day's dinner-hour arrived, and he had brushed up his French to meet the numerous party who sat down to it. Besides the head of the establishment, there were twenty-five at table, and they were—*all Americans!*

Temperature.—M. Arago laid before the Academy the observations of Mr. Warden, on the remarkable fall of the thermometer during the last winter in the United States. It was the most rigorous season known there for fifty years.

M. Sudre's Musical Language.—M. Sudre, who has invented a system of communicating ideas by means of a series of musical expressions, gave a lecture, accompanied with the fullest illustrations of his system, at the great concert room of the King's Theatre, on Wednesday morning. The medium of communication made use of in the first instance was a violin, and in the second a French horn. A series of phrases, collected from among the audience, were translated by him into his musical tongue, and communicated to another person placed at a considerable distance from him. This individual, on hearing the communication, which was made solely by certain notes of either of the above-named instruments in various combinations, immediately transcribed it into letters. He also occasionally repeated them ver-

bally, and re-translated them in some instances from the written musical notation into the language in which they were originally made, or into musical phrases, which were re-interpreted by M. Sudre himself. Two reports, highly favourable to the invention, have already been made by commissions constituted to examine it, in reference to its utility in peace and war, by the French ministers of war and marine. One to the same effect to the Academy of Arts, by special reporters of its own, and one to the Royal Institute.

Lightning.—A curious instance of the effects of lightning occurred some time since at Grandvold; the electric fluid having struck and destroyed a church, and, at the same moment, a house six miles from it: a similar accident occurring several years afterwards to the new church and house that had been erected upon their sites.

Mexican Antiquities, &c.—We have inspected a very interesting collection of Mexican antiquities and drawings now in London, belonging to Mr. C. Nebel, (of whose exploration of Mexico Alexander Humboldt speaks in high terms of praise,) and beg to direct the notice of the curious to these specimens. Mr. Nebel proposes to publish an account of his travels in that country, where he seems to have employed his time so advantageously. Some of the articles are remarkable: such as monster-looking priests dressed in the skins of human victims, grotesque pipes, representations of various heads, African, European, Asiatic, &c. &c. The whole well worthy of attention.

The *Société d'Emulation* of Abbeville have opened the tumulus, called the Batto de St. Ouen, at Noyell-sur-Mer, near the mouth of the Somme. It was found to contain about 600 skulls, piled one upon another, in the form of a cone. The lower jaw remained attached to all; and, as there were no other parts of the body, it is evident that they were interred just as they were struck from the body. The tomb is probably Celtic, and the heads those of prisoners or slaves, sacrificed to the manes of some chief. The search is to be continued, in the hope of finding the remains of the chief, or the rest of the bones of the victims.

ERSKINE'S REJOINDER.

Once Erskine, famed for wit and law,
And good alike at pun or flaw,
Was stepping forth from out his coach,
Just at the Chancery Court's approach,
When his well-stored, close-mouthed, blue bag
Was noticed by a would-be wag,
Who pertly cried—"What have we here?
Old clothes, friend Moses,—that is clear."
Erskine the witling thus refutes:
"Not *old clothes*, blockhead, but *new suits.*"

A COMPARISON.

"We must speak by the card."—*Haml't.*"

"What's she like?" I exclaimed to a whist-player
grave,
As Malibran dug, in *Fidelio*, the grave;
"What's she like?" said the card-lover, full of his
trade,
"Why she looks like the Queen of Hearts playing a
Spade."

Original Anecdote of Murat.—When this eminent cavalry officer commanded the horse of Napoleon, such was his strict attention to theatrical effect in his appearance, that after the battle of Wagram, when the French had been fighting three days and two nights, and when the wounded were brought into the temporary hospital to have their limbs amputated, &c. there sat, in the midst of this scene of surgical operation, suffering, and groans, Murat on a stool, curling the long hair, which he always

wore, and which had got out of curl in the protracted engagement.

Calligraphy and Lithography.—We have, lying before us, a large and beautiful specimen of fine writing on stone, executed by Mr. Edward Clayton, and published by Ward and Co. It is a *Memorial*, intended as a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Morrison, "the first protestant missionary to China, and founder of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca." The *Memorial* is dedicated to the London missionary society.

Artificial Light.—The chief difference between the artificial lights commonly in use, and the natural light of day, lies in the peculiar yellow colour of the former, compared with the perfect whiteness of that derived from the sun under ordinary circumstances. The yellow colour of the flame of lamps and candles is considerably diminished by those contrivances which render combustion more perfect, by increasing the current of air in contact with the flame, and the light of carburetted hydrogen gas is less coloured than any artificial light that can be produced, fit for the common purposes of illumination.

The first volume of Professor Popping's *Voyage to Chili, to Peru, and to the River of Amazons*, from 1827 to 1832, has been recently published at Leipzig, handsomely printed in 4to, with a folio atlas of lithographic views. The second volume, which will complete the work, is announced to appear almost immediately. This voyage was undertaken by Professor Popping entirely at his own expense. He resided more than ten years in America; and the present work contains the result of his observations during six years of that time, (excluding altogether what belongs to natural history,—his collections in that department, especially the botany and zoology of the western countries of America, being intended, as we collect, for separate publication,) on the inhabitants and character of the different countries where he resided.

Literary Intelligence.

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THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

We continue from Fraser's Magazine, the literary portraits, for which that journal has become so celebrated, by causing the insertion of an outline of the French portrait of Beranger; others are in preparation for November and December.

In the second article, on the the Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh, (erroneously credited in the text to Fraser,) from the London Quarterly Review, the reader, while he is gratified with the perusal of the facts, cannot fail to observe a tinge of party politics casting a shade upon the character of Mackintosh, which is unworthy of the review; we have published it as the best, on the whole, that has yet fallen under our notice: and, as the life is a most interesting one, shall perhaps find occasion to select a review of an impartial or opposite character.

Mrs. Hemans occupies a prominent space in many of the English periodicals: more than one article will be found in our pages having that distinguished poetess for a theme: the "Recollections" of her, are highly pleasing: exhibiting her in a most amiable light. The "Long Engagement," from the London Metropolitan, may be safely commended to the perusal of the ladies. Captain Marryatt is as cheerful as usual: one of the best drunken scenes on record, will be found in the "continued" Diary of a Blasé. Blackwood's article on Willis's Poems shows too much rancour against Barry Cornwall; the same spirit was exhibited against him as the author of the life of Kean, leading us to fear that personal pique, rather than literary justice, is the object; the article is just to Mr. Willis.

Near the close of the present number we have thrown together a variety of interesting matters such as our "table" accumulates every month, but for which we rarely find sufficient space; we commend them to the reader as affording a bird's eye view of affairs not noticed generally in other American journals.

The topic of greatest interest during August among the scientific and literary in England, was the meeting of the British Association for the promotion of Science, held this year at Dublin, where hospitality and feasting have been so bountifully dispensed to the visitors, that business was with difficulty accomplished; every practicable accommodation was afforded for lodging, feasting, feeding, and amusing the strangers. All this is supposed to detract from the prospects of the Association, and to retard its movements: notwithstanding which, the best feeling continues to pervade the meetings, and great confidence exists that benefits will result. The ensuing

meeting next year, will be held at Bristol, which was first in sending an invitation. Professor Hamilton was knighted by Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on which occasion he delivered the following speech:

"Professor Hamilton,—This is an exercise of one of those prerogatives of royalty, of which I am here the representative, most grateful to myself: most in unison, I feel assured, with the wishes of that gracious sovereign, on whose behalf I act: most in accordance, I am equally persuaded, with the unanimous opinions of that enlightened people, for whose benefit all power is entrusted. This act does not so much confer distinction, as place the royal, and therefore national, stamp upon that distinction, which has already been acquired by personal qualifications and individual exertions. On all these grounds, it is with the highest pleasure I now announce to you my present intention, more particularly in connection with this occasion, where you fill a high official situation in that association, as members of which we are here now congregated: those foreigners by birth, strangers to each other in social ties, who are nevertheless drawn together by the irresistible attraction of mutual enlightenment: it is from this brotherhood of knowledge, that, as Ireland's viceroy, I step forward to claim you as her own, and to appropriate to the land of your birth your distinguished reputation; and this I do, sir, because apart from every other consideration, I recognise in the expansion of intellect and the development of science, the surest sources of the eternal triumph of truth."

"The professor then knelt down; Lord Mulgrave took the sword, and placing it upon the professor's shoulder, said, "I Ireland's viceroy, bid you rise, Sir William John Hamilton."

"At seven o'clock the company sat down to a splendid dinner. The toasting and speeches on the occasion were much after the established fashion, and to report them fully would occupy more space than the readers of a literary journal would willingly have so occupied."

It would be out of our power to follow the proceedings of the several sections or divisions into which the association was divided; in these, scientific papers were read by the members on various topics of greater or less interest; a few of the most interesting particulars, such as we have space for, may be appropriately here inserted.

"Mr. Ettrick read an account of certain improvements in steam-engines, for rendering available the steam of high pressure boilers, which is below the pressure of the atmosphere, by permitting the high pressure steam to pass off into the atmosphere, and the steam of low pressure to pass off into a condenser by a secondary slide. He also gave a report of certain improvements in securing the seams of boilers, by longitudinal, instead of the present circular, clenches. He also described a machine for drilling boiler plates, as rapidly as they can be punched by the punching machine. He also gave an account of certain improvements

in the astronomical clock, which could not well be explained without the aid of diagrams.

"Mr. Cheverton read a paper on mechanical sculpture, or the production of busts and other works of art by machinery, and illustrated the subject by specimens of busts, and a statue in ivory, which were laid on the table. They were beautifully executed, and excited universal admiration. The machine, like many others, produces its results through the medium of a model, to govern its movements, but it has this peculiarity, that the copy which it makes of the original may be of a size reduced in any proportion; and that it is enabled to effect this result, not merely on surfaces such as bas-reliefs, but in the round figure, such as busts and statues.

"Lieutenant Denham, R.N., made some observations on the vibratory effects of rail-roads; and a long discussion ensued between Dr. Lardner and Mr. Vignolles on the disadvantages arising from acclivities in rail-roads. The arguments on both sides were very strong, and the opinions of the section greatly divided; but the majority seemed to agree with Mr. Vignolles, that slight acclivities are not so injurious as has been commonly supposed. It is probable that the controversy will be renewed in another form.

"Professor Stevelly described a new self-registering barometer.

"Two of the subjects brought forward in the anatomy and medicine section (5), which section, by the by, was one of the most active and efficient of the meeting, possess much public interest. We allude to the exhibition by Mr. Snow Harris, of Plymouth, of the bones of the lame hip-joint of the late lamented Charles Mathews; and to the no less extraordinary disinterment, from St. Patrick's Cathedral, and exhibition of the skulls of Dean Swift and the celebrated Stella, (Mrs. Johnston.) How far science can be promoted by such spectacles we cannot tell; but, allowing for every apology made for them, we cannot but consider them to be repugnant to the best feelings of human nature. In ourselves, the bare mention of the exposure of the partial skeleton of our great comic favourite and friend, while yet "festering in his shroud," excited a degree of pain and distress which no settlement of a point of anatomical or medical curiosity could qualify. Whether the shortening of his limb was caused by fracture, or by the rare disease called *Morbus coræ senilis*, induced by the fall from his gig, might well have been left unexplored; and, at all events, if the enquiry had been made, it ought to have been made in private, and the result alone communicated to such of the profession as it could interest and guide. But to make a common show of poor Mathews's mutilated limb, whilst yet its living effect upon the laughing stage had departed from the general gaze only a few brief hours, was, we think, in very bad taste, and very inconsistent with the decent observance of respect for the dead.

"We have reason to believe that opinions concurred in attributing Mathews's sufferings for so long a period to the disease above mentioned; the neck of the thigh-bone having no appearance of having been broken and re-united.

"With regard to the phrenological examination of the skulls of Swift and his (?) Stella—first in the medical section, and again at a meeting of the phrenological society held on Monday evening in Sackville street—we have only time at present to state, that in the Dean's head the hemispheres were symmetrical.

"The developement was extraordinary, and much at issue with the known character; but the phrenologist explained this to proceed from disease.

"It is worthy of remark, that, at the age of twenty-one years, Swift had giddiness and deafness, which he attributed to eating fruit; but which, at the *post mortem* examination, proved to be water on the brain.

"These skulls were found in altering the vaults; the coffins were shifted; several were there in the vault; and the dean allowed Dr. Houston to take the Dean's skull and Stella's for examination, under an express pledge of their being restored after the enquiry.

"We had almost forgotten poor Stella's developement. Her skull is rather large, but a very fine one. The highest developments are of benevolence, firmness, and conscientiousness; and a nativeness is large; combativeness, large; destructiveness, very large; cautiousness, large; love of approbation, very large; and wit, rather large."

In one of the speeches from the chair, Mr. Harcourt gave a view of the finances of the association, which are in a very prosperous state, and said:—

"It had been resolved that abstracts of the papers read before the general sections should be presented to the *Philosophical Magazine*, a monthly publication, and the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, a quarterly publication. Mr. Harcourt went on to read the names of the individuals appointed as officers for the year. Treasurer, Mr. John Taylor; General Secretaries, Mr. V. Harcourt and Mr. Baily; Assistant General Secretary, Professor Phillips; Secretaries, Dr. Turner and Mr. Yates.

"Mr. Taylor, the treasurer, next gave a statement of the funds of the society. With respect to the pecuniary affairs of the association he would give the meeting the general result. On the 30th of July last there was cash in the treasurer's hands to the amount of 509*l.*, in the stocks 236*l.* 3 per cents, and unsold copies of works about 560*l.* In Dublin the treasurer had received from 1228 subscribers, in subscriptions and compositions, 1750*l.*, together with an additional sum of 94*l.* for books sold, making the total amount 5214*l.* The expenses and sums due by the association were probably 1000*l.*, leaving a clear property of 4214*l.* It might be pleasing to the audience to state, that the receipts of the preceding year in Edinburgh were 1626*l.*, while in Dublin they amounted to 1750*l.* It was also very gratifying to be able to state, that grants for the advancement of science, of 1700*l.*, had been placed this year, at the disposal of the committee."